LARGEST GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

MODERN SCREEN

October

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34

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Garbo's

SECRET

ACATION



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FOR YOUR SKIN

for You !

Deep thrilling temptation to other lips, this color which clings *savagely* to your own. The shades of SAVAGE lipstick are so truly exciting . . . pulse-quickening . . . intense . . . enchantment itself. SAVAGE is pure transparent color, utterly pasteless . . . color that clings to your lips . . . stays evenly fresh and smooth for hours . . . bewitching hours! Then . . . SAVAGE Cream Rouge to make your cheeks perfectly harmonious, its colors exactly matching the lure of your lips.

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Savage Lipstick and Savage Cream Rouge come in four thrilling shades:
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LIPSTICK ★ FACE POWDER ★ ROUGE

20c AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES


Carl LAEMMLE presents
GIFT of GAB
UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment SUPREME!
30 Stars of Screen and Radio
—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!
★Edmund Lowe
★ GLORIA STUART
★ PHIL BAKER
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★ Chester Morris
★ Alexander Woollcott
★ Douglass Montgomery
★ Binnie Barnes
★ Roger Pryor
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★ Bela Lugosi
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★Ruth Etting
★ June Knight
★ Victor Moore
★ Andy Devine
★ Hugh O'Connell
★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
★ Sterling Holloway
★ Henry Armetta
★ Downey Sisters
★ Beal Street Boys
★ Douglas Fowley
★ Wini Shaw
★ Helen Vinson
★ Candy and Coco
★ Surprise Personality
HEAR THESE SONG HITS—
"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."
Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.
A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

AUG 30 1934

MODERN SCREEN

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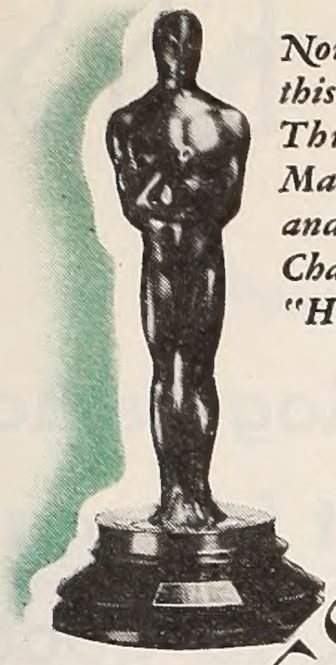
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MARY BURGUM, Managing Editor

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Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"... Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE

NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

IN *The* BARRETTS *of* WIMPOLE STREET

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards... are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER

From the play by . . . . Rudolph Besier
Directed by . . . . . Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

THE MODERN HOSTESS



Will Rogers has a treat for you—honest-to-goodness southern recipes from a southern mammy

(Left) Will Rogers and Hattie McDaniel on the "Judge Priest" set. Now you, too, can enjoy the dishes Hattie gave the appreciative Will.

By MARJORIE DEEN



HAVE you ever longed for a real old-fashioned, southern-style meal and wondered how sepia-skinned mammies go about preparing such succulent foods? Have you ever tasted their savory chicken, fluffy dumplings, golden corn pone and hot blackberry cobbler—dishes made to tempt the eye as well as to please the palate?

Well, if you have, you can understand that visions of dishes such as these went through Will Rogers' mind recently when Hattie McDaniel, a brown-skinned gal, with a red bandanna hanky around her curly black hair, and a large apron over her voluminous hips, appeared on the "Judge Priest" set to play "Aunt Dilsey," Judge Priest's cook in that famous Irvin Cobb story of the south, being made at Fox Studios.

"Say," said Will to Hattie, eyeing her over the tops of his specs, "I'll bet you really *can* cook."

"Can Ah cook? Mistah Rogers, can Ah cook!" answered Hattie, with a grin. "You know, Mistah Rogers," she went on, encouraged by his friendly smile, "it's a funny thing about me. Ah was bo'n in Wichita, Kansas, but Ah talks just like the cullud folk from below the Mason-Dixie line and when it comes to cooking Ah's southern, too. Of course, Ah learned to cook from mah Mother and she was an honest-to-goodness southerner, just twelve years old when the Civil War ended. To mah way of thinkin' she was the best cook Ah ever did know and Ah've travelled some in mah day—all over this country what with acting and singing in vaudeville and on the stage. When Ah was a little bit of a girl Ah used to go with mah mother as a 'mother's helper' when she worked out. Ah watched her working around the kitchen and Ah'd see her grab a little of this and a speck of that, stir them up together real fast, and before you could turn around you'd have the best dumplings or corn pone you ever tasted. Pretty soon Ah knew how to do the same things she did and in the same way."

WILL ROGERS, who is, of course, one of the first to enjoy a good story, listened with interest to this tale of Hattie's cooking prowess. As a result, thoughts of food rather than of "Judge Priest," Congress, dictators or armaments began to stir within the mind of the nation's philosopher. So it was that before leaving the set for his usual lunch of chili, a "cupacoffee" and a slab of pie, the sage of Santa Monica turned to ask Hattie a question.

"Could you (*Continued on page 72*)

The GIBSON FAMILY



Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

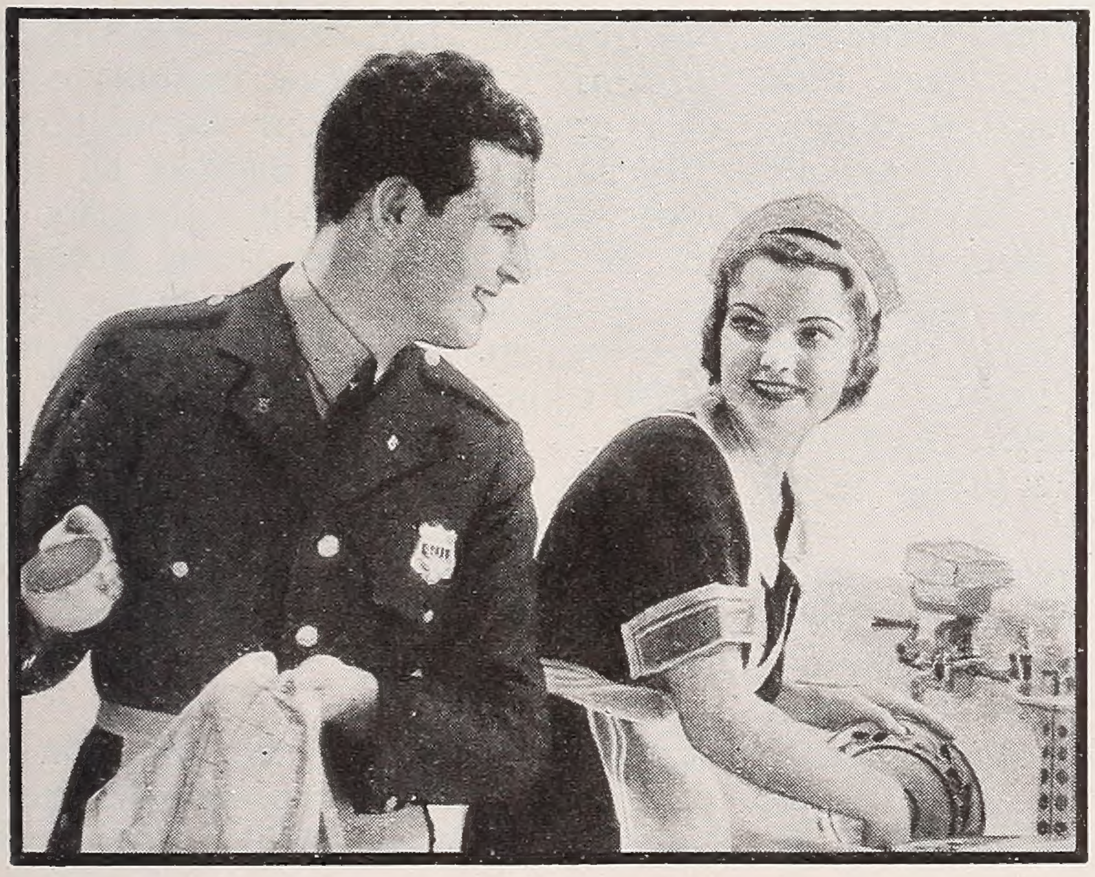
"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.



"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

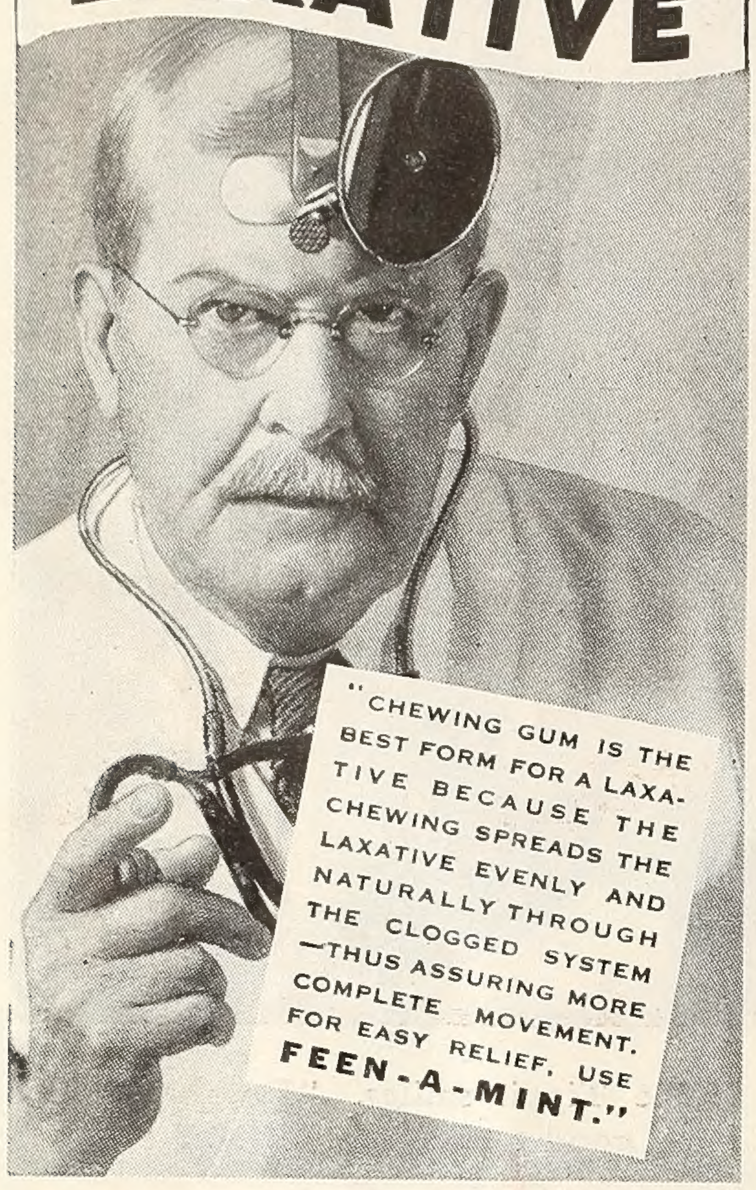
"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

for effective relief from Constipation

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE



Headaches — dizzy spells — sleeplessness — these are often caused by constipation. If constipation troubles you relieve it with FEEN-A-MINT.

FEEN-A-MINT is a thoroughly effective laxative in chewing-gum form. It works better because when you chew it the laxative is spread smoothly and evenly right down to where it does its work. That's why over 15 million people already know about and use FEEN-A-MINT. It's pleasant to take, too—a great point, especially in caring for children.

Whenever you suffer from constipation take the doctor's advice—chew FEEN-A-MINT. It's inexpensive, too, 15¢ and 25¢ at your drug store.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



BY MARY BIDDLE

Betty Furness knows the secret of a beautiful skin.

The chief worry of women reaching the rather critical age of thirty is the fear of looking old. Until that time few of us give very little thought to wrinkles and other signs of age, but after thirty we usually start taking it on the chin and getting it in the neck. About that time tiny wrinkles make their appearance around the eyes and along the forehead, and the neck begins to look like a roll of crepe paper. Suddenly we realize we're not as pretty as we used to be.

According to the make-up expert in one of the major studios in Hollywood, beauty is really a skin game—and the first and most important rule to retain that beauty is to keep the skin thoroughly clean. This, he advises, can be accomplished by whatever medium seems to get the dirt out of the pores the best, and at the same time agrees with the skin.

The next important point is to keep the skin soft, and this goes for the very young as well as for those who are "getting on." This is accomplished by using nourishing creams or oils a few minutes each day, or as often as your skin requires. Myrna Loy has a method all her own for building up her complexion in the fall after the havoc brought on by the summer sun which is worth passing on. She has her dressing table equipped with a small bottle of olive oil and this she applies vigilantly once a day. Myrna declares this is a simple but most efficacious means of removing roughened skin and replacing it with a fresh, dewy-textured epidermis.

STIMULATION for the skin is another important item in keeping that fresh, youthful look and for this circulation creams and various forms of beauty masks are ideal.

In the daily routine followed by Hollywood stars, you will find that massage plays an important part, especially is (*Continued on page 105*)

First-hand hints on the care of the skin

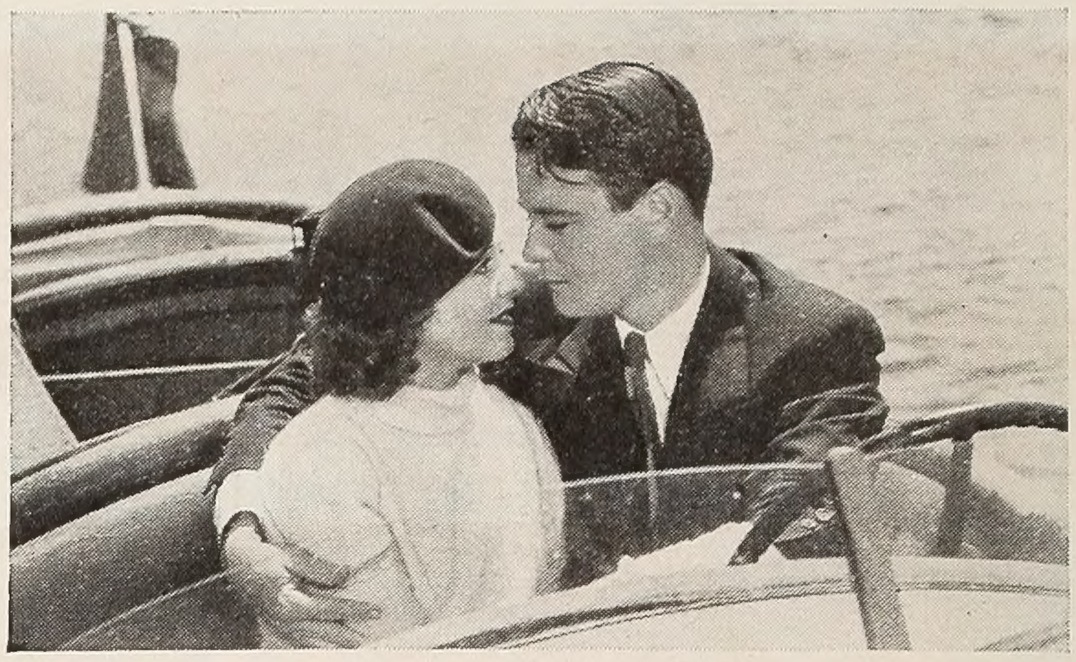
• Coming events cast their shadows before



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture.



Fredric March and Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."



The Gaynor picture you've waited for—Janet and Lew Ayres in "Servants' Entrance."



Eddie Nugent, Miriam Hopkins and Bing Crosby in "She Loves Me Not."

REVIEWS

A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

BY WALTER RAMSEY

A: THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M)

A truly great picture! Cheers for Norma Shearer! Applause for Fredric March! Raves for Charlie Laughton and plenty of back-slapping for Maureen O'Sullivan! In the famous love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, Norma Shearer tops anything she's done. She's the fragile heroine, and so appealingly beautiful that her performance leaves one breathless. The love scenes between Norma and Freddie March are the best the screen has ever offered. Of course, Charles Laughton is superb in the rôle of the tyrannical father in the Barrett household. Every time he appears on the scene he makes his despicable character more and more real and alive until, at length, the audience is moved to vocal hatred. Maureen O'Sullivan's outstanding performance places her in line for stardom. The story does not admit of much lightness and laughter, but we recommend it heartily to lovers of real drama.

B: SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox)

Charming little earful. Laid in Sweden, this one is all about a young couple who want to get married. So, they decide to work three months to get practical household experience. Janet Gaynor tries various jobs as a maid. It is while working at one of them that she falls in love with the chauffeur, Lew Ayres. The cast, story and director seemed in the spirit of this light and charming comedy and conspired to give us a picture that will please the whole family. Janet is better than in her last picture; Lew improves, too, and Walter Connolly and Louise Dresser, as usual, perform expertly. This effort should please the reformers, too.

B: SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount)

Bing Crosby—'nuff said? When Miriam Hopkins runs away from a murder she has witnessed, she winds up in a Princeton dormitory. Of course, that is where we pick up Bing, who befriends Miriam, runs away from another gal and is in love with the Dean's daughter all at once. Singing the while! You no doubt know the story already, and since the picture follows it perfectly, there is no reason to go into detail here. But we must mention the cast. Bing sings and acts, which ought to be enough for anybody. Miriam Hopkins rates much praise for her clever and comical chorus girl rôle. Kitty Carlisle is a smash hit and does the best work of her short and illustrious career. Warren Hymer and Judith Allen make for more fun and entertainment. Some good songs, especially "Love in Bloom," which you've doubtless heard. You will want to see this one.

B: HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO)

Courtroom drammer. Really one of the best courtroom scenes ever made, in which a famous lawyer (Cortez) attempts to save an innocent man on a murder charge. It seems that a suicide happens in such a way as to look exactly like murder, and the only way to prove that the victim of circumstances didn't commit the crime is to use an alibi which involves the defense attorney's wife with the defendant. A very trying situation, but the lawyer contrives to free the man by means of "a hat, coat and glove" in evidence without the mention of his wife's name. You're sure to like this type of rôle for Cortez. Barbara Robbins makes her bow in pictures as the wife and deserves credit. John Beal also does nice work. All in all, it's worth your time.

B: JANE EYRE (Monogram)

Good picture, if a little slow. Virginia Bruce looks even more beautiful and proves that she can sing as well as act. About an orphan, Virginia, who falls in love with her employer, Colin Clive, but runs away because his wife is insane. Later, Clive is blinded in an attempt to rescue his wife who insanely burns down the house. At this point, Virginia returns to look after him. Strong stuff, yes, but also very good entertainment. The picture is well adapted from the famous Brontë novel, and you'll get a reminiscent kick out of it. You'll get your money's worth certainly, and we suggest you try this if it comes your way. Virginia Bruce should get some real opportunities after this display of talent. The rest of the cast, including Aileen Pringle and Jameson Thomas, is well up to the picture.

B: THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M)

Virgin in cellophane. In spite of the fact that the title of this picture has been changed so many times and the studio has had

(*Continued on page* 13)

Fine performances abound on this month's movie list

Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe



The story of one man against a million—and of the woman who loved him, yet was his enemy to the death. Told by the man who lived this astounding romance.

LESLIE
HOWARD

KAY
FRANCIS

APPEAR TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN

"BRITISH AGENT"

With William Gargan in Cast of Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
• • • A First National Picture • • •

A Splendid Trouper Passes On



Marie Dressler died after many weeks of brave struggle against pain, on July 28. The funeral services, attended by devoted friends and fellow workers, were held at Forest Lawn Memorial Park, on July 31.

Farewell, Marie Dressler! In our hearts will remain the memory of the many happy hours you have given all of us

By MARTHA KERR

Marie Dressler would have been the first one to say, and with terrific emphasis, "Now, don't write any obituary about me."

And yet, if Marie Dressler could see with mortal eyes now, she would be the first to read all obituaries written about her.

For Marie was like that. She never asked praise; she never asked loyalty; she never sought glory. And yet she enjoyed them more than any woman I have ever known. Enjoyed them with the wholesome, natural, buoyant enthusiasm of a bashful youngster.

You have seen a child offered praise or some treat for being very, very good? And he has wriggled and squirmed and finally stuttered, "Aw, shucks. Forget it!" But he has been happy about the kindness shown for all that.

Marie Dressler was like that child. "Aw, shucks, you don't want to do that for me!" She said it when they planned that last birthday party with its international radio hook-up. The biggest party of its kind ever given any woman. And there wasn't a guest present who enjoyed it half as much as Marie Dressler. She was ill, then. Too ill, really, to be present. But I honestly believe Marie Dressler would have preferred to die rather than to miss that celebration.

I remember one time when Marie and I were having a heart-to-heart talk at her home in Beverly Hills. It was after she had made such an unequaled success in "Anna Christie" and "Min and Bill." I was shower- (*Continued on page 116*)

Reviews

(*Continued from page 10*)

to change many scenes by order of the censors, we're sure you'll have a swell time. Jean plays a very virtuous little girl who elects to force some roué to marry her. She refuses to accept any deals but those okayed by the preacher and thus must be looked upon as a "good girl." Despite the censor's watchful eye, one is amazed to find that she uses almost the same technique employed in her other pictures, which should force the folks to stand in line at the box office. Lionel Barrymore is fine as the rich man and Franchot Tone, his son, does the most realistic job of love-making we've been treated to in a long time. One of the real high-lights of the picture is the performance of Patsy Kelly who plays the part of Harlow's girl friend. And Lewis Stone does his usual fine work. Go!

B: OUR DAILY BREAD
(Viking-United Artists)

After the Russian manner. In which director King Vidor, who made such a hit with his picture, "The Crowd," carries on with the same type of people . . . on the farm. The unemployed decide that their only salvation is coöperative farming and they all cast their lots together in one huge effort. Karen Morley is excellent, as usual, and Tom Keene will surprise you after all those "westerns." The terrific fight of the farmers against the elements is one that will cause you to cheer when they finally overcome them. Several technical details in the picture caused a number of critics to label it "A farm picture for city folks." In other words, some of the farm stuff doesn't ring true to those who know the farm. I think you will enjoy it.

B: THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG
(Paramount)

Lots of fun and action. All about a woman jewel thief whose exploits and escapes are so unbelievable that we hope the censors see the comedy elements rather than the escapes. As the story progresses, it comes rather close to slap-stick, with its wild chases over roof-tops. Gertrude Michael, in her first big chance, does remarkably well as the jewel thief, though she does overact a bit at times. Paul Cavanagh is excellent as the other thief who is hired by the police to run the lady to earth. Arthur Byron and Alison Skipworth are fine, of course. You'll enjoy the action, and you'll get some real laughs.

B: NOW AND FOREVER
(Paramount)

Clever entertainment in spots. Gary Cooper, in the rôle of Jerry who is always promising himself to reform "after the next job," puts it off too long. Even after beautiful Carole Lombard loses her social position because she can't give up Jerry, he still wants "one more job." Of course, when little Shirley Temple comes along, he is completely reformed—but it is too late. The story is vaguely motivated and over-sentimental and the ending is too dramatic. Shirley Temple injects some cuteness into the picture, but it, too, fails in its purpose.

B: STAMBOUL QUEST
(M-G-M)

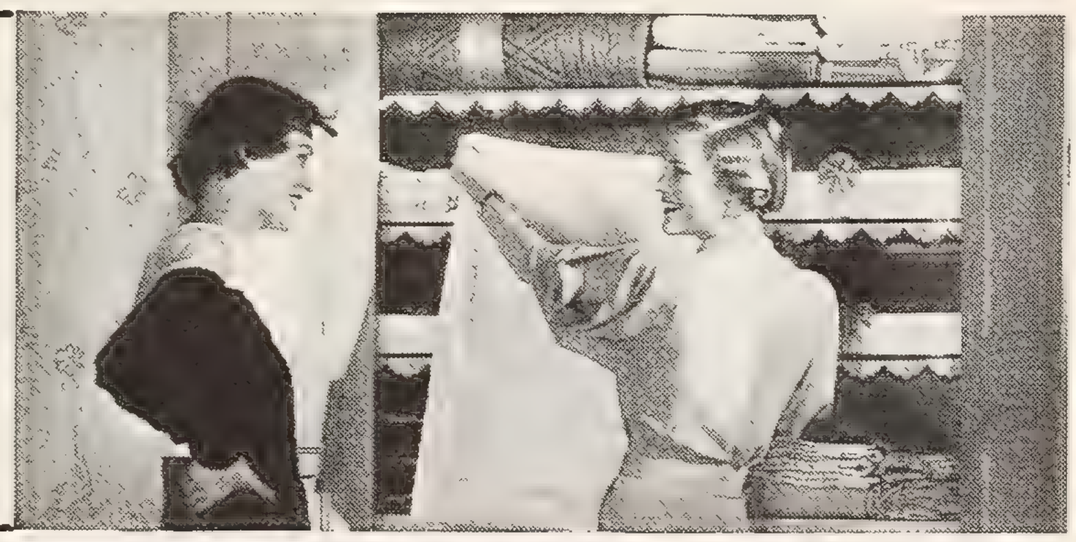
Knockout spy story. With Myrna Loy, as the thoroughly believable spy who vamps-and-tells, this picture has all the swell action and plot that has made movies so enjoyable

(*Continued on page 114*)

LET ME TELL YOU HOW A GOLDEN NAPTHA SOAP GAVE ME A MILLION-DOLLAR WASH



Ann Prescott:
"Tickled?...you bet! My clothes aren't gray any more—they're *white,* Betty. They're gorgeous! And I found out what was wrong . . . That *'trick'* soap I used to wash with wasn't getting all the dirt out of my clothes. Then..."



Ann Prescott:
"I bought a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap—and I never saw the beat of it for hurrying out dirt. Here, smell the reason yourself—there's *lots of naptha* in that golden bar!"



M-M-M!...Linens so white they fairly gleam! Clothes that are fresh as a breeze! Washes that make you pop with pride!

Here's the *easier* way to get them—*change to Fels-Naptha Soap!* You'll like the way it loosens grimiest dirt. You'll like the way it makes *suds that stay sudsy—nice and creamy and rich.* You'll like the way it hustles along the wash.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? . . . It is two lively cleaners instead of one. *Golden* soap that's richer—and *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha in every bar.

Fels-Naptha Soap is so gentle, you can use it for daintiest things—lingerie, silk stockings, woolens. It's kind to hands, for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. It's a willing worker in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

And more happy news—Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO.



Block and Sully get off to make "Kid Millions," starring Eddie Cantor.

THEY VISIT NEW YORK

BY REGINA CANNON

WELL, Block and Sully, of the air waves got off. If you're a wisecracker and a radio fan, too, you'll doubtless quip, "Block and Sully *are* off; that's why they made a lot of the coin of the realm and rate a movie contract and a trip to the coast."

Anna-hoo, the famous comedy team departed for Hollywood to appear with their best pal, patron near-saint and what-have-you, Eddie Cantor. B. and S. adore Eddie and, well they might, for he has been sold on them for years, and, whenever opportunity presents itself, gets them in on the show. Don't misunderstand us please, the pair don't have to literally be "gotten in," for they stand on their own feet when it comes to rare ability as laugh-inducers.

Little Eva (she's Miss Sully) is the cutest trick you could meet on a hike up Broadway or down Hollywood Boulevard. She looks a bit like a miniature Bebe Daniels and Mr. Block, partner *and* husband of the aforementioned damsel, is a clean-cut young gent that's gonna cause some heart flutters among the fair in the movie audience.

Of course, comparisons are odious—a smarty once put that over—but for your information in case you're not a "tuner-inner," the tea mdo stuff similar to Burns and Allen. They're not copycats. They just do that type of work, and did it when vaudeville was a two-a-day dignified art and not a frame in which to set off the week's galloping snapshot.

The night before their departure, Miss Sully told of her entrance into the theatrical world. It seems someone advised her to see an agent, tell him what she could do and what salary she expected. But let her tell it:

"I told the man I could sing, dance, whistle, ride a bicycle, juggle and read lines. Well, by that time he was exhausted, just from listening. Then I said I wanted $400 for doing all that, but that I hadn't any experience—yet. He took my phone number and said he'd let me hear from him. Y'know, he never did. Wasn't that funny?"

Hilarious, we callz it. Howz about you?

Block plays "straight" in the act and comedy at the dinner table. Indeed, it's better than a ringside seat at your favorite form of entertainment to spend an hour with this duo. You don't have to be a prophet to predict big things in pictures for them. They'll just click. Mr. Goldwyn thinks so. And Mr. Goldwyn never makes mistakes. Bob Montgomery told us so.

Anyway, we left Jesse and Eva with his good wishes and her umbrella, which we're gonna return as soon as we see her again—because it's the wrong color.

* * *

SHE is just about as social as Newport, is Anna May Wong, the picturesque Chinese girl whose Dad once ran a laundry in Los Angeles. Anna May is the companion of dukes and counts and Blue Book names on this side of the water. She has that certain something that makes every man in a restaurant put down his fork and look, and then look for a friend who has a friend who can arrange an introduction. That's "it" for you!

Miss Wong recently returned from England, where she made, as usual, a great hit. She wasn't in town very long before Paramount phoned and offered her a leading role opposite George Raft in "Limehouse Nights." The part was good and the money excellent, so the little lady decided it was time to do a comeback in American pictures. Hence, you'll have a chance to see one of the most divine figures that has ever flitted across the screen.

Personally, we'll welcome this prodigal's return, for she has always been a favorite of ours.

* * *

Glenda Farrell visited New York for a vacation and wound up with an operation. We saw her on her birthday and she had dozens of American beauties and a pain in her side—and didn't complain about either.

Then the ache increased and the doctor pronounced it appendicitis. So, off she and her flowers went to a hospital. She's doing nicely now, thank you.

Glenda is a peach of a girl with good looks and real talent. It seems a shame that she is shoved into one picture after another in such rapid succession and relegated to the "tough" type of role. She is certainly being wasted in 'em. Plenty of also-rans can essay rowdiness, but it takes talent to do fine emotional work. And Miss Farrell, given an opportunity, does just that.

* * *

ISABEL JEWELL flew into town—literally—to spend a few days sight-seeing. She hasn't visited little old New York since she became known



Anna May Wong arrives from Europe en route to "Limehouse Nights" in Hollywood.



cinematically and so she took time out to marvel at the way the buildings in our fair city have grown.

This blonde lass is slightly under pint size and drinks buttermilk, if you please, just to put on a few of what most of us fight to take off.

Isabel is an obliging little lady and will talk on any topic; that is, if it concerns her career or Lee Tracy. She refers to the gentleman as "Angel" and until our ears became Jewell-minded, we thought she was referring to Shirley Temple. Then when we learned that Angel was a "he," we just *knew* it was Baby LeRoy. But—wrong again. And then we learned about Angel from his ardent admirer. He's her god, her Von Sternberg, her world—celluloid and otherwise.

Lee criticizes and praises and inspires. Well, it is simply grand to have a friend like that; and Isabel is smart enough and loyal enough to appreciate it and him. Yes, this young woman with the appearance of a beautiful bisque doll has a keen mind and a sparkling personality.

* * *

By the time you read this, the trousseau will be bought and worn and the wedding bells will have rung out. For Verree Teasdale will be Mrs. Adolphe Menjou.

Miss Teasdale, well-known in Broadway productions before the movie urge befell her, visited the Fifth Avenue shops to purchase those dainty satin trifles and smart fall tailleurs that women go in for in a big way when they're about to become Missus.

Just as the future Madame Menjou was about to tackle the linen departments, an unfeeling studio summoned her westward to appear in "The Firebird," a very dramatic offering that was presented here on the stage a few seasons ago.

Miss Teasdale, by the way, is nothing for very dramatic offerings. She cares for subtle drawing-room comedies in a great, big way. But does she get a chance at 'em? Well, the nearest thing to eliciting laughs that she's appeared in since hitting Hollywood was "Roman Scandals." Some subtle——eh, wot?

* * *

Adrienne Ames is here—and without Bruce Cabot. And she's *that* lonesome! Nothing but an opportunity to play a leading role in "Gigolette," for Select Pictures induced her to leave Hollywood and friend husband.

She isn't taking time to shop or visit or "theatre" or anything. She just hasn't the heart to, or the interest either.

Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

There *is* a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.



Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



The "baby shower" given for Sally Eilers (Mrs. Harry Joe Brown) by Mrs. William K. Howard was the most elaborate affair of its kind ever given in Hollywood. Sixty-two of Sally's close friends were present, and what presents they brought!

Mrs. Howard's gift was a large bassinette covered in real Irish lace. Lola Lane's package held twelve hand-made infant dresses. From Bebe Daniels came a magnificent carriage robe, and Jobyna Ralston Arlen sent a nursery bed. Billie Dove presented a silver "high chair service" consisting of the cereal bowl, cup, plate and spoons. In spite of all the gorgeousness, however, Sally's mother took the spotlight with the hooked rugs she had made for the baby's nursery. There were rugs of the Three Little Pigs, a large white rabbit and a large white kitten. They were cut out like toys and are to be tossed over the floor of the nursery.

Sally was so overcome with emotion at the elaborate party that she was confined to her bed for two days following. The excitement was more than she could stand.

BARBARA BEBE LYON was watching her mother, Bebe Daniels, eat lunch the other day. Bebe ate everything on her plate except a generous helping of spinach.

"Eat your spinach," said Barbara Bebe in exactly the tones her nurse uses to her.

"I don't think I care for it," said Bebe.

"All right" said the little girl, "for that, you don't get any ice cream!"

MARLENE AND JOE PALS AGAIN!

No matter how much Marlene Dietrich and Josef Von Sternberg protest to the contrary, they'll have a pretty hard time convincing Hollywood they have not recently become reconciled after a prolonged "tiff."

It is said that Paramount officials, at one time, were on the verge of finding a new woman star for Josef, and a new director for Marlene at their mutual request. The war started, you remember, when Marlene saw the finished version of "The Scarlet Empress," wherein she is so completely submerged in the elaborate background.

It is also whispered that Von Sternberg did not approve of Marlene's widening circle of new friends. The temperamental director has always referred to Dietrich as "a woman apart" and he has never approved of her friendships with Hollywood people.

Well, whatever the argument, it is apparently over now, and they seem to be faster friends than ever.

"How silly to think for one moment I would make a picture without Mr. Von Sternberg," scoffed Marlene the other day. "He knows he will never be able to get rid of me as long as he lives!"

SOMEONE should take Ann Sothern aside and advise her against trying to look like the Lombard. The other day a Los Angeles newspaper ran a picture of Ann, captioned Carole Lombard. And why not? Even the hat and dress looked exactly like those worn by Carole in her latest sitting.

The jinx of tough luck, and of having to fight for every break she gets, still pursues Dolores Del Rio. Just as



They're not being reconciled —the Nick Stuarts and Carol.



George Raft and Virginia Pine still dine together nightly.



At Hofbrau Gardens—Mary Astor and hubby, Dr. Thorpe



Dolores was on the verge of flaring across the movie heavens in the colorful and exotic rule of "Du Barry," along came this censorship row and the decision of the studio officials to "shelve" the picture for at least six months.

"Du Barry" was expected to establish Dolores in the front ranks of Hollywood stardom. Her performance, as the king's mistress, is said to be exceptional. Of course, other Del Rio pictures will be made, but emotional roles like "Du Barry" don't come wrapped up for lady stars in every day's mail.

While you are shedding a tear over Dolore's delayed opportunity, you might also heave a sigh for the Brethren Warners who have about $500,000 tied up in this picture.

IF you think this romance rumor between Jean Harlow and William Powell isn't serious, you should see Bill break his neck every noon hour, getting to the 'phone to call up Jean.

However, they are never seen alone in public together. Jean has not yet filed her suit against Hal Rosson, as this is written, and because of this, Mrs. Bello (Jean's mother) accompanies the couple everywhere they go—even to the Tuesday night fights.

STARS TURN CRITICS

Everyone in Hollywood is raving about Bette Davis's performance in "Of Human Bondage."

Norma Shearer is another who has scored heavily with her co-workers in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati draw plenty of bouquets for their work in "One Night of Love."

The movie folk are just as crazy about little Shirley Temple as you and I are.

The best mystery drama of this or any other month, is RKO-Radio's "Hat, Coat and Glove."

Listening to the actors turn critics is a lot of fun.

BETTE DAVIS and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, have taken the Charlie Farrell Beverly Hills home while (Continued on page 62)



...upe and Johnny together ...gain—when this was taken.



Bette Davis and her husband pose for our Scotty.



At Santa Monica—Henry Wilcoxson and Claire Sheridan.

THE LOVE STORY OF ONE WOMAN AND ONE MAN..

That mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today.

FOX FILM Presents

THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY

MADELEINE CARROLL
FRANCHOT TONE

•

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley

FOX





KATHARINE HEPBURN

When it comes to picking the picture plums, Katie shows as much talent as she does histrionically. Her next will be RKO's "The Little Minister," and won't she make a divine "Babbie?" When she finishes this, rumor hath it, she will make preparations to appear in another Broadway stage production, for she has one of those elastic contracts that stretches in almost any direction.



Having conquered the air waves, he has set out to make a name for himself in the film fields and, so far, so good. You'll be seeing him in Universal's pretentious picture, "Wake Up and Dream," with June Knight doing the snappy stepping as Russ lilts the tantalizing tunes. Yes, it's a musical. As for the Latin gentleman's personal interests; well, they sort of embrace Carole Lombard, 'tis said. Their friends predict a parson, but the pair involved insist that they're just friends. Sounds a little mixed up, doesn't it?

RUSS COLUMBO

KAREN MORLEY

She has plenty to offer the camera and sound track, yet this young woman's principal interests are home, hubby and baby. Indeed, while she was making "Straight Is the Way" for M-G-M, the director asked her to remove her wedding ring. Would Mrs. Charles Vidor comply with his request? No, no. Her husband had put it on and it wasn't coming off. So a prop boy mixed a masking paste and covered the gold band and everybody was satisfied. However, in "Our Daily Bread" the ring was not subjected to the "mask."





LEWIS STONE

As popular as most of the stars he supports, is Lewis Stone, for he always may be depended upon to give an excellent performance and, no matter how unsympathetic his role may be, he invests it with a warmth that endears him to his fans. Now that he's finished work in "Treasure Island" for M-G-M, he is enjoying a belated vacation—with his pretty wife on one of their boats. Yes, this gentleman is such a confirmed seaman that he lived on the water during a recent location trip, while the rest of the cast parked in hotels.

ANNA NEAGLE

You'll be seein' her soon in "Nell Gwyn," and our guess is that you'll be enchanted by this rollicking girl from across the big pond. England is her birthplace, but America gave her her chance. While here as a Broadway chorus girl, she became imbued with ambition, returned home, forged ahead, and finally landed herself a screen test and a role in "Bitter Sweet." Then came "Nell" and instant acclaim. 'Tis whispered that our producers are dickering for her services, so it may not be long before she's a Hollywood citizen.





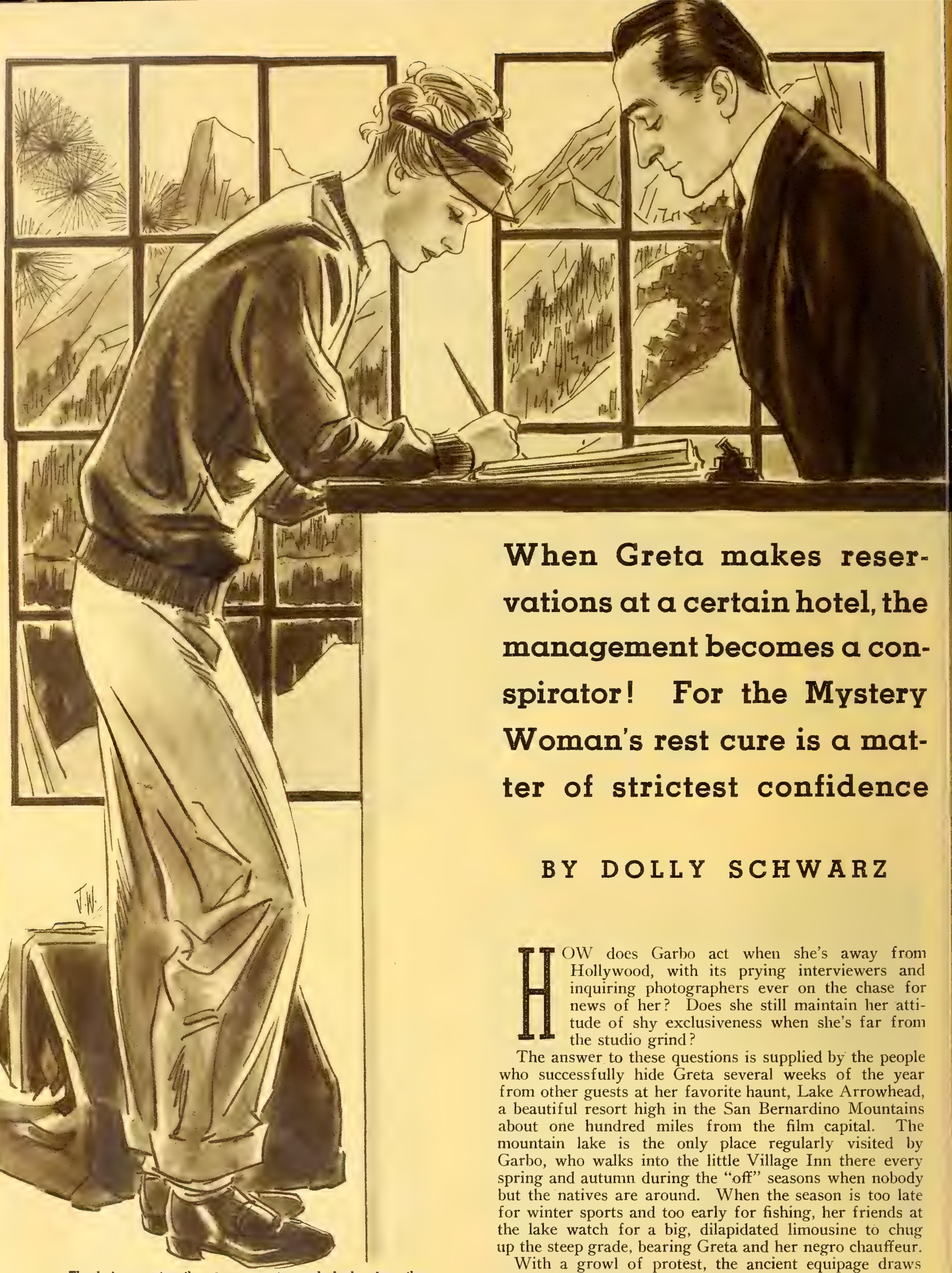
Sweet

(Above, left) There's romance and romance aplenty in the impressive list of pictures that will be going on your movie list real soon. Who wouldn't be inspired to kiss in such a beautiful setting as the one in which Norma Shearer and Fredric March find themselves in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," for M-G-M. (Above, right) The beautiful Loretta Young and romantic Phillips Holmes emote in "Caravan," a Fox film. (Right) This is just as it should be; for Anita Louise and Tom Brown are sweethearts in real life. And she's the one he cares for in "Judge Priest," Will Rogers' latest for Fox.





(Above, left) The sweet young thing caught looking so romantically at Nils Asther is Pat Paterson, in "Lovetime," which concerns the life of the composer, Franz Schubert. (Above, right) Girls, how'd you like to change places with Joan? M-m-m, we thought so. If this pose intrigues you, you'll find more like it in Clark's and Joan's picture, "Chained." It's from the novel, "Sacred and Profane Love," which may give you an inkling as to what it's all about. (Left) And now Anna Sten, of "Nana" fame, is going to thrill you once more in "We Live Again." Handsome Fredric March is with her.



When Greta makes reservations at a certain hotel, the management becomes a conspirator! For the Mystery Woman's rest cure is a matter of strictest confidence

BY DOLLY SCHWARZ

HOW does Garbo act when she's away from Hollywood, with its prying interviewers and inquiring photographers ever on the chase for news of her? Does she still maintain her attitude of shy exclusiveness when she's far from the studio grind?

The answer to these questions is supplied by the people who successfully hide Greta several weeks of the year from other guests at her favorite haunt, Lake Arrowhead, a beautiful resort high in the San Bernardino Mountains about one hundred miles from the film capital. The mountain lake is the only place regularly visited by Garbo, who walks into the little Village Inn there every spring and autumn during the "off" seasons when nobody but the natives are around. When the season is too late for winter sports and too early for fishing, her friends at the lake watch for a big, dilapidated limousine to chug up the steep grade, bearing Greta and her negro chauffeur.

With a growl of protest, the ancient equipage draws up before the little Inn. Out steps the chauffeur with one small piece of luggage, and in walks Garbo with always the same request, "Have you a quiet room?"

The lady wearing the visor, sweater and slacks signs the register "Mary Brown." But the clerk, who has booked her in before, knows it's Greta Garbo. However, he wouldn't whisper the news—not even to his mother.

GARBO'S SECRET VACATION

She is generally dressed in slacks that could stand attention from a tailor, a disreputable sweater, and a sun-visor worn in a manner only Garbo would think of attempting. She takes her straight blonde hair and thrusts it up into a strange, straggling bundle on top of her head beneath the elastic which holds the visor in place, over a face devoid of any make-up. In a childish hand she signs the register "Mary Brown," and slinks up to her room.

Immediately the "underground" telegraph system which exists among all hotel employees starts in with "Garbo's here" whispered back and forth, and the battle starts over who shall attend to her simple wants. She comes without a maid or companion of any sort, but never desires any attention other than room service at breakfast and dinner and a boatman to deliver her favorite canoe to her daily.



HER appetite is a never-ending source of wonder to the kitchen staff. When she came up the first time she did not care to look over the menu, but merely asked for "dinner." The nervous waiter, left alone with the stupendous problem of what to feed Garbo, ran down to the kitchen and excitedly ordered some of everything on the menu placed on a huge tray, which he staggered under all the way up to the star's room. Imagine his surprise when, returning an hour later for the tray, he found it waiting for him outside of Garbo's door with all the dishes empty and stacked neatly under a napkin. Since then, through investigation, the staff has managed to learn that Garbo likes just about everything, but must have a thick wedge of cheese at least twice a day and prefers rye bread.

Her lunches, which would make the hardest working C.C.C. boy smile with satisfaction, consist of stacks of thick chicken sandwiches, milk, cheese, pie and fruit, delivered to her in a large box at breakfast. Breakfast is served to her at 7:00 A.M. She downs this meal hurriedly and, lunch box under arm and bathing suit under slacks, slinks out of the side entrance of the Inn down to the edge of the lake and her waiting canoe before anyone else is stirring.

From then on, no one but the squirrels get a glimpse of the glamorous star. She paddles her canoe across the lake to secluded coves on the north shore and takes long walks among the pine trees, leaving the slacks and sweater in the canoe and striding along in bathing suit and men's shoes. Occasionally someone will catch a far-away glimpse of her earnestly paddling across the lake, but no one so far has been able to get a good close-up of the Great One in her black bathing suit.

Garbo returns to the Inn with the heavy mantle of fog that settles down over the blue of the lake about six o'clock in the evening, slipping unobtrusively through the private entrance which is always unpadlocked on her arrival. All her trouble to remain incognito is really unnecessary, as she is never recognized by other guests who occasionally meet her coming or going. For no one would guess that the slender girl with the abominable trousers and funny shoes is the gorgeous star who glides across the screen in exotic creations by Adrian. It is an entirely different Garbo from the one we have come to know on the screen.

HER voice and eyelashes first gave her away to the staff of the Inn. Though her strange manner of dressing fooled the natives, her low, guttural voice and huge eyes led them to guess who the strange "Mary Brown" was. She never budges from the Inn in the evening, remaining in her room with the stacks of books her luggage always contains. Evidently Greta suffers from insomnia, as her light burns far on into the night, but she is always ready for her (*Continued on page 90*)

WHAT THEY THINK

BY ROBERT



Floyd Gibbons: "Take glamor out of immorality and audiences will tire of it."



Mrs. Roosevelt: "The film industry desires to use its power for the country's improvement."



John Boles: "Pictures have given the man in the street a fine, liberal education."

AT the bar of public opinion stand the movies, charged by religious leaders of all leading faiths with being a menace to the morals of the great American public—to your morals. You have heard, no doubt, the voices of the "prosecuting attorneys."

You've heard, too, the voices of the "attorneys for the defense," the producers and film stars. Last month MODERN SCREEN took up the cudgel for the defense.

But you, who are both the judge and the jury, the people in whose hands the fate of the motion picture industry lies, will not want to be guided entirely by what either the prosecution or the defense tells you. You will want to make your decision from your own experience and from the opinions of clear-thinking, unprejudiced witnesses.

MODERN SCREEN has compiled testimony from public and exclusive statements made by such people as the First Lady of the Land, two of America's greatest lawyers, leading theatrical and radio entertainers, leading newspaper writers, and others who are pre-eminent in different fields. You will find this testimony by no means one-sided. Fair-mindedness is the password to this open forum, to which you are invited to join. Why not take this opportunity to write and tell us what *you* think of this tremendous problem which faces the industry.

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who is one of the nation's leaders not only because of her husband's position, but through her own keen mind as well, took up the question of the movies in a recent talk over the NBC chain.

Said Mrs. Roosevelt: "Lately it has been felt that the tendency to glorify the racketeer and criminal, or at least to make him appear as a sympathetic character, was having something of a bad effect on the children of the country. Consequently, this new announcement (*that Joseph Breen, assistant to Will H. Hays, had been appointed censor by the film industry itself.*—ED.) should do much to make women's organizations feel that *the film industry as a whole desires to coöperate and use its tremendous power for the improvement of the country.*"

America's famous fair-mindedly discuss, pro and con, the

OF CENSORSHIP

EICHBERG



Irene Dunne: "There have been unwholesome pictures, but there have been fine ones."



Carl Laemmle: "We welcome constructive criticism, but we are against fanatical reform."



Monte Schoedsack: "It's too bad a few produced censorable films and upset the rest."

NEXT, there is Max D. Steuer, behind whose kindly, grizzled exterior is one of the most brilliant brains in all the field of law. His years in court, saving "lost" causes and winning "impossible" cases, have made his name a household word wherever newspapers are read.

"I don't think the movies are so very bad," said Mr. Steuer, "but they could stand some improvement.

"You must realize that there have been a great many pictures which justified the gangster by making him a hero. It's true that the story frequently calls for his being sent to jail, or even killed at the end, but this punishment in the last few scenes comes too late. In the audience, there may be one or two impressionable boys or girls who, having seen the movie gangster enjoying six or seven reels of tremendous power and wealth, are imbued with a desire to become gang leaders. They feel that they, too, could attain such power and are certain that they would never make a mistake such as led to the pictured criminal's downfall. Our jails, incidentally, are filled with people who have had such ideas.

"But I do think the pictures are sometimes misjudged, for the clergy are not necessarily the best judges of morals. Any man or woman may be strictly upright and lead a blameless life, yet will be incapable of judging the moral effect of a motion picture upon the average person. *Then, again, I think a great many people go to the pictures, not to enjoy, but to criticize them. They would naturally find a great deal more to criticize than would people not looking for questionable scenes.*

"Consider the picture 'Men in White' as an example. This picture has been censured because it depicts an immoral act between a young doctor, who is the chief character, and a nurse. But the fact that the author may have intended to point a moral—to bring about a cure and reform for an existing evil—is something that the critic may not perceive. The episode I mention is not without foundation of fact, nor is it entirely unnatural, and it is possible that things of the sort do occur in many hospitals. By bringing them to the fore, in a play otherwise as clean as can be written, the author, (*Continued on page 87*)

movies' timeliest topic! What do you think about it?

This should



The Montgomerys, looking as happy as they really are.

"I deeply resent being forced into the position of having to make a formal announcement that I love my wife and child," declares Robert Montgomery

end discussion on the Montgomery marital standing

ANSWERS THE GOSSIPS

By CARTER BRUCE

DO you believe that Robert Montgomery and his wife, Betty, are on the verge of a divorce that will "blow the lid off Hollywood?" Do you believe the printed story that "a generous settlement has already been made on Mrs. M. because Mr. M. is in a very generous mood, or has a guilty conscience, or both?" Were you prodded by the hint to "insiders" not to take the Montgomery divorce denials too seriously? Did you ferret out the figure of R. M. behind the syndicated implication of "the actor who is so close to divorce that Hollywood can't keep his secret any longer?"

Or, are you one of those who must have felt a twinge of decent embarrassment because a man was driven to make the statement: "Will you take my word of honor that I love my wife and baby, and nothing in Hollywood, or all the world, can alter that!"

To whichever group you belong, this story is addressed directly to *you*. It is the reluctant explanation of one who deeply resents the necessity of having to make explanations of a private life he has fought to protect from publicity. It comes from the only man in Hollywood who knows the truth about Robert Montgomery's marital affairs—Bob Montgomery, himself.

In giving this story, he is breaking a promise he made to himself when he first started to click in motion pictures: "The public is welcome to the most detailed scrutiny of my public life, but as a human being I have a right to my private life and I shall fight for it." For almost five years he has held to that theory.

It is only a few days ago, as this is written, he broke that long silence. He ended it because he knew the very thing he had attempted to preserve was being undermined by a silence Hollywood would not or could not understand, and was interpreting as an admission to the avalanche of divorce rumors.

In a statement to the columnist who had printed the "Don't take the Montgomery denials too seriously," he said: "Please believe that denial I made when you first inquired whether Betty and I are happy, and do take it seriously. Why rumor mongers are so anxious to separate us, we don't know. I'm suing the trade journal that printed our separation as a fact. Will you take my word of honor now? Betty and I love each other and our baby, and Hollywood and the whole world cannot change that!"

BOB MONTGOMERY said to me, "No one will ever know what it cost me to make that plea, that appeal. There are no words to express how deeply I resent being forced into the position of having to make a formal announcement that I love my wife and child, to have to stand up and shout through the prints of what should be accepted as a decent, normal thing, in order to protect my wife and myself from scandal mongers."

Bob did not shout these words, nor pound the table in excessive emphasis of temper. I've always felt there was something suspiciously unconvincing about words with too much music. We holler the loudest when we would cover the most. Instead, his words came in the outraged calmness that goes too deep for temperamental display.

"I've passed the point where temper enters into my feelings. I am sick with disgust. In the beginning, when the rumors started to creep on us, I was amused. I even tried to answer them with facetious nonsense. I dealt with that very popular triangle involving my wife, myself and Miss Sweetness and Light with (*Continued on page 91*)

MOTHER'S girl?



Claudette and her mother, whose beauty and wisdom has guided the star's life. Theirs is probably the most unique partnership in Hollywood and certainly comes up for its share of discussion. (Right) The lovely Colbert as Cleopatra in the extravagant De Mille production of that name.

BY RUTH BIERY

I WOULD never trust any man as I do my mother.

"I would never leave my mother for a husband.

"This is the real reason Ive always insisted my mother live in the same house with me."

These three statements, made by Claudette Colbert, seem to prove the truth of Hollywood's single rumor about her.

I have often called Claudette the real sphinx of Hollywood because, until now, all we have actually known about her is: "She is married to Norman Foster, but they live in separate houses!"

During a very recent trip across the United States, I was asked more questions about Claudette than any actress in Hollywood. Although these questions seemed to be instigated by her and Clark Gable's success in Columbia's program picture, "It Happened One Night," the picture-goers did not ask about Clark



Her mother plans her career and shares her home, while her husband dwells nearby. Yet Claudette claims that she lives for herself. Do you agree?

Gable.

They knew about him. They did not know about Claudette.

And Hollywood has been as ignorant of her, the real woman, as the outside world. While Garbo, with her public claim to silence, has been about as private as a model in a plate glass window, Claudette, willing to talk to anybody, has kept her real self as snugly hidden as a flee in that window.

One whisper only: "She has a mother complex." A rumor that has circulated about only a very few of our famous people. A rumor that said her mother came first; her husband second. A rumor that frankly implied that Claudette put her mother before even herself—placed mother love above every other love.

I determined to get to the root of this rumor. Because at its base must lie the explanation of this girl, who has crept into our picture consciences so slowly that it is difficult for us to believe she has been making pictures six years, this woman who has almost sneaked to stardom, commanding the third highest salary in picturedom.

I asked her bluntly: "Would you say you have a mother complex, Claudette?"

HER dynamic, black eyes flashed electric warnings for a second. Then "What is a mother complex?" she countered.

I hesitated. "According to Freud, it's a mother fixation, a daughter who lives her life for her mother, who gives up her own pleasures for mother; subjugates her own interests for mother's, who rejects the normal pleasures of life to bring pleasure to her mother and in return gets her pleasure from living for her mother. For example, do you sleep in the same room with your mother, as Jean Harlow does?"

"Mercy, no!" She laughed merrily. "I never have. I live my life for myself. Very much so, I'm afraid. I may have a mother slant on my life in that I feel my life is going on and she is simply going on with it. I could never see it any other way. I have a feeling I can depend upon my mother. I could never trust any man as I do her. I would never leave her for any husband. But to understand that you must understand about my mother and me. From the very beginning.

"My mother is in no way a stage mother. There has never been an actress nor an actor in my family. She has never promoted my career; secured my engagements. She knows nothing about it. I have done all that myself. Why, I even discouraged her from coming onto the sets after we came to Hollywood (*Continued on page 92*)

BRAVO, BRAVO! *Grace Moore*



(Above) Valentin Parera, the prima donna's husband, who has stood by in the interests of her career, now has an acting contract at Fox. (Right) The star herself as she appears in "One Night of Love," the picture in which she made such a hit.



Now, the woman on whom Hollywood turned thumbs down has staged a triumphant comeback

BY ELZA SCHALLERT

GRACE MOORE once held Hollywood in the palm of her hand. She ruled as an empress of song for a brief night, and then her kingdom abruptly vanished. Just like in a fairy tale, or, perhaps better, a mystery play.

Four years ago the young prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera, was brought to Hollywood with all the fanfare and in the extravagant style befitting a musical celebrity. It was the season following her successful début at the Metropolitan in "La Bohème."

She arrived in a private train. A delegation of city officials, and music and society leaders greeted her at the railway station. She was set up in a suburban estate.

For weeks one heard of nothing but Grace Moore, the golden-voiced songbird, the woman of a hundred romances with the nobility of Europe. There was endless talk about her magnificent jewels, her chateau in Cannes, her hunting lodge in Scotland, her apartment in New York.

And then she made her first picture. A musical film based on the life of Jenny Lind, which for some unknown reason was called, "A Lady's Morals." She followed this with "New Moon," featuring Lawrence Tibbett.

Both pictures came in just when the public taste for musicals was going out. Both flopped badly. And Hollywood turned its back on Grace Moore in cruel, heartbreaking fashion.

The famed prima donna of the Metropolitan, the ambitious, gifted American girl who had battled her way up over the wearisome road of one night stand stage shows and cabarets to the heights of opera and concert, the singer who had won the acclaim of two continents was just another "dud" as far as Hollywood was concerned.

It would have none of her. In fact, the gate was wide open for her to get out. She begged for another chance to make good, since she had only floundered around in her first two ventures, trying to understand the new medium. But thumbs were turned down on her.

And the prima donna made a lonely exit from filmdom. She made a still lonelier trek back to New York. Bowed, but not completely licked, *(Continued on page 94)*

NOBODY LOVES A CLOWN



BY GLADYS HALL

Mr. Holloway deplores a cruel Fate that has caused him to be billed among his inamoratas as a funny guy, when he's burning to be Head Man in some gal's life.

I said to Sterling Holloway at tea, "We want to know something about you. What you do, what you are interested in, something about your romances, your—ah—love life——"

"An amoeba," said Sterling, flapping his thin, articulate hands, "an amoeba has a love life—or hasn't he?" He added, "Oh, well! I live with my mother and aunt and younger brother here in Hollywood. I go to bed every night at ten o'clock with a detective story and a bottle of milk. I am trying to get a thrill out of one and I am trying to get fat out of the other. I am tired of being thin. I want to be *very* fat.

"My mother and aunt and brother and I sit around after dinner. We never go anywhere. We never speak at all. Oh, I don't know how it is, but there just doesn't seem to be anything to talk about, sort of.

"Sometimes my aunt speaks to me when I come home nights. She'll be sitting there looking at me and suddenly she'll exclaim, 'Why? But—*why?*' I kind of know what she means. She means why *do* I always come home, why don't I ever go out and act like a human being. Oh, I don't know. . .

"No, I don't do anything. I just don't. I don't collect anything. You know, like stamps or butterflies. I haven't any girls' pictures around because I got into a sort of rage and tore up the pictures of the girls in my life. I never play games. When I was a little boy I used to play hide-and-seek, but I was always the first one found, so I sort of gave it up. I don't play the piano or anything. I don't garden. I don't know anything about cars except how to sit in them.

PUBLICITY people at the studios get in despair over me. They call me up and say, 'Don't you do *anything?*' They don't seem to believe me when I say that I just don't. They say, 'Isn't there anything you are interested in? Haven't you any hobbies?' The other day I was trying to help the publicity man over at Universal and I said, 'Well, I once pinched Janet Gaynor in the—in a picture—and I guess I am the only man who ever pinched Janet Gaynor.' I thought that was kind of unique. But no one used it.

"Interviewers don't like me, either. They say there's no reason for it all. They come to talk to me and I don't know what to say. I don't know how it is I'm talking to you now, like I am. Most interviewers get right up and leave me and say, 'Well, of course, if you don't want to say anything.' It isn't that I don't *want* to.

"I never talk to anyone on the set where I'm working. I've just played the part of Chevalier's orderly in 'The Merry Widow.' But I never once talked to him. I just sort of go off, to one side, after I've done my scene and sit there by myself. Why? I'm afraid of being hurt, that's why. Oh, I don't know what kind of hurt—little things lead to big things, you know. I'm not going to give anyone the chance to get near me. So I just stay alone and hurt myself.

"I suppose I have a kind of a complex. I'm all tied up in a knot and I've never got unravelled. I was born this way and I don't want anyone to untie me. I suppose you're going to write that I am in real life just like I am on the screen. Well, go (*Continued on page 98*)

Whenever Holloway proposes, his girl gets the giggles!



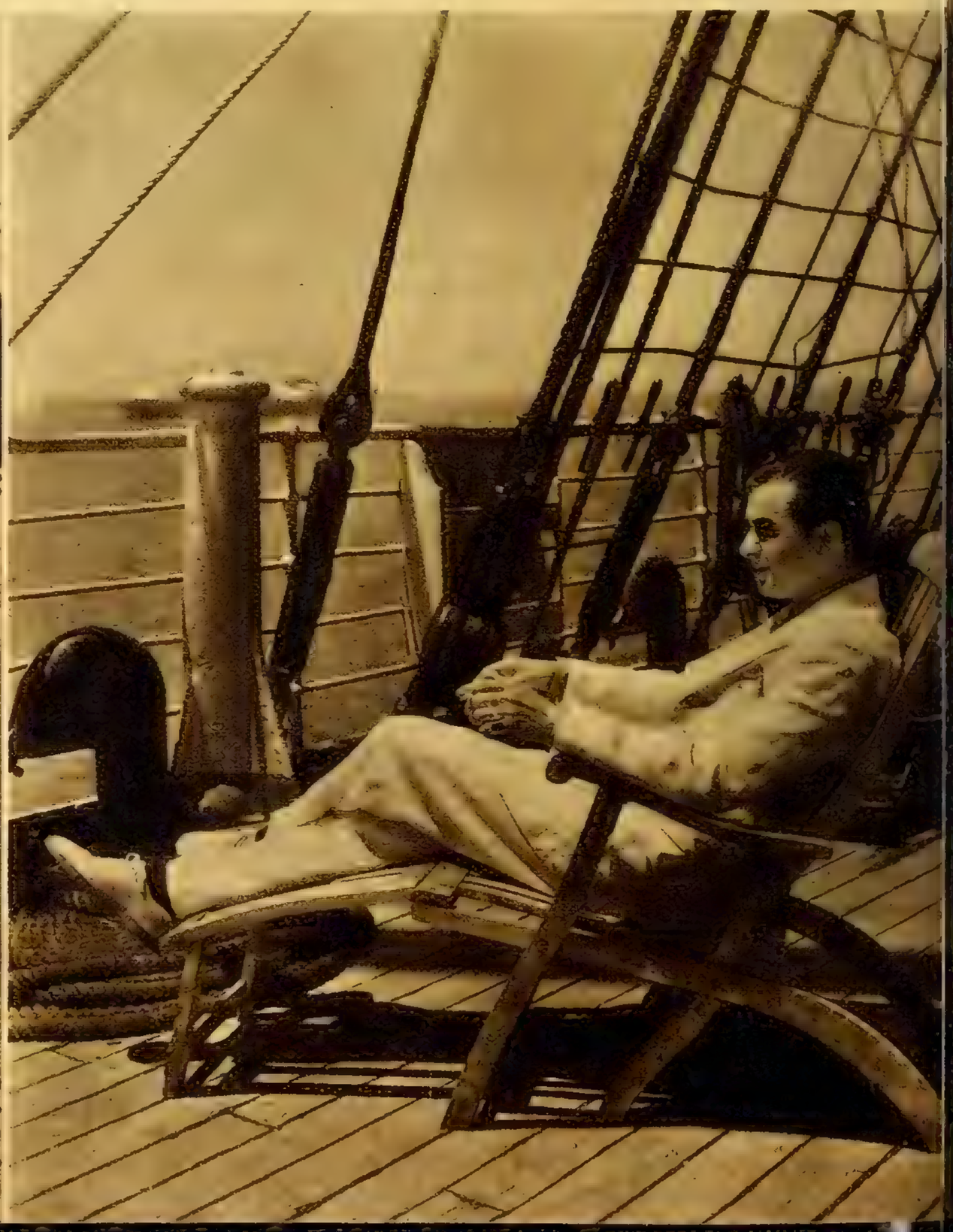
DOWN TO THE SEA in GREASEPAINT

Sailing, sailing away with the stars—out into the Pacific on location

(Above) Mister Beery, on "Treasure Island" location, hasn't taken up tatting. It's the manly occupation of makin' fish nets or something, that he's engaged in. In spite of fog and bad weather and a fair amount of nautical hardship, the Hollywood landlubber came through like a trump.

(Below, left) On "The Captain Hates the Sea" location. A shark found its way into the ship's pool and so Vic McLaglen and Marion Bardell took time out until the creature was removed—as who wouldn't. (Right) Fred Keating, who makes his début in this film, relaxes, too.





(Above) Wynne Gibson, in the cast of "The Captain Hates etc., etc.," was disgruntled to find that she was needed for only one scene. So it became her habit to take to the rigging with a good book. (Below) The "ork" leader, Jan Garber, Lewis Stone and the Missus at Catalina Island.

(Above) John Gilbert and Florence Rice on "The Captain" location. We hear tell Jack became ver' temperamental on the trip. (Below) Jackie Cooper, youthful star of "Treasure Island," and Madeleine Powell, with a friend. Taken during the filming at Catalina Island.



PLAYFELLOWS of

This isn't a story about patriotic soldiers, although it deals with the activities of fearless men who face death in the performance of their tasks, day in and day out, men who brave swift and painful ends in order that you may sit in a darkened theatre and thrillingly watch the latest news of the world unfold before your very eyes—the newsreel cameramen and sound technicians.

Cameramen have always been colorful, romantic figures, while the sound men have come in for but little glory, so let's start with the story of how one of these defied a raging mob in a desperate attempt to get his picture assignment through on time.

By ROBERT EICHBERG

Remember a few months ago, when a colored man in Salisbury, Maryland, accused of attacking a white girl, was snatched from the police and lynched by a mob? Feeling ran so high in that little southern town that when four alleged leaders of the mob were arrested, the Governor sent the militia to maintain order. The troops held the prisoners in the Armory, across the street from the fire house, while the mob surged outside. One of the troopers tossed a tear gas bomb, the fumes of which reached the firemen, who became enraged and turned the hose on the soldiers, who then took the prisoners back to their Baltimore headquarters.

About this time newspaper and newsreel men from Philadelphia, Washington and other large centers arrived on the scene. But let one of Universal's sound technicians who was there tell it:

"There was a mob of about three hundred," he said. "They were chasing reporters away and burning or overturning their cars. I was driving the sound truck and the cameraman was sitting next to me. We didn't know there was any danger until we were about a hundred feet from the burning cars. Then a Western Union boy jumped on the running-board and told us we'd better beat it. My partner had sense. He jumped out of the truck and ran and hid in a telephone booth.

"But I swung the truck up an alley and saw a garage. I put the truck in, got out and walked down the street to see what was happening. Somebody tipped the mob off about the truck and a bunch of them headed for the garage. I followed them, but not fast enough, and they got the truck. I chased after it, but (*Continued on page 109*)



DEATH!

Fires, strikes, lynchings—all news! And at every turn of the camera's crank a life is risked to catch them! Yet the newsreel men brave disaster to put you on the scene of action

ILLUSTRATION BY
JACK WELCH

Hollywood is wary, for she fooled them once before! Now the skeptics will believe when they see a wedding gown with Maureen in it—and the shy Johnny at her side

BY MARY SHARON



Here they are—Maureen and Johnny Farrow—at somebody else's wedding; that of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, to be specific. Will the next peal of bells in Hollywood signal a wedding march for this pair?

HOLLYWOOD is saying that Maureen O'Sullivan will never marry. They are giving several good and plausible reasons why she will not. There is the question of age. It does seem odd, when one stops to think of all the men who have been in love with Maureen, that she should find happiness with a man so much older than herself, one who is so patently a man of the world.

There have been so many strange stories told, too, about this man she is going to marry. No doubt half of them are fiction, but Hollywood does love to discuss them all. "They" say that Maureen expects too much of marriage, that the man doesn't live who could measure up to the ideal she has set for her husband. "They" remind one that she was planning to marry this same man four years ago and something happened. "They" predict that at the last minute something will happen again.

I have a hunch that Hollywood is wrong. Knowing the little O'Sullivan rather well, I believe she will let them talk, think and conjecture until they are black in the face and will go serenely on her way. Gossip is one thing that hurtles off Maureen just like water off the proverbial duck's back.

She is such a little thing, but she knows what makes the world go round. She knows what she expects and wants of life and I am sure that with her workable philosophy, wisdom and understanding, she is going to get it in the end. And, by all the laws, she should.

Maureen is in love. Desperately in love. The one man in the world whom she loves is dashing, debonair, mysterious Johnny Farrow. Friends can be afraid of deep waters for her. They can hold their breath over her love hazards, but she will come through smiling and unafraid where other girls would flounder and sink.

I visited with her on the set of "Hideout," which she is rushing to complete in time for her proposed trip to Ireland with Johnny. So much depends on this trip. She wants Johnny to like and be liked by the folks back home. Like most Irish, Maureen is clannish and the opinion of her people is going to have a lot to do towards making her coming marriage right or wrong.

SHE doesn't like to talk about it. For one thing, she says marriage is always an experiment. It is the one thing in the world that cannot be reduced to rules and precepts, because no two persons are alike.

"I know what people are saying," she told me. "They are saying that I have my head in the clouds, that I expect too much of marriage and that any man I marry is going to disappoint me. I don't believe it. I believe that I will bring as much to marriage as I expect my man to bring.

"When I marry, it must be forever. I shall never get or consent to a divorce. That is why I have been so

WILL Maureen—



The lovely Irish lass who came from the land of shamrocks and banshees to America to appear in John McCormack's "Song of My Heart," and remained to sign a long-term contract. Today, she's a popular favorite.



This is perhaps one of the most beautiful pictures of this or any other month. Miss O'Sullivan in the costume she wears in Norma Shearer's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," graceful and charming as can be.

careful and considered every angle. Yet I know that I might conjecture and plan and work out every little item bearing upon our union and find immediately after the ceremony that I am wrong.

"I believe that the basis of real unity in marriage is need. A man and a woman to be really happy together must need each other. Film marriages go on the rocks because the parties involved do not really need anything of each other. They are self-sufficient, a law entirely to themselves.

"I want to need the man I marry. I want him to need me. I don't want him to absorb my identity and I don't want to absorb his. I don't want to know him too intimately. I want him to have a part of the house exclusively to himself. If he should ever feel the desire to be alone, I want him to be able to be alone. I don't want to try and live his life for him just because I have married him. I don't, for instance, want to ask him where he went between two and six on his day off. If he has a day off, I want to be tolerant of his weaknesses and shortcomings. Everybody has them. I expect the man I marry to have a few.

"I don't think I am hard to get along with, but I have very distinct and positive ideas about a number of things. I want him to respect my ideas and judgment just as I want to respect his. I want our marriage to be a fifty-fifty proposition of give and take. I want him to bring to it as much as I shall endeavor to. I am going to make it my largest aim to make him happy and by trying to do that, I expect to gain happiness for myself.

"I expect to make sacrifices. If it is necessary to the success of our union for me to give up my career, I shall not hesitate to do so. I believe that love, to be really appreciated, must be grounded on sacrifice. Things that we get for nothing are never valued very highly, but if we must barter and exchange or pay with something that we prize, then we try to keep the article we get.

I HAVE always hoped that I would marry someone of my own religious faith, but I never made a hard and fast rule of it. I always promised myself if I did love someone deeply that religion wouldn't be too important.

"I was in love once with another man. Quite in love with him, as a matter of fact. But I am so glad now that we didn't marry. We had nothing in common, absolutely nothing beyond the fact that we enjoyed being together. We had no meeting ground where we could talk about anything except ourselves. When we said, 'You are nice. Sweet! I like to be with you,' that is as far as we could go together in any direction. Yet I seriously thought of marrying him. I know our union would have been a horrible flop.

"I do not believe in confessing or regretting past mistakes. I believe that confes- (*Continued on page 84*)

MARRY *Johnny?*

HOW RICH AND VIRGINIA WERE MARRIED



BY REGINA CANNON

IF it were not for Uncle Jack, Richard Dix might be spending lonely evenings with his books and pictures, reminiscences and regrets on a ranch atop a Hollywood hill which he once imaginatively called "Paradise." Now it is literally that, for Uncle Jack came through once more, as Uncle Jack has had a way of doing since he taught little Ernest Brimmer to dodge his psuedo blows in mock ring bouts over thirty years ago.

Yes, you may have your rabbit's foot or a good old rusty horseshoe as a talisman of luck, but Mr. Dix has Uncle Jack. And, because of that gentleman's wise decision, he has Virginia Webster. And this is how *that* came about.

Richard needed a secretary. How in the world to get one? "Easy as fallin' off a log," counselled his uncle. "Put an ad in the paper!" So, forthwith, a blind ad was inserted in the "Help Wanted" column.

And then the applications came in. By the bushel load. The number of young ladies ambitious to transcribe pothooks was truly appalling. But you couldn't daunt Uncle Jack—nor could they. He painstakingly narrowed the applicants down to six, after giving each careful consideration. Then Mr. Dix entered the picture to make the final selection.

P. S. Miss Webster got the job. Because she was "neat, honest, intelligent and efficient." Just the qualifications that landed you the one with the Hollister Hardware Works or Ginsberg and O'Connor, attorneys-at-law.

"Oh," moaned Richard, "wouldn't it have been awful if I had fired you after the third day? Now, Virginia, you know you weren't so hot at dictation."

"But, Rich," protested the bride feebly, "I warned you. I told you I'd brush up, and you said—"

"Skip it, darling. You're marvelous."

At any rate, Virginia kept the job, principally because she took it seriously. She faithfully mailed pictures to the fans and wrote letters of thanks to the exhibitors and hoped that everyone would think Mr. Dix as wonderful as she knew him to be.

And then propinquity did its work. That constant day-after-day association made Rich realize that this girl, whose family had taken it on the chin financially, this girl who had worked her way through the University of California at Los Angeles by teaching dramatics, was The One. All the glamorous beauties who had played opposite him, all the radiant creatures he had met at parties, paled into insignificance when compared with Virginia's sweet personality and calm loveliness.

"I KNEW I was desperately in love," confessed Richard, "when I decided not to ask her for a date and then did—right on the heels of my decision. I couldn't help myself. I wondered if she'd be coy or be busy or be any of a dozen things girls playing 'hard to know' do. But, no, not Virginia. I should have known. She said, 'I'd love to have lunch with you. When?'

"And after that luncheon, I knew beyond the question of a doubt! But she didn't. (*Continued on page 115*)

A romance that the rumor hounds never suspected!

She WON'T PUT ON AN ACT!





When it comes to knowing the answers, Miss Lombard is a star pupil. Left, she appears with Gary Cooper in a scene from Paramount's "Now and Forever."

No temperament, no mystery, no nonsense! Carole refuses to fool herself and so, we're treated to honesty

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

WHEN Carole Lombard flamed across the screen in "Twentieth Century," a subtle actress who not only held her own with John Barrymore, but almost put that royal acting gentleman away with second honors, Hollywood lifted a surprised eyebrow. "Well," they said collectively in one way or another, "I didn't know she had it in her!"

Oh, of course, Carole has always been recognized as an outstanding screen beauty, a perfect subject for the favorite press agent adjectives beginning with *s*, svelte, stunning, sartorial, suave, sophisticated. Amusingly enough, she has rated as a sort of feminine counterpart for all those qualities which have been attributed to her well-known ex-husband, William Powell.

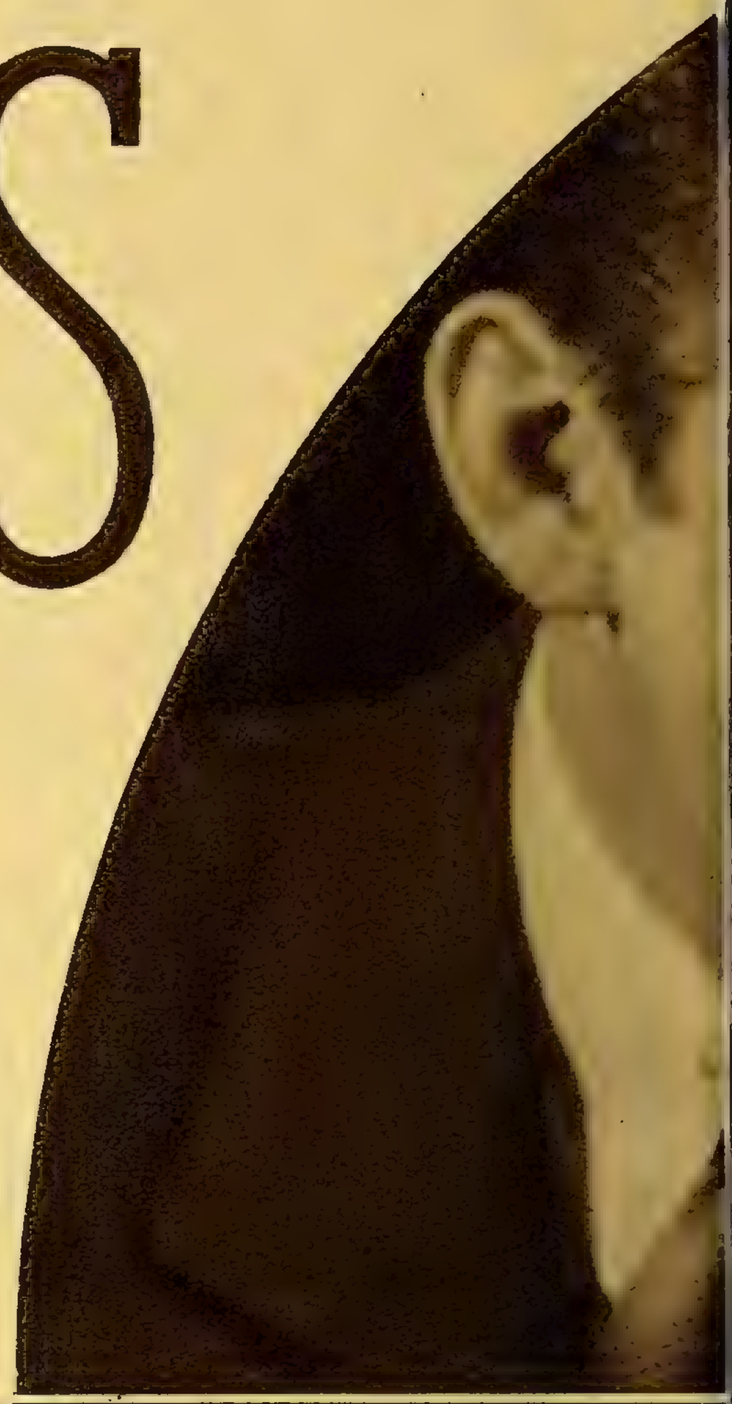
Ever since her Sennett bathing suit days, her extravagant blonde beauty and magazine-cover features have been the cameramen's delight, and she's Travis Banton's private pet as a Paramount fashion plate. For years she has clicked in pictures as a photographic personality.

But until the advent of "Twentieth Century," Carole has never been considered any great shakes as an actress, or even as a bizarre off-screen personality.

Of all the sophisticated ladies of Hollywood, Carole has rated as the most innocuous. She has created no trouser fad, after the manner of Dietrich, nor a mystery pose, after the manner of a Garbo. She reads her fan mail, when she reads it, in a comfortable chair in her dressing-room, not in the studio (*Continued on page 102*)

THREE DEADLY DANGERS

They are sinister and inescapable—these menaces that threaten the Hollywood famous—and the stars lose fighting power against them!







(Above) During the filming of "Riptide," Norma Shearer was not well, but she drove herself on. (Right) Bette Davis has cause to be bitter toward movietown.



(Right) Poor little Dorothy Dell—so young and beautiful and promising. But Life proved too swift for her, so Death intervened! (Left) Sudden recognition took its toll on Gable.

BY KATHERINE ALBERT

You would think to look at Hollywood, sleeping lazily under the California sun, its streets wide and open, its homes new and beautiful, that there could be no dangers which could possibly menace in a climate so bland, an atmosphere of such leisurely charm.

And that just goes to show how little you know about it. For beneath all this external peace is a sinister world, fraught with both psychological and physical dangers, dangers which some people have been able to combat, dangers which have destroyed others.

The high speed, the nervous tension, the terrific competitive spirit of Hollywood works a strange havoc upon the sons and daughters of the cinema. Money, fame and the fast pace at which all living is set, these things are responsible for half of Hollywood's most insidious dangers.

The town looks lazy enough. But everyone in it is geared to high speed . . . go, go, go . . . live while you can . . . burn up all your energy in a fever of activity . . . that's Hollywood—the Hollywood you don't know.

Dorothy Dell's tragic death, just when her career was about to blossom into an inspiring thing, is an example of one of the dangers of Hollywood, the intense eagerness to get from one place to another—and get there fast. At the time she met her death in an automobile accident, she was driving with a man who had once boasted that he had made a three-hour trip in an hour and thirty minutes. It is a temptation to let a car loose on those wide and alluring roads, a temptation to which half the film colony succumbs. Distances are so great in California, time presses so boldly, life seems so short that people who drive cars (and everyone in Hollywood drives) cannot seem to refrain from taking every road far beyond the speed limit.

This inclination to speed comes from a psychological thing, I firmly believe. All of the wise stars know that they have but little more than five years in which to enjoy the luxuries of stardom. The studios must speed up to beat the other fellow to the best stories, to sign the best talent. Everyone is imbued with this spirit of hurry, hurry, hurry. That is why Hollywood harbors some of the most reckless and fastest drivers in the world and even people who drive sanely in other cities are tempted to step on the gas in Hollywood.

DOROTHY DELL is dead. Her companion is dead, too. They are victims of one of the greatest dangers of Hollywood—speed! (*Continued on page 100*)

It's locked away—that exclusive film that set Dick right with Pittsburgh

BY

WILLIAM F.

FRENCH



A DICK POWELL MO





Here is a "shot" from that biggest little picture in which Dick ever appeared. It was called "From Hollywood to Pittsburgh," and marks the beginning of the Powell-Brian romance.

The ever-helpful Lee Tracy is saying, "Listen, boy, you'll be in the east, but I'll be here with Mary!" It's a scene from the same talkie—which, incidentally, you'll never see.

CAN you imagine a movie with a cast including Lee Tracy, Dick Powell, Mary Brian, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins, and directed by Roy Del Ruth, being made to show at a single theatre, exhibited there, and then taken out of circulation? And can you imagine that picture having been made solely for the purpose of proving that Dick Powell is not America's champion prevaricator?

We hope you can, for those are the simple facts concerning Dick Powell's greatest romantic reel, the picture that has actually pinned a bull's-eye on his shirt front for Cupid to aim at, a production that produced Hollywood's favorite romance.

As you know, Dick used to be master of ceremonies in one of Pittsburgh's most popular theatres, with everybody in the steel city vowing their Dick was a fine boy, a great entertainer, and undoubtedly the world's best little crooner.

They were for Dick one hundred per cent, but they all used salt on their Hollywood yarns.

So, while Dick was still walking on air because of the part he had been notified he would play with Lee Tracy in "Blessed Event," and eating, drinking and dreaming Hollywood, the wise old theatre manager called him into his office for a cozy little chat.

"That's great about your going into pictures, Dick," he began, "and I'm proud of you, not only because you're going to show them what you can do, but because you're smart enough to realize pictures are a gamble, and so are holding on to your job with us—just in case!

"Having played in the movies is going to help you when you get back here—because you'll take on some of that Hollywood glamor. That'll set you right with our local girls. The only trouble is that it will be a long time before the picture is shown in Pittsburgh, and people are sort of skeptical sometimes."

"You mean that when I get back they won't believe I've been in Hollywood making a picture?" demanded Dick.

"Lots of them won't unless we can prove it."

"How can we do that?" Dick wanted to know.

"That's where you use your personality. You make friends easily. Make enough of them at the studio so they'll make a picture we can show back here."

WHAT kind of a picture?"

"Something personal, showing you in Hollywood with the stars—and having them say goodby to you, something with a sort of plot to it, and something our audiences can't get away from."

For an unknown lad, doing a small part in a picture, to get a studio to make a special film for him, using their stars as stooges, so to speak, was something of an order.

But, as the Pittsburgh theatre owner said, Dick made friends easily. He might also have added that Powell was as willing a lad as ever hit Hollywood. Being nice was as natural to Dick as grinning, and before "Blessed Event" was finished he had half *(Continued on page 101)*

VIE YOU'LL NEVER SEE...



Take off your beard, Mr. Powell, we know you! This young man's all made up to look like a coupla other fellers, perhaps to fool Joan Blondell, who is in "Dames," too.



Another scene from the musical, "Dames." The pretty lady looking through the window pane is our friend, Ruby Keeler. She's the ingenue, of course, and very delectable.



ONE GIRL'S

You'll doubtless agree that Little Eva is pretty enough to make the movie grade? We do, too. (Below) The famous Café de Paris at Fox. Seated at these tables are Will Rogers, Jimmy Gleason, Warner Baxter, Charlie Farrell and other film famous. Is it any wonder that Miss Tree felt self-conscious?



BY EVA BERYL TREE
AS TOLD TO HARRY LANG

PART 3

THIS is the story of Eva Beryl Tree, the girl MODERN SCREEN sent to Hollywood to try for a movie career. You see, we wanted to know just what a twenty-year-old, pretty girl's chances to become famous were. We asked Hugh Gillis, an instructor at a State School in San Jose, California, to help us find such a girl.

Miss Tree was the lucky lady so, supplied with $300 and a three months' opportunity, we sent her off. She was to keep the conditions of her entry into the movie city secret and to keep a diary to tell our readers everything that happened to her. Here is her story thus far:

"January 31st—Went to Columbia where Dan Kelly, the casting director, invited me to make a test, but when I returned to the studio I discovered that he had been replaced. What luck!

However, the new man, Mr. Perlberg, has assured me he will carry out Kelly's wishes.

February 6th—Today was test day. And when I was made up by an expert, I had an added thrill. John Barrymore was being made up, too. Was everybody impressed? I should say! But, if Mr. Barrymore noticed, he certainly didn't show it.

Five other girls were making tests. When it came my turn, I was told to stand within camera range and smile sweetly. I couldn't. I merely grimaced. I ran to my dressing-room and broke into sobs.

February 27th—Today a friend of mine made an appointment for me to be tested at Fox. I rode out to the studio and met Casting Director Friedman and Test Director Pembroke. They gave me a scene to learn and told me to come back Tuesday. When I returned home, my landlady advised that both Warners and Paramount had phoned and wanted to make tests of me, too."

SO there I was, sitting pretty, with three studios all scrambling for me! It seemed a miracle that suddenly here was I—Eva Beryl Tree of San Jose, California, just

What are an unknown girl's chances for screen success?

TRUE HOLLYWOOD *Experiences*



out of school and the fruit canneries—with three big movie studios fighting over me!

I'm looking at my diary now. Things happened fast and furiously. There's Paramount one day, then Warners', then Fox—again and again Fox. I think that Fox sequence of events was, maybe, the high-point of my entire Hollywood experience. And, somehow, the most illustrative of it all. So, out of that welter of things that began happening, let's go back to what happened at Fox.

Here's the entry in my diary—"Tuesday—I took a bus out to Fox and dashed for Stage 4." It all comes back to me.

I remember Test Director Pembroke groaning with lumbago that day, poor fellow! I remember a tall, black-haired, nice-looking boy who was to play opposite me in the test. We talked while Pembroke vanished for an hour and came back with a scrap of script from "The Animal Kingdom." Then we rehearsed—over and over until lunchtime.

Then to lunch, at that huge commissary on the Fox lot. I brushed right past Will Rogers' elbow as I hunted a vacant place. He was busy eating—and I mean busy! Warner Baxter was there and my heart did a flip-flop. I suppose when one's been close to them long enough, one gets quite used to handsome movie stars. But I realized I was still fresh from San Jose as I caught myself staring. Charlie Farrell, Miriam Jordan, Jimmy Gleason. I recognized them all.

"Here's a place," a voice said. I sat at a table full of girls. Up went their noses. I (*Continued on page 76*)

(Above) Here is the building in which Eva's movie test was finally made. (Right) Denis Phillips dressing the blonde wig Eva wore for the test.

Eva Beryl Tree knows now—and tells you all about it

Having known marriage, Ginger hesitates to try it again, for ambition can kill love





Miss Rogers was once Mrs. Jack Culpepper, wife of the gentleman on the left, a well known vaudeville star.

THE *Love* THAT FAILED

BY ANNA MORLEY

"Will Ginger Rogers marry Lew Ayres?" is the question causing much speculation in Hollywood. Besides being constant companions, the popular pair are giving out that old "We're only good friends" line, which so often precedes a trip to the altar in the movie colony.

But it isn't likely that Ginger will marry for a long time. Knowing her and the story of her first unhappy marriage, and something of her present attitude toward her career, her oldest friends are willing to wager that she won't be a Missus again for some time to come.

In the first place, both Lew and Ginger having been burned by the fires of matrimony once, may well be afraid of the flames a second time. The colony is familiar with the story of Lew's romance and marriage to Lola Lane, since it blossomed and died in Hollywood. But the fact that Ginger was a bride and a divorcee before she was twenty will be news to many. That romantic, mad marriage, which ended so disastrously with disillusionment and regret, is a closed period in Ginger's life. But who can say how much those years of unhappiness brought to the future actress in understanding and wisdom?

Ginger never talks of that marriage now. Perhaps she has been advised that it's better for an ingenue to pose as a bachelor girl rather than a dashing divorcee. Or perhaps the hurt is still too fresh and the easiest way to forget the past is to bury it.

But to folks back in Dallas and Fort Worth, Texas—where they grew up—the marriage of pretty Ginger Rogers and handsome Jack Culpepper remains one of the most romantic matches that ever made the front pages of the local newspapers.

Jack was one of the cleverest and most popular boys in town. He grew up in Dallas. All through his school days he was so stage-struck he couldn't study. When he graduated, he took a job in some mundane office, but spent his spare time hanging around the stage doors of local theatres and engaging in amateur theatricals. He could sing and play the ukulele, so eventually he threw up his job in Dallas and went to New York City. There he landed in a couple of musical shows with George Jessel and Mary Eaton and then went into vaudeville, where he became a headliner. (*Continued on page 83*)

THE TEST OF A Lady

BY

S. R.

MOOK



Once sparkling, La Stanwyck is now subdued. "Lost Lady" is her latest film.

Every time I think of Barbara Stanwyck I recall a remark a friend of hers made to me four years ago. We were sitting at luncheon and I asked the girl if she had seen much of Barbara since they were in Hollywood.

"No," she said. "I used to see her in New York and as soon as I got out here I looked her up. We had lunch together, but somehow it just didn't jell. All I could think was, 'She wants to be a lady now and I'm a link with the past. And in the past, while we were good girls, we weren't ladies!'"

I've often wondered about Barbara since then. There are so many things, such varying stories, one picks up from stray acquaintances both here and in New York.

Many a time I've thought of her and Mae Clarke and Walda Mansfield, as I used to see them almost daily in New York. If ever there were three striking girls about town it was those three. Any one of them would have caused a man to look after her.

Who am I to say that Barbara was more striking than the others? At any rate, she was the most theatrical. When she entered a room, she found where she was to sit and made a bee-line for that place. Her head was up, her shoulders squared and she looked neither to right nor left. Usually she was gowned in black and white and there is nothing more arresting if the combination is used right. Barbara knew how.

However, that's all a thing of the past. Where, in bygone days, Barbara was the first girl you noticed, now she is a mousie little thing who seems to shrink from attention.

Instead of dressing to attract, she tries for inconspicuousness. She's still gowned in taste, but that flash is gone.

I WONDER if marriage does that to people? I can recall Mae Clarke being as colorful in one way as Barbara was in another. Then Mae married Lew Brice, and up to the time she left him she, too, became mousie. It wasn't until Mae reached Hollywood, on her own again, that she recaptured that zest that used to make her so attractive.

Possibly it is the same in Barbara's case. Possibly it is something else. Once Spencer Tracy said to me, "All this is bad for an actor," waving his hand to include his home and the spacious grounds around it, the servants bustling about, the expensive roadster standing in the driveway and the luxurious sedan in the garage, "you get soft. An actor's life should be one of hardship. Otherwise, he loses his color."

And I think of another story of Barbara Stanwyck which Willard Mack told me. He said, "She made a terrific hit in my play, 'The Noose,' sheerly on the strength of her personality. I mean to say, originally Barbara, Mae Clarke and Walda Mansfield were engaged for the parts of three chorus girls. It happened Barbara was the one who fell in love with the juvenile. He was supposed to be in love with a society girl. Towards the end of the play he was electrocuted. As originally written, the society girl came to the prison afterwards and asked for the boy's body so she could give it a decent burial. While we were trying the play out, we decided it would be more effective to have the chorus girl ask for it. She loved him, even though he only regarded her as a friend and a confidante.

"We rehearsed and rehearsed and rehearsed her. Finally, one afternoon, she blew up. She knew she was giving a swell performance, but that didn't stop her. 'I'm through,' she yelled. 'I'm (*Continued on page 96*)

Barbara's known heartbreak and met it uncomplainingly

HOW TO HOLD

These mature charmers know the answers and they gladly pass the good news on to you



ALICE BRADY



JANET BEECHER

TO us (female gender), the greatest battle of the year is not the Baer-Carnera scrap, but the eternal battle against dat ol' debbil Time, isn't it—especially when there's a man in the case? And long may he rave!

If you've wondered how you're going to keep him that way when you reach the fearful and fervent age of forty, undo that wrinkle from between your eyes and listen to the advice of four wise gals who've been there themselves and ought to know what they're talking about.

According to the four B's, Alice Brady, Billie Burke, Janet Beecher and Mary Boland, all of whom confess to four decades of earthly existence, the age of forty is the most colorful and intriguing in the life of every woman. All of them insist that if the forty-year-old uses the weapons with which Nature has endowed her, she will not only outmatch her younger sister, but she'll hold on to her championship title for a long time to come.

Here's Alice Brady to show you how to pin your man to the mat with a broad "welcome" printed all over it.

"Be sophisticated," said Alice. "If a woman of forty wants to hold her man, there's no sense in her holding on to the cute mannerisms and coy demeanor that were 'surefire' in her girlhood. They are all right if she uses them to get a laugh once in awhile, but never, never must she use them to feature her personality. Men neither expect nor like coyness in an older woman. It accentuates rather than hides her years. A woman of forty can and should be sophisticated. There is a little distinct difference between the sophisticated young woman and the sophisticated older woman. The former is usually a poseur. She imagines worldliness adds to her charm, but the latter is a sophisticate because she knows life. And that is why men like her."

At forty, Alice Brady started a new career in the movies. But Alice wasn't always a sophisticate. She was educated in the unworldly atmosphere of a convent and once upon a time she played the coy role of Meg in the stage version of "Little Women." But as she grew older she realized that coyness no longer belonged to her personality and that sophistication did. That insight has brought her a new career, to say nothing of all the men admirers she wants.

I CAN hear some of you moan, "But I can't be sophisticate. Nothing on earth can make me sophisticated." Well, ladies, there's another round. Here's Billie Burke to tell you how to send that man of yours into an air-

YOUR MAN *at Forty*

BY DENA REED



MARY BOLAND



BILLIE BURKE

plane spin that will make him come flying home to you every night!

"Alice Brady's philosophy is good," said Billie, "but sophistication should not be carried too far. Some women go to the other extreme and look at the world through jaded, blasé eyes. A woman, (*Continued on page 104*)

HOLLYWOOD OVER-RATES Romance





Leslie Howard claims that you can't expect reality in a Make-Believe Town! And so, true values are discarded in the cinematic shuffle

by

CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

IT was the night of Leslie Howard's eighteenth wedding anniversary. Ronald Colman, the Clive Brooks, the Frank Lloyds, the William Gargans, and many more members of Hollywood's English colony, had come to celebrate the event.

The house was aglow with the spirit of cheer, hospitality and friendship. Everywhere baskets of gay flowers lent radiance to the scene and white-ribboned packages also betokened the joyous and festive occasion.

After the guests had departed, one man lingered. His face wore a wistful expression as he shook hands with Howard and said, "You're awfully lucky, old man, and I am happy for you. But I wish your lot were mine. A fine wife, lovely children and a beautiful home. Why is it that some of us can't have what we want most? My marriage was beautiful while it lasted, but it ended when romance died."

Howard looked at his friend, and then, in that sympathetic way of his, replied, "I'm terribly sorry, really, but aren't you, perhaps, wrong about that? I don't think marriage ends when romance dies. That is the very time it begins. All of us are inclined to exaggerate the importance of romance. It is only a preliminary to the real things that make marriage permanent and worth while."

The day before Leslie Howard left for England we had a long talk along this same line—the whys and wherefores of success in wedded life, the causes and reasons for divorce, especially in Hollywood. I asked him why people just didn't seem able to stay married in the film colony, why there is so much unrest.





(Above, left) Leslie Howard and Kay Francis during a tender moment in Warners' "British Agent." (Right) A proud parent poses with his daughter, Leslie, named for him. (Left) Mr. and Mrs. Howard "snapped" while vacationing at La Quenta on the desert; a recent portrait of the star himself and, right, Master Ronald, the actor's only son. Note the strong resemblance to his famous Dad.



Everybody knows what Leslie Howard's home life and his children mean to him. Without either, I think he would be a lesser artist than he is. Family and home haven't been hindrances to him. They have been vital and contributing factors to his career, to his progress.

Why should his marriage survive, in the face of the disturbing influences that beset an actor's life, when so many fail?

AN attractive, celebrated actor always has trouble on his hands from the opposite sex—to name just one of many "disturbing" influences. Leslie Howard is attractive. Furthermore, he is also attracted by lovely women. He is too sensitive a man not to be conscious of, and susceptible to, beauty.

How has he avoided having these extraneous forces, and his own human impulses, from colliding with his marital existence? Is it to his credit—or his wife's? And just why hasn't Hollywood broken up his union?

We met in the private office of his business manager. He looked a trifle wan and weary and when I commented upon the fact he admitted, "Well, to be truthful, I am very tired. I had scarcely any sleep last night. You see, Mrs. Howard left for New York a day ago, where I shall meet her shortly. So a few of us men got together and went to the fights. Afterwards we came over to my house for a bite to eat. Sort of a stag affair, you know. I guess we stayed up too late."

When I asked him if this would have happened if Mrs. Howard had been home, he *(Continued on page 86)*



WHAT ARE *You* DOING ABOUT FALL *Clothes?*

BY MARGERY WELLS

(Above) Very Hungarian is Janet Gaynor's navy blue fall frock. The raglan sleeves of the coat are slit to allow the peasant sleeves of the white satin blouse to show. (See page 58 for the blouse pattern, which you'll surely want.) (Right) Janet's blue felt hat is trimmed with a kerchief of white satin which is embroidered with her initials.





(Right) When you wear a beret you know that you are right in style. Glenda Farrell shows you one that is perfect in line. It is made of padded taffeta, drooped low over one eye and perched on her head in pancake style. (Extreme right) Rosemary Ames' gold embroidered organdie coat, cut after the Russian peasant smock lines.



Take some hints from the screen stars in selecting your



The most simple and attractive fall dress we've come across this season is the one worn by Kay Francis. It will stand by when all others fail — good for morning or afternoon. It is done in black crepe with gay striped taffeta around the neck, sleeves and belt.



Conchita Montenegro's white evening gown is unique. There are white doves used as a decoration on either shoulder, resting on the winged sleeves of the cape. Now you may not want to carry birds about with you, but the gown has lines that are perfect even without the feathered trimming.



A cool weather coat, like the one worn by Virginia Bruce, is indispensable in your fall wardrobe. Virginia's is absolutely plain and fitted, made of rust-colored soft wool. And it may be worn open at the neckline or buttoned. She wears it over a rust and white silk print.

THIS is going to be a winter for glamorous clothes. Take it from the screen stars who must know the trend of fashions far in advance.

There is something very comforting about it in that there's a style for everyone. None of this one-period urge which holds you to one series of lines whether you're tall or short, fat or thin. There will be the Hungarian influence as seen in the huge sleeves of Janet Gaynor's blouse (you'll find it in detail on the pattern page—58). You can see it again on this page, tucked under the early fall suit that goes with it. Now that is a really smart suit for the girl who is the type to wear it, especially if her shoulders are a bit narrower than her hips and if she is tall enough to carry the spread of the sleeves. It's the sort of suit, too, that you don't tire of, because you won't meet it at the turn of every corner. It will be your very own—and Janet's—and, if I'm not very much mistaken, its charm will delight you.

When the cooler weather starts you will feel that you just must have some one thing that is new. And a good rule is to get only one thing and to make that fit in with what you are carrying over from the season before. That's why Virginia Bruce's coat is a honey for this purpose. A coat like that will cover up a multitude of slightly worn effects and help piece them out over many weeks, while, if they were left to carry themselves, you would be tired of them in no time and could hardly bear to put them on.

I LIKE the fitted lines of this coat and its very soft, woolly texture. There's something which will last—not a fad of the moment—but a style which we call "classic," meaning it is always good. Why, a coat like that will be as good three years from now as it is today—even for more years than that, if you treat it kindly and press it to keep it well con- *(Continued on page 78)*

own fall wardrobe. You're sure to be in style if you do

MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS



866



118



115



866—A fall frock that will give you no end of service is Glenda Farrell's, made of grey wool. A white pique scarf drawn through slashes at the V-neck, and pique undersleeves make this dress unique. In sizes 16, 18 and 36, 38, 40, 42 bust.



118—Marion Nixon's dress in velvet or crepe is suitable for all occasions. In sizes 14, 16, 18 and 36-40 bust.

Patterns are 15c each. Pattern book is 15c when ordered separately—it is 10c when ordered with a pattern. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost 20c each, the book 20c separately and 15c when ordered with a pattern. Address orders to Modern Screen Pattern Service, 149 Madison Ave., New York City.



115—You can make a blouse patterned after Janet Gaynor's own. This Hungarian blouse, with its full sleeves, tight bodice and trim, pointed collar is worn with a plain navy blue wool skirt. This costume is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 and 36, 38 and 40 bust.

"This is why I prefer Camels"

Mrs. Henry Field
OF CHICAGO



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Before her marriage to the grandnephew of Marshall Field, the founder of the family, Mrs. Henry Field went to school in Washington, in Switzerland, and in England. She collects French and American contemporary paintings, she writes, she plays, she is keenly interested in the theatre, and she prefers traveling by air. She loves to dance, goes constantly to balls and parties, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"The main reason I like Camels so much better than other cigarettes is because they taste better," says Mrs. Field. "I can smoke as many as I want because they are mild and don't make my nerves jumpy. I find, when I am tired, that smoking a Camel renews my energy, gives me a 'lift.'"

Camel smokers have noticed for a long time that they do get an increase in their flow of energy from Camels. This release of your latent energy is produced by Camels in a wholly safe and natural way. So, whenever you feel tired—smoke a mild, fragrant, *refreshing* Camel.



Camels are Milder

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS— TURKISH AND DOMESTIC — THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

Together Again!
JOAN CRAWFORD *and*
CLARK GABLE *will*
thrill you as the
lovers in "Chained"

He rated their skin 10 years younger than their age

Dermatologist's Examination proves Society Beauties' Skin flawless as they were ten years ago





SKIN YOUTH, dermatologists say, depends upon the activity of the skin's circulation . . . its tone or elasticity . . . the virility of its oil glands.

From 16 to 20, they report, the skin is at the height of its loveliness. Then it is thin—smooth—transparent—line-free—radiantly fresh. Blemishes are unknown.

But its youth is quickly fleeting. Before you are aware, your skin begins to fade—starved for the precious youth-giving oils once created by the active glands deep within it. Then it appears more and more rough—sallow—wrinkled.

If you prize the youth of your skin, you must arouse its languid circulation—replenish the lazy glands—give the skin youth-sustaining oils.

Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland

"Mrs. Cleveland has a fine, delicate skin. No defects are patent. Her skin looks ten years younger than her age."—*Dermatologist's Report.* Mrs. Cleveland says: "I wouldn't be without Pond's Cold Cream for a day."

Princess Xenia of Russia

"Princess Xenia has a perfect brunette complexion. Texture fine. No blemishes. A youthful freshness usual in the early twenties."—*Dermatologist's Report.* The Princess says: "I have used Pond's Cold Cream for six years."

One cream answers all skin needs

In Pond's fragrant Cold Cream there is a rare blend of specially processed oils. They are combined with such precise and knowing scientific skill that they quickly seep into the very depths of the skin. Their effect is instant! Their continuous use a tonic to the skin!

EVERY NIGHT . . . smooth Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck. Pat it in briskly for just a moment. You will feel its gentle oils seeping into the pores—floating out and away the day's accumulation of make-up, dust, grime—dissolving incipient blackheads.

The rich oils in this cream do more than cleanse. When laughter lines, worry lines . . . crêpiness appear, when coarse pores and harsh texture threaten—these rare oils help to keep the skin young. You notice at once how smooth your skin becomes.

You'll be amazed to see how evenly powder and make-up go on. Delighted to find it still fresh after hours and hours.

This remarkable ability to cleanse deeply, to erase age signs, to flatter the skin to new smoothness, has been Pond's passport around the world. Women who can "have everything" choose Pond's Cold Cream. The wisest budgeteers use it. It is the cream of millionairesses and of the millions.

Pond's also makes a new cream that liquefies instantly on the skin—Pond's Liquefying Cream. It contains the same specially processed oils as Pond's Cold Cream.

Send coupon for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream and 3 other Pond's effective beauty aids.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. K
50 Hudson Street, New York

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different *Light* shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses—corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. ***Pond's Liquefying Cream*** serves the same purposes. Quicker melting.

Look in your mirror. Test your skin on all these points . . . they denote Skin Age. *Correct them with this specially processed cream.*

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS *in 20's*



Roughness — Blackheads and large pores — Dryness — Laughter lines — Little blemishes

FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS *after 30*



Crêpy skin — Worry lines — Sallowness — Sagging tissues — Discolorations







(Left) Verree Teasdale arrives in New York to do some trousseau shopping. Then she'll hop back to Hollywood to become Mrs. Adolphe Menjou. (Right) Mrs. W. Tracy pays one of her infrequent visits to her son, Lee, and Cinema City.

(Continued from page 17)

Charlie and Virginia are in Europe. Hollywood is taking Bette seriously for until recently "the Bennett-like blonde" had been set down rather indifferently as a girl whose greatest talent was reminding you of some other movie star. But now it is quite different.

When Gloria Stuart middle-aisled it with Arthur Sheekman, there was one broken hearted executive in Hollywood.

Ever since Gloria separated from her husband, this Front Office gentleman has believed he had the middle track to Gloria's affections. Of course, once in awhile, she did take an evening off and step out with Mr. Sheekman, who is a gag man for Eddie Cantor.

This didn't seem at all important to the Exec until the newspapers announced the marriage of Gloria and Sheekman.

IT cost Jack Holt $250 to save a mongrel dog's life recently. He was driving down Hollywood Boulevard when a little white pooch ran in front of his car. Rather than hit the dog, Holt swerved off the pavement, up over the curb and into a telegraph pole. Result: One live mongrel and a nice little car damage amounting to $250.

THEY'RE MARRIED SWEETHEARTS

Joan Bennett and Gene Markey have started something new in the way of anniversaries. They recently celebrated an anniversary of the first time they kissed.

Few people know the story of this romance, which is a mighty sweet one. It seems that Gene was in love with Joan three years before they ever met. During that time he wrote a play with her in mind, which sister Barbara fell heir to, much to Gene's disappointment. He attended several Hollywood parties because he learned Joan had been invited, but each time she failed to appear. They finally met at Jack Gilbert's house, and Gene wasted no time, you can be sure. They were married three weeks later.



Jean Muir and Dick Powell at the dinner tended Postmaster Farley by Jack Warner.

HOLLYWOOD had a laugh when Max Baer came out with the announcement that he "wanted to see his wife and still loved her" because the next day, friend wife started action to change her name so that Max couldn't locate her!

Virginia Pine Lehman has announced her intention of leaving Hollywood flat for a career on the stage, but she insists she isn't leaving George Raft.

The insiders say Virginia is disappointed in the way her film career turned out. She was never offered more than a bit part the entire time Warner Brothers had her under contract. Now she feels that if she goes to New York and gets a good part in a successful play, Hollywood will come across with real parts for her.

In the meantime, George Raft is planning to join her in New York as soon as his present picture is completed. "We shall be married as soon as George gets his divorce," said Miss Pine.

NOW that Janet Gaynor is touring through Europe, Gene Raymond has been seen dining Margaret Lindsay at the Russian Eagle. Margaret is Janet's best friend and she says she and Gene have a swell time getting together and missing "the redhead." *(Continued on page 80)*



Billie Bakewell and Marion Marsh were guests at the Claudia Morgan-Robert Shippee wedding.

"She was a wreck— but not for long"

says DR. BELOUX, noted stomach expert of Paris hospitals



● Dr. Beloux is a famous consultant on stomach disorders at the great Salpêtrière Hospital in Paris; editor of a widely read medical monthly. His patients have included several members of the French Cabinet.

If you suffer from these troubles, this case may help you.

WHY did Miss L—— have these troubles? Why do YOU have them, too?

Coated tongue, doctors say, is usually a sign that your stomach juices aren't acting right.

If you *can't get up* mornings, it usually means your system is sluggish, your muscles tense, and so you're not sleeping properly.

If you're *irritable*, it is probably because poisons in your blood are attacking your nerves.

What can you do about troubles like these? Well, let us see what the noted Dr. Jules Beloux did for them:

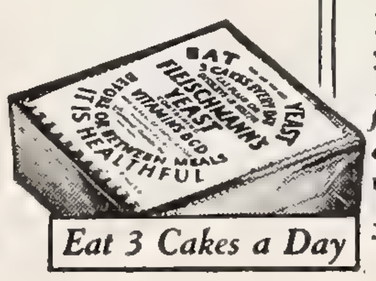
"I put Miss L—— on a yeast régime at once," states Dr. Beloux. "And in thirty days, you would never think she was the same girl of a month before!

"She was entirely well again, full of energy, with a good digestion.

"Nine people out of 10," Dr. Beloux states, "make their condition worse with brutal cathartics...while it is gentleness and not harshness that is needed. I am a confirmed believer in yeast."

Won't you start eating 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day...for at least 30 days? Get some from a grocer, restaurant or soda fountain. Rich in Vitamins B, D and G.

See what a difference Fleischmann's Yeast makes in the way you feel . . . and look . . . and work!



To benefit THOROUGHLY, eat it REGULARLY!

Don't expect troubles that come from years of neglect to be cured "overnight." Fleischmann's Yeast, remember, is a *food*—not a violent drug. Eat three cakes *every day*—for thirty days at least, or until you really *feel* well—and *look* well!

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MODERN SCREEN'S *Dramatic School*



Marlene Dietrich—
half-moon face

CONDUCTED BY KATHERINE ALBERT

• Invaluable information about proper make-up •

Hollywood make-up experts claim that the greatest mistake the amateur actor makes is the use of too much make-up. So I want all you boys and girls who are going to appear in high school plays, in Little Theatre shows or in your own amateur theatricals to learn to dip lightly into the grease paint pots.

Not so long ago, I witnessed an amateur drama and was amazed that the director had allowed the young actors to pile make-up on so thick that you could hardly tell what facial expression the youngsters were trying to assume.

Most of you know the fundamental principle of a stage make-up, but just for the sake of the records, lets run over it quickly.

First, clean your face with a good cold cream and wipe the cream off with tissue. Then take on your fingers just enough grease paint to cover your skin. Rub and pat that into your face as if it were a night cream, but use as little as is possible. Also pat into this several drops of water. Just run your hands under the water faucet and pat the drops into your face until it has entirely disappeared. Use a little cream rouge, blended with the grease paint. Then pat on dry powder with a big puff, brush the powder off well with a soft baby brush. Remove surplus powder from your eyebrows and eyelashes. Put some eye-shadow—but very lightly—over your eyelids. Draw your eyebrows with a good eyebrow pencil. Draw a very fine line at the base of the eyelashes on your lower lid. Mascara your lashes, use a little more dry rouge on your cheeks. Rouge your lips.



Kitty Carlisle—
triangular face

That's the fundamental of a stage make-up, *but* use all of this very sparingly.

And now I want to give you some fine points about the gentle art of make-up. From Wallace Westmore, Paramount's ace make-up man, I got this rouge chart. If you are blonde or brunette decide in which classification you belong and guide your use of rouge accordingly.

Blondes	Color Rouge
light blonde	light rose
ash blonde	orange cast
dark blonde	deep rose

Brunettes	Color Rouge
light brown	medium red
dark brown	deep red
very dark brown	purplish red
blue black	bright rosy red

SOMETIMES brunettes have fair skin. They must study their type and blend the blonde and brunette beauty essentials.

In applying the rouge on your cheeks, study your face carefully to decide in what classification the shape falls. Wally divides the three types like this:

If your face is triangular like Kitty Carlisle's, then rouge the cheekbones a bit more than the rest of the cheeks, but blend it so that one has to look twice to realize there is a higher color.

(*Continued on page 107*)

Sylvia Sidney—
oval-shaped face





Tintex

Makes Faded Home Decorations NEW —for Just a Few Cents

Keeps your Wardrobe Color-Fresh, too . . .

HERE'S money-saving news for Fall! There's no need to buy new slip-covers, curtains, drapes, or other home-decorations just because your present ones are faded or out-of-fashion in color. For a few pennies Tintex will make them like new...or give them a different color, if you wish. No bother, either . . . simply "tint as you rinse."

Remember, too, Tintex is color-magic for your wardrobe. It gives *professional* results in the twinkling of an eye...without muss, without fuss. That is why smart women always depend on it to keep their apparel color-fresh—color-new. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose. Keep your favorite colors always on hand!

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Use TINTEX for *Underthings · Negligees Dresses · Sweaters · Scarfs · Stockings · Slips Men's Shirts · Blouses · Children's Clothes Curtains · Bed Spreads · Drapes Luncheon Sets · Doilies · Slip Covers*



On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

Tintex *World's Largest Selling* **Tints & Dyes**

ALL JOKING ASIDE BY JACK WELCH

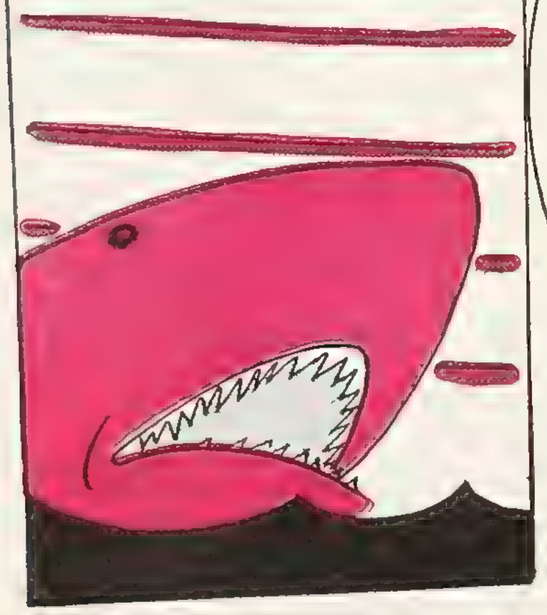




EDMUND LOWE WAS A **PROFESSOR** AT THE AGE OF **19**, MEMBER OF THE FACULTY OF SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY.



KAREN MORLEY MAKES A HOBBY OF **SHARKS** AND READS EVERY AVAILABLE BOOK ON THEM.



NORMA SHEARER WEARS SUCH A LARGE **HOOPSKIRT** IN "THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET" THAT SHE HAD TO **REMOVE** IT BEFORE THE CAMERAMAN COULD TAKE A CLOSE-UP OF HER.



LEE TRACY CARRIED A **SUITCASEFUL** OF **ALARM CLOCKS** WITH HIM ON A RECENT WEEKEND VACATION HIS HOBBY IS TAKING THEM APART and putting them together again.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS JR. IS STILL LOOKING FOR HIS **HAT**. . . . .
(It was his favorite hat and he lost it after wearing it **ten years**; he had never had it cleaned.)

Why does the Smart Woman use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS?



. . . BECAUSE SCIENTIFIC TESTS HAVE PROVEN THEM EQUAL TO $1 TO $3 BRANDS IN QUALITY AND PURITY — YET THEY COST ONLY 10¢!

THERE isn't a law in the land that prevents you from paying $1 to $3 for your beauty aids, if you wish. But common sense dictates that if you can buy similar quality and purity for 10¢ — *that* is the smart thing to do.

And that's exactly why more and more women every day are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids. Their exquisite fineness is proven by the following report from a famous Research Laboratory:

> "every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

No longer must you pay high prices for the best. Faoen has made loveliness inexpensive. Be smart—start using Faoen Beauty Aids—today!

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
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Beauty Aids

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS ARE 10¢ EACH

AT THE BETTER 5 & 10¢ STORES

• CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES •

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES—CORK-TIPPED



NOW THE LEADER IN MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

Steer your course for true throat comfort. Light a KOOL! Refreshing as the forward deck in a spanking breeze!

The mild menthol cools the smoke, eases your throat—and yet brings out the flavor of the fine tobaccos to the fullest. KOOLS are cork-tipped—they don't stick to the lips.

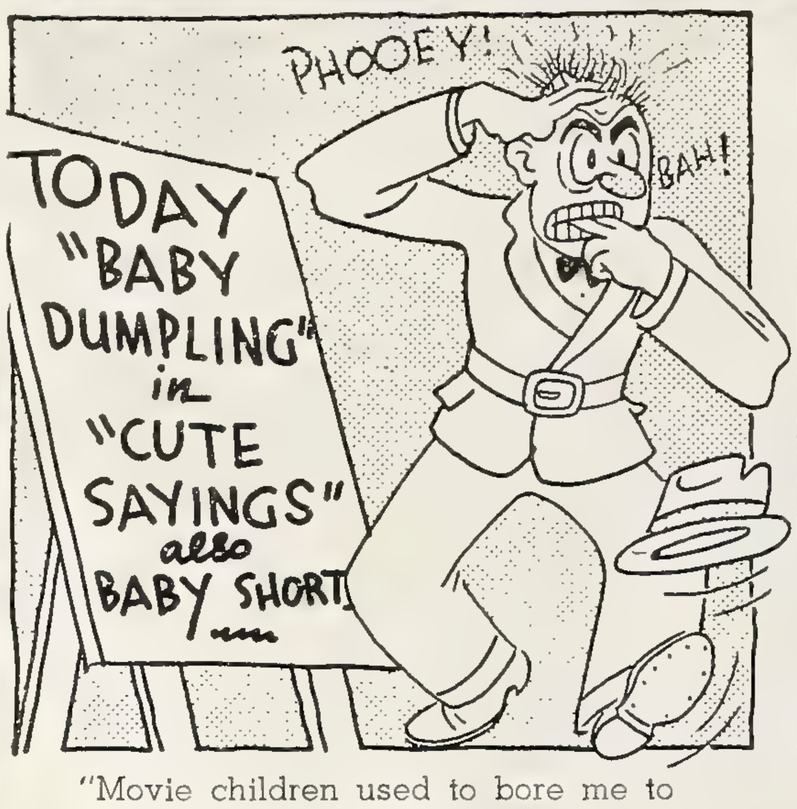
Each pack carries a valuable B & W coupon good for desirable nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good only in U. S. A.) Write for illustrated premium list.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

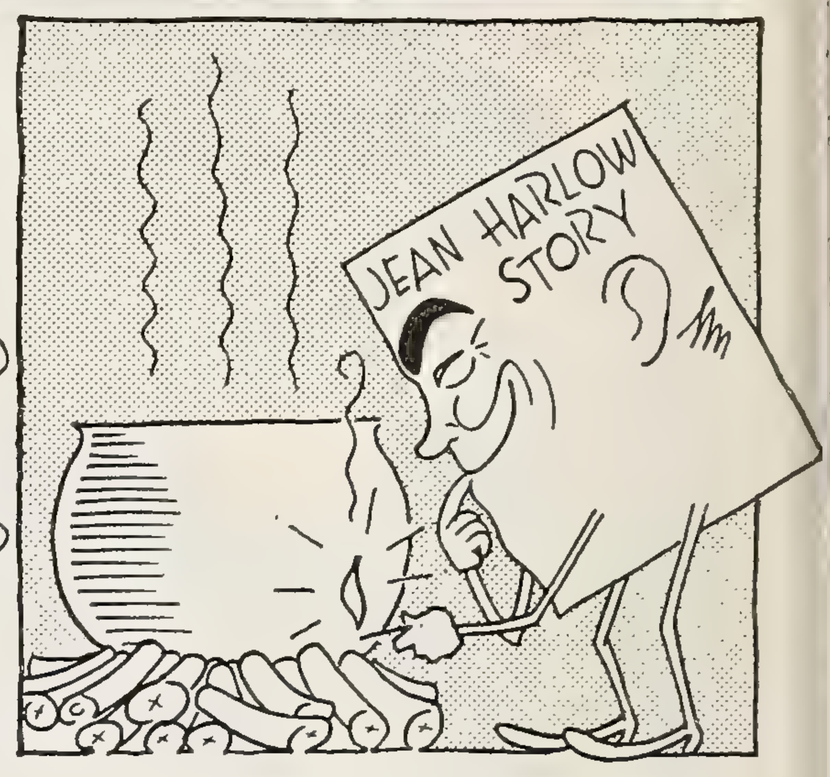


Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

BETWEEN YOU *and* ME



"Movie children used to bore me to tears, until La Temple came along."



"Your recent article on Jean Harlow certainly caused the pot to sizzle."

An Exception

I have always been averse to children on the stage or screen. I have always believed that they belong in the nursery—not taking the bread and butter from their elders. To be candid with you, I have often walked out when they walked on, for they usually bore me to tears.

A little miss has come along of late known as Shirley Temple, who, I must confess, has won me over completely. She is nothing short of adorable and her work is uncanny. I look for great things from this mighty clever little actress who can put many of her older sisters to shame when it comes to the art of acting. (*You're not the only one, Mister. We've had oodles of letters just likes yours.*)—*J. Edw. Mulcahy, Naugatuck, Conn.*



"A sound spanking is recommended for a lot of actors and actresses."

There are a few players, like Ann Harding, Norma Shearer, Marian Nixon and Barbara Stanwyck, who are respected. If they have any ghastly skeletons dangling in the closets of their private lives, they at least keep them hidden. I have to laugh when I remember that Fatty Arbuckle, Mabel Normand and Mary Miles Minter were ostracized for less than this!—*Samela Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.*

Fans Not So Gullible

Your article on Jean Harlow certainly did set the pot sizzling! It's about time someone realized that the fans aren't as gullible as we are thought to be. We swallow a lot of tripe because it's fed to us. That doesn't mean that we are dumb, does it?

An actor's profession is such that he has to share much of his life and many of his secrets with the public. Perhaps that's the price he pays for wealth, glamor and fame. Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall, two married stars, going about with each other is poor publicity. Harlow's escapades are beginning to make us ask: "What's the matter with Jean Harlow?" Married eight months, she declares that she and Hal are divinely happy; the next day comes the announcement of the divorce! Things like that make us lose faith in the players and in their interviews. And the more we stand for, the more they try to get away with.

One Side of the Question

I think Hollywood's actors and actresses ought to be soundly spanked and driven off the stage for their flagrant lack of respect for marriage and what it should stand for.

If there's anything that makes all of us decent married folks perfectly disgusted, it is to read of Marlene Dietrich—a wife and a mother—trotting around with Von Sternberg, Gloria Swanson flirting with Herbert Marshall, Constance Bennett going around with Gilbert Roland.

Even the best of the actors and actresses can hardly show more than a score of permanent marriages and these are largely among Catholics, whose faith keeps them together. And among these, such people as Loretta Young and Spencer Tracy are shocking to read about.

Now that all faiths are uniting to clean up the plays, perhaps they'll turn their attention to cleaning up the players. Perhaps with the aid of such frank and helpful articles as yours was, one may hope for a little silence, at least, from these worse-than-Mormons.—*Mrs. Mary Kennedy, Boston, Mass.*

Another Side of the Question

I think it wholly out of your line to criticize the (*Continued on page 79*)

Amazing Colors discovered in Human Skin suggest

Flattering New Powder Shades



Natural brightens fair skin. Excellent shade with graying hair.



Rose Cream gives a "bloom" to blonde and fair brunette skin.



Light Cream makes lily-pale blonde or brunette skin look clear and velvet-smooth.



Brunette (Rachel) gives glow and radiance to brunette skin. Does away with paleness.



Rose Brunette . . . a *warmer* shade . . . makes sallow skin sparkle. And it modifies ruddiness.



Dark Brunette . . . exactly right for very dark brunettes and alluring with sun-browned skin!



Mrs. Manuel J. Bou de Sousa

ivory-skinned and light-haired, says, "Pond's is the smoothest powder. The Brunette shade brightens my skin."

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS ONLY 55¢

10¢ ¼ the actual size

HIDDEN TINTS *in these New Powder Shades make blonde skin radiant, brunette skin clear . . .*

SCIENCE has discovered that the clear, creamy skin of the perfect blonde owes its loveliness to a faint hint of *brilliant blue* that lingers in it.

That the clear, olive tone of the perfect brunette skin is due to a note of *bright green* that echoes through it.

This amazing discovery was made by an optical machine which can *read* the skin. With the aid of this machine, you can actually see tints in the skin which the eye cannot detect—tints which make the complexion "perfect," or too pale, too sallow, too florid.

These are the hidden tints in Pond's new Powder.

Many girls' skin analyzed

When this sensational discovery was made, Pond's examined the skin of hundreds of girls. Girls with radiant "movie-star" complexions—girls with skin that was dull, tarnished, flushed, dark.

That's how Pond's learned the exact colors needed to make blonde and brunette skin beautiful.

They mixed into each of their new face powders just a tinge of blue and green. You cannot detect these tints in the powder, but you recognize their glamorous effect.

New powder shades flatter all complexions

Pond's powder shades are different from any others. The moment you smooth them on, blonde skin becomes transparent, pearly . . . brunette skin becomes clear, magnolia-like.

Best of all . . . Pond's Powder clings and clings. Yet never cakes—never streaks—never clogs the pores. Its texture is superfine. And its perfume lasts to the very depths of the jar.

Yet Pond's Face Powder jar for 55¢ contains as much as many $1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is $1.10. Five-and-tens and variety stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

Send the coupon below for your samples at once. You'll be amazed to see how these new face powder shades will make your complexion clear—radiant—breath-taking.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. K
94 Hudson St., New York City

I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's *new* Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

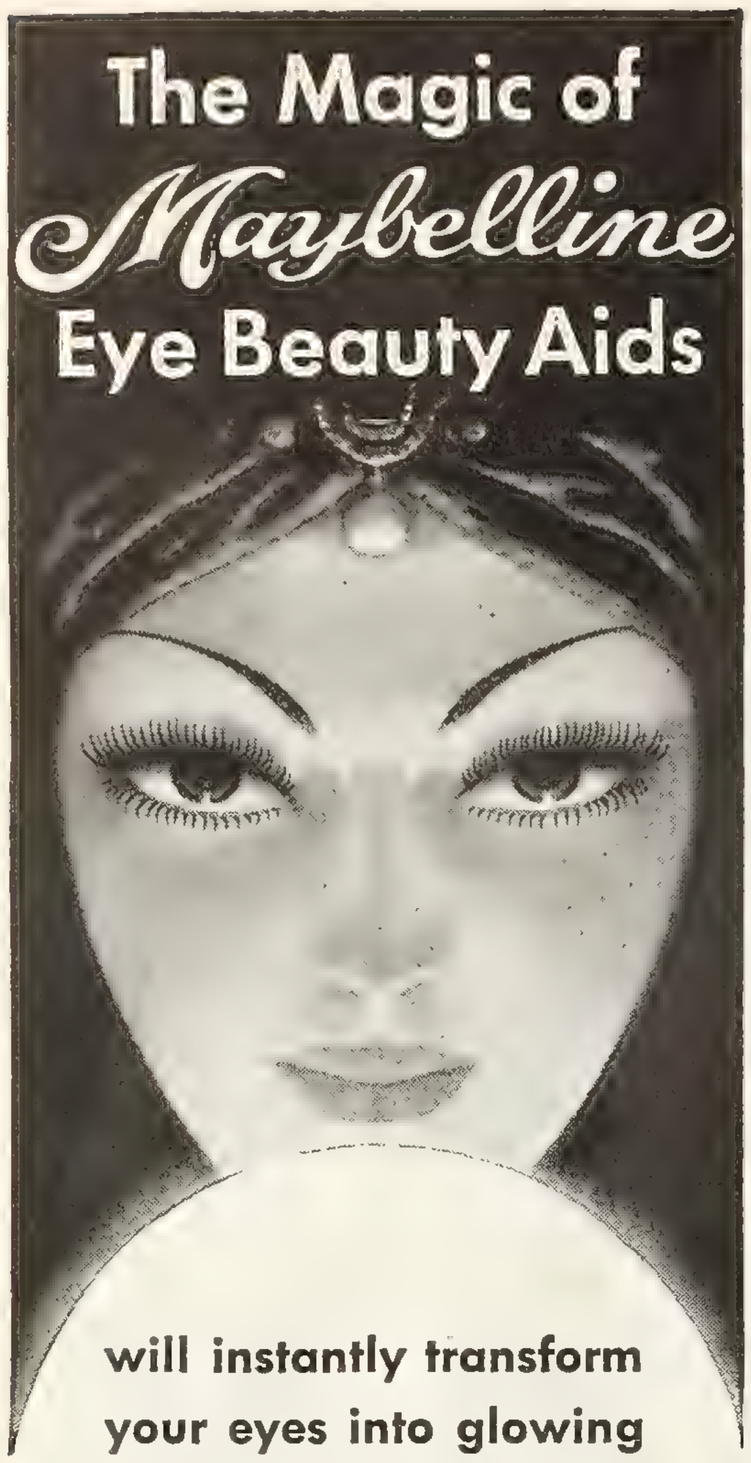
I prefer 3 different *Light* shades ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name_____

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Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



will instantly transform your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



BLACK AND BROWN



BLACK AND BROWN



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN



COLORLESS



LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE



Ann Sothern and Neil Hamilton in "Blind Date," for Columbia.

By ALICE VAN DORAN

Don't you want to talk over your personal problems with an understanding person who will treat them confidentially and give you the very best advice she can? Write to Alice Van Doran, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please.

MANY a girl, if asked why a certain man fascinated her and another did not, could only reply that Jack was thrilling and Ted was not. And that would be that.

Without thrill, certainly romance just could not be. "Thrill" and "romance" may sound like much the same thing. Yet this is not so—for thrill is the small electric spark that sets romance going. In other words, Jack and Nancy find each other thrilling—and if this state of affairs lasts, the romance is on.

Now, at the risk of sounding awfully cut-and-dried, I'm going to mention that the thrills of all sane, sound individuals must face a daylight test of reason. And here trouble starts. Indeed, to most of us love seems a constant shift from illusion to disillusion—then back again to illusion—and then the same thing all over again.

Let's return to Jack and Nancy again. Things start off with them as with everyone else—just being together is thrilling. They think they'll go on like that forever. They don't. Nancy in time finds out Jack has "little ways"—well, he makes suggestions that sound as if he were criticizing her. (*Continued on page 74*)

How to keep "illusion" in romance





This "no-scrub" way makes clothes last longer

YOU'LL save lots of money, washing clothes the Rinso way. For there's no scrubbing to streak colors — weaken fabrics — fray edges. Clothes not only last 2 or 3 times longer but they come from a Rinso soaking *4 or 5 shades whiter.*

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Grand for dishes and all cleaning. Saves time — saves work. And so easy on hands!

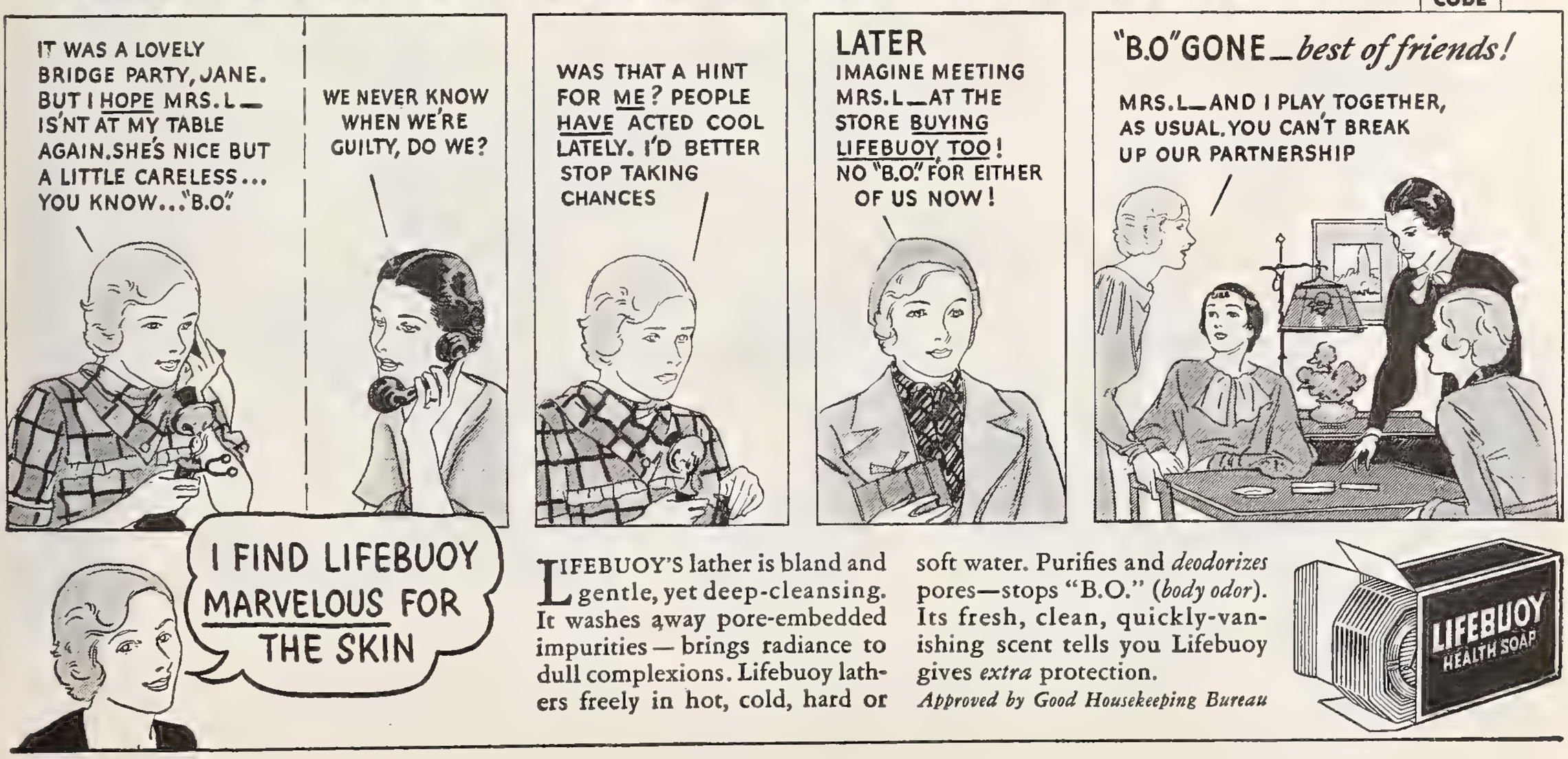
Rinso gives lots of rich, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* Get it at your grocer's.

Rinso

The biggest-selling package soap in America

THEY BOTH OFFENDED_BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT

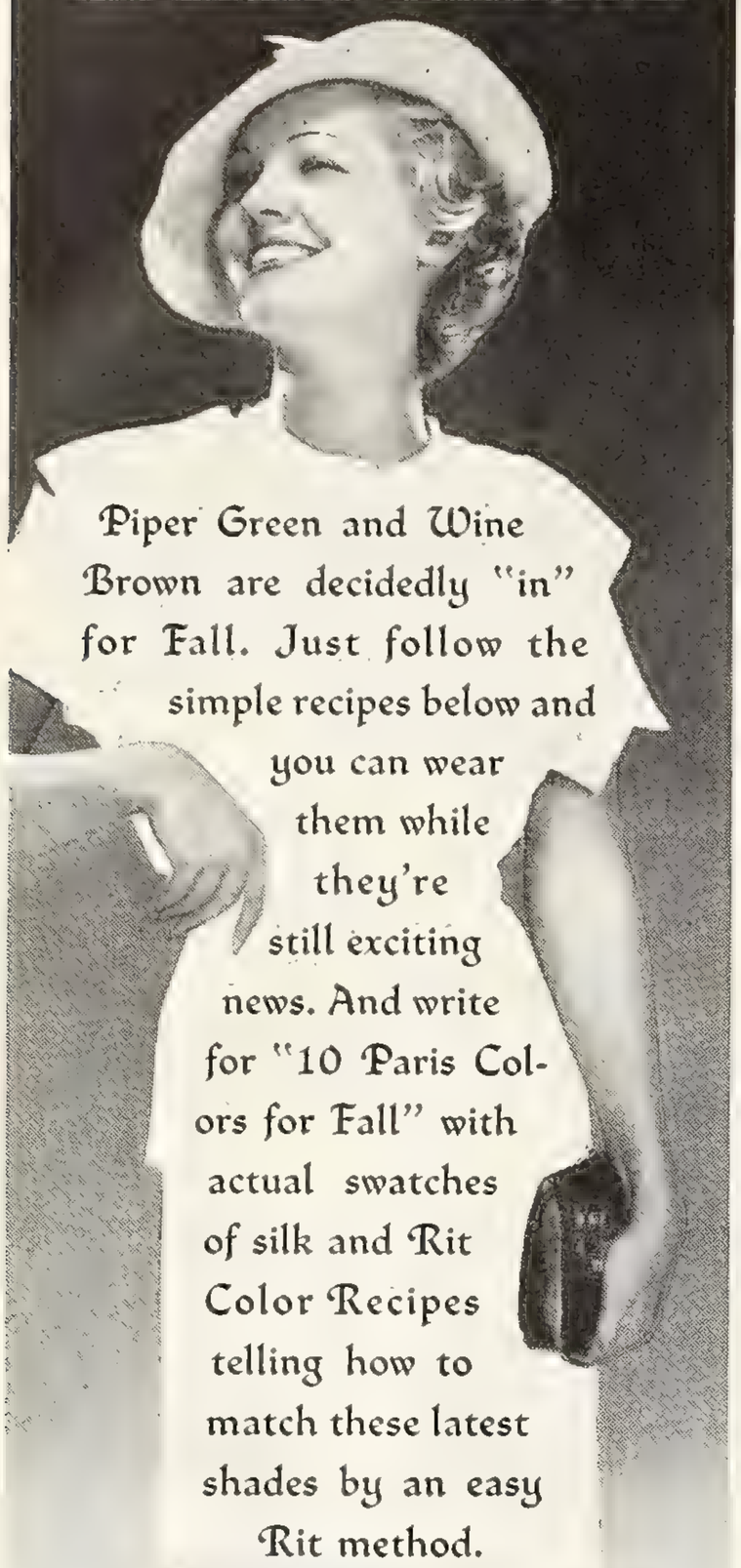
NRA CODE



LIFEBUOY'S lather is bland and gentle, yet deep-cleansing. It washes away pore-embedded impurities — brings radiance to dull complexions. Lifebuoy lathers freely in hot, cold, hard or soft water. Purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

ADVANCE *Paris Colors*
WILL MAKE LAST YEAR'S FROCK
THIS SEASON'S SENSATION



Piper Green and Wine Brown are decidedly "in" for Fall. Just follow the simple recipes below and you can wear them while they're still exciting news. And write for "10 Paris Colors for Fall" with actual swatches of silk and Rit Color Recipes telling how to match these latest shades by an easy Rit method.

PIPER GREEN	WINE BROWN
1½ Wafer Dark Green Rit	1¼ Wafer Dark Brown Rit
½ Wafer Gold Rit	1 Wafer Wine Rit

Instant Rit (not a soap!) penetrates the fibres as "surface dyes" never do —provides clearer, longer lasting, more brilliant colors. Remember, re-coloring is best over white material, so take old color out with White Rit —quick, easy, harmless. 15c at drug stores and notion counters everywhere.

YOU'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK WITH RIT



NOT A SOAP!

RIT

. . . in the convenient *scored* wafer; easier to measure; won't sift out of the package.

Miss Rit, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me your folder A-74 "Ten Paris Colors for Fall" with silk swatches and your new Rit Color Recipes.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... *State* .....
(If more convenient, paste on penny post card)

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 6)

write down your recipes for corn pone and dumplings, Hattie?" Will asked. "And for chicken, southern style? I'll bet Mrs. Rogers would like to have 'em."

"Well, Ah sure could, Mistah Rogers," answered Hattie McDaniel, "only it would take me a little time to do it. You see, Ah cook from what you might call instinct—a pinch of this and a handful of that. But Ah knows folks nowadays want to know exactly how much flour and corn meal it takes for corn pone and such things. It would take me some time to figger it out and to set it down, but if you're in no hurry, Mistah Rogers, Ah'll find a lot of pleasure in fixing you up with a couple of real southern menus."

Almost a week later Hattie, as good as her word, arrived on the set with menus and recipes for two typical southern meals —pages and pages laboriously written out by hand. For three busy days, it seems, Hattie had fussed around the kitchen at her home in Los Angeles while her sister, Etta, with pencil and paper in hand, recorded the measurements of ingredients for dumplings, pone, cobbler and candied yams.

AND here are the results of all this effort—two grand menus and seven swell recipes which The Modern Hostess is delighted to have secured through the amiable co-operation of Will Rogers and Hattie McDaniel. First of all, let's look at Hattie's dinner menu.

Southern Chicken Dinner

Split Pea Soup — Southern Chicken
Baked Dumplings — Candied Yams
Scalloped Squash and Corn
Hot Corn Pone — Crabapple Jelly
Combination Salad
(Lettuce, tomatoes, cucumber, radishes, green pepper)
Hot Blackberry Cobbler, Georgia Sauce

Sounds great, doesn't it? Well I'm here to tell you it is great. Take Hattie's recipe for southern chicken and dumplings, for instance. There is one of the grandest examples of southern cooking I've ever eaten and when you speak of "southern cooking" in this broad land you mean the best. Chicken cooked in this way is so good that once you've tried it I know you'll want to serve it often; so I have had the recipe printed up for this month's MODERN SCREEN Recipe Folder. Because the dumplings add the final note of perfection to this chicken dish, they are on the card, too.

INCLUDED in the same folder are three other recipes for dishes of which Hattie is justifiably proud. One is for the scalloped squash and corn mentioned in her first menu. I've tested this recipe using both fresh green corn and canned whole kernel corn and I can truthfully say that I don't know which I prefer. Another is for corn pone, made according to the recipe Hattie learned from her own mammy. The third recipe in the folder is the crowning achievement of Hattie's culinary art — a majestic, royal purple blackberry cobbler served with a steaming hot sauce. Well, even writing about it makes my mouth water, so if you want to learn how to make this cobbler be sure to read how you can get these recipes free, further on in the article.

Hattie's second menu is somewhat less elaborate. This one she terms "supper," refusing to dignify with the title of "dinner" any menu as simple. Here it is:

Southern Supper

Fried Chicken
Biscuits — Currant Jelly
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Boiled Greens in Ham Liquor
Fruit Salad

"Ah've cooked this supper and the other dinner many times," Hattie volunteered. "Sometimes in a dull season in the theatre Ah'd 'work out,' never used mah stage name, of course, but mah married name of Langford. Why there



Hattie McDaniel wanted to be sure that the recipes she gave Will Rogers were absolutely accurate. So she and her sister Etta spent three entire days on them before giving them to Will. Incidentally, every Modern Screen Star Recipe is tested before it goes out to you, with the result that we have never had a complaint about a single recipe.

was a millionaire's family in Evanston, Illinois where Ah was 'in service' once and they wanted me to stay with them right along. They didn't have any idea Ah was a professional. As "Aunt Dilsey" in "Judge Priest," Ah sing two or three songs. Mistah Rogers is a very fine gentleman to work with. He's been mighty nice to me, that's why I was glad to fix up those recipes for him like he asked me to. They're all for good old-fashioned southern dishes like mah mother used to make."

Greens in Ham Liquor

4 or 5 bunches of mustard greens (or collard (a variety of kale used in the south)
1 small, boned, "picnic" ham
4 whole cloves
1 bay leaf

Take greens and wash real well in several waters to remove all grit. Put ham on in cold water, bring to a boil and continue boiling briskly for 10 minutes. Remove ham and put it in another pot with bay leaf, cloves and enough boiling water to cover. Boil until tender. Remove ham. After removing ham, if water is too full of fat allow water to cool and fat to rise. Skim off excess fat and cook greens until tender in water in which meat was cooked. Drain greens, cut up real fine and serve with sliced hard-boiled eggs. The ham of course can be eaten with the same meal, or the next.

Candied Yams

6 medium size yams — 1 cup water
1½ cups brown sugar — ¼ cup butter

Cook yams in boiling salted water until almost done. Peel while still warm and split in halves, lengthwise. Place a layer of potatoes in buttered baking dish, dot potatoes with butter, sprinkle generously with sugar. Add another layer of potatoes, add butter and sugar and continue as above until all has been used. Add water and bake in hot oven (400°) until potatoes are a golden brown, basting frequently.

You might try these two dishes while waiting for the complete set of recipes prepared by Hattie McDaniel for Will Rogers, which include, as I've already told you, the southern chicken and dumplings, the corn pone, the scalloped squash and corn, and blackberry cobbler. These recipes are ready and waiting to be sent to you if you'll just fill in and mail the coupon below. That isn't hard to do, is it? With these recipes in your files you'll be able to go about preparing a southern-style meal that will make you the envy of your friends and the admiration of your family, whether you live in Maine, Georgia or points west.

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT
MODERN SCREEN Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me the recipes for October, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

Address.....
(Street and number)

.....
(City) (State)



"I was proud of my spaghetti but this kind beats mine

—and what a lot of work I'm saved!"

"MY FRIENDS SAY I'm a good cook. I think too much of my family to serve ready-cooked food purely for my own convenience. But, frankly, all of us *prefer* Franco-American Spaghetti to the spaghetti I used to make. So I use Franco-American now."

To make spaghetti à la Milanaise as Franco-American chefs prepare it, you'd need *eleven* different ingredients for the sauce. Plump, juicy tomatoes. Zestful old Cheddar cheese. A long list of seasonings. You'd have to stir, taste and watch constantly. Why go to all this bother? Franco-American requires no cooking or fussing. You simply heat and serve.



Why not order from your grocer today? One taste will tell you how *different* Franco-American is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Truly economical, too. A generous can holding three to four portions costs only ten cents.

NRA CODE

REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
THREE INCHES IN 10 DAYS

...or it will cost you nothing!



...TEST *the* PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . at our expense!

"I have
REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

. . . writes Miss Healy

"I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian..."Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll..."The fat seems to have melted away"...writes Mrs. McSorley.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

● This Famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without exercise, diet or drugs.

● Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 5310, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Let's Talk About Love

(*Continued from page 70*)

She doesn't like that. And slowly it dawns on Jack that Nancy is less than perfect; in fact, very touchy, and on occasion even temperish. They don't want to tune in on the same radio programs, so they turn the thing off and talk books. He names a few worth while things for her to read and she flares up at the implied criticism of her favorite light reading matter and calls his selections "dull, heavy stuff that nobody cares about." After a pause, she points out that his tie and sock colors clash, and why can't he match them? He comes back hotly, does she want to make him into a "sissy?" The quarrel is on. He leaves in a huff. They stay apart awhile. Disillusion. They come together again because each is young and good to look at. The meeting thrills and illusion works again. Never, they vow, will they quarrel again. But they parted on a drawn battle—left the conflict unfinished. So the same discussion will come up again—the word-war will be repeated, more serious each time. Neither tries to get the other's viewpoint—they're heading for a break-up.

THEY could have quarreled just as hotly, and over the same foolish trifles, but if each had sooner or later troubled to catch even a little of the other's meaning, then the affair would have lasted. Out of the "spats" would have developed a sort of give and take on both sides. Nancy might have asked him to outline some of the "dull, heavy books," and he could very well have followed some of her ideas on color combinations. And maybe in time the quarrels would have settled down to lively arguments, leading to a few new thoughts on both sides. If two people have differences of opinion and finish by getting something of the other's slant, there's a relation there that grows.

There's a point in that popular movie, "Little Miss Marker," in which the struggle between thrills, illusion, high romance, and their opposites pushes the screen people about like pawns. There's a little girl—played by that adorable, five-year-old Shirley Temple—left as a "marker" for an unpaid bet by a father who doesn't come back. The child is taken in by a gambler and soon picks up the slang and tough mannerisms of the race-track followers and mocks at her once-loved tales of brave knights and fair ladies. Even this hard-boiled crowd is not proof against the pathos of a child's disillusion and the upshot is a costume party, as hilarious and mad an affair as you ever saw, with gamblers and tough eggs rigged up in the armour of knights. You laugh at the riotous scene, but somehow the hush is close to weeps when to the scoffing child the racehorse becomes "a magic charger." "Sir Galahad, bravest of them all"—thus she sees the sad-eyed gambler, and the blonde blues singer in a night club to her child's eyes is Lady Guinevere.

I contend it's because grown-ups have again and again found—and lost—illusion that this scene makes throats choky. Blues singer and gambler, hearing a childish treble dub them Knight and Lady, see each other with new eyes—and the love affair starts.

If we saw the other person with the eyes of cold, hard fact and shrugged off fancy for reason, there'd be no love affairs. For without illusion this thing called love could not exist. We must have our hero- and heroine-worship. We must see our idols as we fondly believe them to be.

THAT'S why the mildest fault-finding hurts. If someone you're in love with sees flaws in you, you fear that illusion is about to be destroyed, that all is about to end between you.

That's why it's a risky business for a



Ralph Morgan proudly poses with daughter Claudia and newly acquired son-in-law, Robert Shippee, after the wedding ceremony.

girl to express herself out loud about a boy friend's little ways that she doesn't quite like. It may be his way of running his hand through his hair, when talking excitedly, and leaving a stray lock or so standing up ridiculously. Or his way of studding his conversation with gems like "Well, sa-ay, now!" and "Isn't that something!" Whatever it is, it's a damper on his belief that he's the big shot with her if she calls him sharply. Somehow the girl must occasionally give the impression —not that he's Sir Galahad—but the bravest, finest of men, to her.

And there's the girl's side of it. Suppose she's wearing a new frock she simply loves and knows she's looking her best. What a dash of cold water, then, if he looks her up and down and says, "Swell frock. But, darling, aren't you—ah—gaining again?" How can she feel but furious? If she flares up, it will ruin the evening in advance. Better to try humor—laugh or shrug. "I give up—you men are just too hard to please! And I was counting on your liking *this* dress." Chances are, he'll see he's been too blunt—and do something to make amends; perhaps ask you to stop at the corner florist's and select a corsage as a peace offering.

Don't think I mean there should never be criticism or differences between a man and a girl. That wouldn't be human. But I do warn you, use tact, not the hammer, in making your point, if the discussion takes a personal turn.

A man can always say to a girl, "I like your new dress—and it's becoming, and all that. But I always remember you in that little plaid you used to wear—not one in ten girls could have got by in *that* without looking hippy." And she may—just *may* —take the hint and watch the scales.

And a girl can spill her point deftly: "You know, I think you look cute when you get excited and muss your hair. But if I ever see Sally grin when you do it, I'll say something catty—and you wouldn't want me to do that—not at a dinner party, anyhow. Now would you?" He may heed this. And again he mayn't.

Anyhow, generally speaking, this is the safer way to go about it.

MAYBE it will surprise you when I claim disillusion has its distinct place, too. It's worth a lot to go through a siege of finding out that things—and people—are not all they seem. It's an experience, too, that most of us undergo, not once, but repeatedly. There are certain sweet souls who go through life believing those they love are perfect, remaining blind to imperfections where it would hurt to see them. Of course, if you are really in love, you can always manage an amused, tender toleration of the other person's little failings and weaknesses. If you go past that stage—where the toleration wears thin and the tenderness is strained to vanishing—then better call it a day. It's important to know when to decide "The chapter's ended."

To sum up in a few words, illusion is one of the strongest urges toward living—maybe the strongest. But illusion and thrill are not the whole answer, unless you add some reason, too.

Be reasonably human and make allowances, particularly with men friends: particularly when it's a love affair, because it's harder then. Don't demand perfection of love or anything else. Everyone gets a reasonable share of disillusion. Don't let it turn you cynical or "hard-boiled." Write disappointment down to experience and see if it hasn't made you wiser in sizing up the other sex. And never think you're through with illusion, for it has a way of reappearing, after you think you've learned to do without it.



● *"Well, well, am I feeling good this morning! All bathed and powdered and full of pep!... Got to work off steam somehow. Guess I'll try that somersault Brother Bill was trying to teach me yesterday."*

● *"Boy—what a queer feeling! Where do I go from here? This wrong-side-up business certainly gets a fellow hot and bothered... Gee, have I got enough nerve or haven't I? —Come on, you scare-cat— PUSH!"*

● *"Uump! — Ouch! Shucks, that was easy! I'd do it again —only I'm a little warm and tired. Better get Mother to give me another rub-down with my Johnson's Baby Powder. And listen, all you other baby athletes...*

● *"Tell your Mothers to test different baby powders with their finger-tips. They'll find some gritty—but Johnson's is softer than a bunny's ear. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it, either."*



Send 10c in coin (for convenience fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 135, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey. Johnson & Johnson NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

The lines of TOMORROW



start TODAY!

Practically all women have dry skin. Have you? Even if you think your skin is oily because of a shiny nose, look again.

In many cases women merely have oily areas . . . nose, chin . . . in fact, the very center of the face. But wrinkle areas, the result of dryness, are elsewhere.

Dixie Deb Cold Cream is a complete beauty treatment in itself and should be used freely over these dry areas to avoid "the lines of tomorrow." During the summer, more frequent use is necessary because of the drying effect of the sun and wind.

Dixie Deb Cold Cream comes in a large jar containing two full ounces. Due to large volume production, it is only 10¢, and available at your favorite 5 & 10¢ store. Absolutely pure, you will find it answers your problems of skin treatment. Try a jar today.



One Girl's True Hollywood Experiences

(*Continued from page 49*)

learned, afterwards, they were stock girls there and higher in the caste scale than a mere nobody like me, just there for a test. A young fellow flopped into the chair next to mine. He glared at me.

"You in stock here?" he asked.

"No," I whispered.

"Well, y'oughta be," he snapped. "What's your name?"

"Eva Beryl Tree," I said.

"My Gawd," he yelled. "I'm Bob Evans!"

AND then, almost in the same breath, we pulled that inevitable line: "Well, isn't it a small world after all!" Our best friends, back in San Jose, were mutual ones; we'd each heard about the other often. We gossiped until I was late for rehearsal.

By late afternoon I was dead. "Ten o'clock tomorrow," said Pembroke, when I thought I couldn't ever repeat my lines a single time more. He patted me on the shoulder. "You're going to be all right," he said. That repaid me for the hours of hard work.

I was there early next day. Not a bit nervous, because I knew my lines backward and forward. I was all set for the test and feeling grand. Pembroke greeted me. "No test today, Eva. I didn't like the boy yesterday. He didn't help a bit. Here's a new one."

Down went my spirits. It meant another day of rehearsals. So we went at it again, hour after hour.

There was a bit that called for me to cry. I've always been able to weep at will. Now, tired as I was, I turned on the tears full blast.

The day finally came to an end. "Report at ten in the morning," said Pembroke, "to Mr. Phillips, the hairdresser. Tomorrow's the test."

I was there in the chair at ten and Phillips was working on my hair. He did it four or five ways, and gave me a finger wave. Then to the make-up man. Charles Dudley's his name. "Hello, my dear," he greeted me. I was used by now to being deared and honeyed and darlinged. I'd learned Hollywood talks that way to strangers. He babbled steadily while he worked on my face. In the mirror I saw every line, every mark on my features vanish under his wizardry. "This marriage business is a hell of a racket, isn't it?" he said. I didn't answer. He laughed. "I'm just a pessimist," he continued. I've seen him since, but I never did learn what he was talking about. When he was finished, I was beautiful.

Then to the stage. "Ready for the ordeal?" laughed Pembroke. He introduced me to the cameraman, the crew. The lad to play opposite me looked handsome. I remember a barrage of lights. I took my place in a big chair in the midst of them.

"Roll!" called Pembroke. The soft whir of the cameras. I forgot everything —studio, stage fright, camera, Pembroke —everything but the part. I was acting!

WE came to the part, finally, where I had to cry. Then, suddenly, I remembered the cameras. God, can I cry now, when I have to so much, I wondered, or would that faculty fail me at this crucial moment? I felt my eyes smart and the tears roll down my cheeks and thanked my lucky stars. I heard Pembroke yell, "cut!" The test was over.

Through a blur of tears, I saw the cameraman pop out from behind his camera and patter over to me. "Little girl," he said, "I've shot many tests, but I've never seen anybody as easy to work with as you."

I thanked him. There was a lump in my throat. It was because the test was over. I wanted it to go on and on. This was what I'd always wanted, I knew now.

"Good work, Miss Tree. You'll get something, don't worry," said another man. Pembroke was smiling happily. I stammered a few words of thanks to him. "I enjoyed it as much as you," he interrupted.

Well, it was over. It had seemed a quarter of an hour. I looked at my wrist watch and found it had taken five hours!

The phone was ringing when I got home. "It's Bob Evans. How about going to a show tonight with me and a girl?" I went and met another Hollywood girl. Geraldine Barton's her name and she's a perfectly gorgeous redhead.

"In pictures?" I asked.

"I was under contract at Warners," she said, "for six months."

I thrilled. "Must have been wonderful," I said.

"I didn't get a single part to play," she countered, "in all that time." And at the end of six months, she was let out. Will I, I wondered, be like that? That night, the last line I wrote in my diary is: 'What's the use?'"

THE next day began endless days of torture. I called Pembroke and asked how the test had come out. "Something went wrong with the sound, so we can't see it for several days," he said. I waited in agony for fear lest the test had been spoiled. I wasn't idle. I went to other studios; I'll tell about them later. But my whole heart and soul were wrapped up in that Fox test. I knew I'd done a good job of it; I knew I'd never made a better test, and so I thought:

"That Fox test will make or break me. If I don't land on that one, I don't know what I'll do." It grew to be an obsession.

Here's an entry in my diary, to show what happened to my nerves:

"Lunched in a Chinese restaurant and broke open one of those crackers and found a printed motto: All is not gold that glitters. I cried!" Now I ask you—is that screwy, or isn't it? But it shows how I was feeling those days. Finally, one day when I called Pembroke, he said:

"Come out to lunch. I want to talk to you."

He took me to see Friedman, the casting director. They told me then that they'd seen my test. At last!

"We all liked it," he said. My heart went singing to the skies, "but—"

My heart came crashing down again.

"But Mr. Sheehan has to see it." That was Winfield Sheehan, the big shot of the Fox studio. By the end of the week, they told me, they'd know whether I was to be a Fox starlet or not. Before I left the lot, I saw Miss Barclay, head of the Fox actors' school. "Your test," she told me, "was beautiful. I'm tremendously anxious to know what they're going to do for you."

"I'll call you, Eva," said Pembroke, as I said so-long that day, "as soon as I hear about you."

I went home like a queen. I felt sure I'd arrived. The test was good. They

had all told me so. So what else was there? I asked myself. Sheehan? Well, if everybody else thought it good, certainly he would, too. I wondered how much money I'd be earning in a year.

It was exactly a week later that I awoke, one morning, with what they call "a woman's intuition" working at full force. It was as though a terrific weight lay on my chest. That's the only way I can describe it. The phone rang. I think, now, that I knew what it had to tell me, even before I lifted the receiver.

"It's Pembroke, Eva," came his voice. The world seemed to stop still as I waited for the next words, the words that would make or break me, I imagined.

"Everybody liked your test, Eva," he said. The weight lifted a bit on my chest, and hopes rose.

"But you—you look so much like somebody already on the lot," he said. I felt as though two giant hands had seized me and were squeezing the heart out of me. Pembroke was talking, but I caught only half of it.

"So we can't use you," he said. "You see, your type is already represented."

I CLOSED my eyes and felt dizzy. I imagined I ought to say something but couldn't think of anything. "And don't worry, Eva," Pembroke was saying.

I hung up the phone and began laughing like a fool. He'd told me not to feel badly, or something, hadn't he? Then suddenly I found myself standing in my bedroom staring at the wall. The laughter had stopped. My back ached, my eyes were hot and dry, my legs felt paralyzed. I know now that it was one of the greatest shocks of my life. And I know it's nobody's fault but my own. I'd left myself wide open for it. I'd counted too much on success and not at all on what had happened.

That night I went to dinner with the mother of one of my San Jose girl friends. Fate played a trick. At a nearby table in the little restaurant sat one of the men from Fox, one of the important ones I'd met during the time I'd been there. Somehow I gathered the courage to step over to him.

"Hello," I said. He actually blushed. Then he saw the ache in my eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It's one of those things that happen in this business, Eva."

"Tell me," I begged, "just exactly why they turned me down."

"You looked too much like one of our stars," he said. It was what Pembroke had told me. But I wanted to know more.

"Like which of them?" I asked.

"Janet Gaynor," he said.

"And that is all that was wrong?" I asked. "Only that I looked like Janet Gaynor in the test?"

"In every other way," he said kindly, "you were perfect."

I thanked him. And wondered for the rest of a long sleepless night what all lay behind that. What if I did look like Janet Gaynor? Was that to mean I was to be barred forever from the chance at success that I'd earned in every other way? And why, why did it have to be Janet Gaynor—a star I'd always loved—that stood in my way?

I got up and switched on the light and stared at myself in the mirror. By no stretch of imagination could I detect even the faintest resemblance there to Janet Gaynor. But the camera does strange things, I guess.

I don't know when I got to sleep that night. I do know that for several days, the entries in my diary were simply: "Nothing to write about today." In short, I'd quit cold for a while. The shock of that experience was too much for me to



Skinny? New easy way adds pounds

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NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

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This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

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"I have always ridden horseback, rain or shine, except for certain days that demanded quiet. Now, I ride without regard for those difficult days because there is no longer any difficulty or discomfort connected with them. My only regret is the time I lost in getting acquainted with Midol."

Do you ride—or do equally strenuous things—or wish you *could* at times when even being on your feet means pain or discomfort? Midol might end this handicap for you—might lead you to give it every bit as strong an endorsement as above. Why not *try* it? Midol acts immediately, and is effective several hours.

Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. It is just as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

If you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol*.

shake off with a grin.

I know that I seriously considered calling the whole thing off. I wanted to go back home to my mother. But somewhere from deep inside me came new courage. And one day, instead of misery, determination filled me as I woke.

I realized there were other studios, that I wasn't licked by a long way. I determined I'd try every studio in Hollywood before I'd call quits again. I'd had my wallop and Hollywood, I told myself, had nothing left to jolt me with now.

My, wasn't I simple to imagine that there was nothing that could jolt me anymore?

I'll tell you now that there was to come something that was to change my whole life, there was waiting for me even then, not a mile from where I sat on the side of my bed, that great experience which comes sooner or later to all women—to upset my every preconceived notion and plan, to turn topsy-turvy all my dreams of career and future.

Read the final chapter of Eva Beryl Tree's amazing story in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

What Are You Doing About Fall Clothes?

(*Continued from page 57*)

ditioned and in perfect shape.

Blouses with skirts are ace high in style. And what a break that is for us girls who are, and alas, must be, economically minded. One skirt—make it a good one—will carry numberless blouses of different colors and patterns.

Of course, you can wear a top-coat with the blouse and skirt combinations. It is good style and is being done in Hollywood and all over the country. But I'm all for suits. They are so practical and never have they been smarter than they are right now. I mean the really tailored, trig, fitted and plain suits. Tweeds are fine, but they do not lend themselves to so great a variety of blouses as do the plainer, less patterned materials. And a suit purchased now will be one of those stand-by garments to give you more wear possibly than anything else you own. Later in the winter your tweed coat or your fur one can be slipped right over the suit and you will be cozy and warm enough for any blizzard.

And give a thought to evening things. There are times when we all want to be dressy, and we can be just that this year. Now, after dark and on a party bent, you can go just as fancy as you please, for the fashion reports have it all fixed for period styles with a vengeance. Spanish is the big cry—you know, ruffles around the feet and all. Nice low, round lines about the shoulders with ribbons flying—very Spanish "dancerish."

BUT you needn't go "period" unless you really want to. The long, slinky lines of the modern school are longer and better than they ever were and the girl who favors sports things in the daytime, often does not wish to stay out of her chosen character just because the shades of night have fallen.

Bright colors are good, so wear them as brightly as you please or as the tone of your skin can stand, both for evening and daytime. But when you are dressing for the street or the office, remember that one spot of color is as good as—no, really, much better—than a whole splash of brightness. That's where your blouse idea comes in. There's nothing smarter than a yellow blouse with a brown suit, brown hat and brown accessories. Or a dark blue suit with a red blouse one day, a green one the next, a white one, a pink one—oh, any number of them, as long as the old budget can keep on handing out for new blouses.



Scott Photo

Four lovely ladies of the screen—Dolores Del Rio, Helen Hayes, Virginia Bruce and Mona Maris—at Ernst Lubitsch's gay housewarming.

Between You and Me

(*Continued from page 68*)

private lives of screen stars as you did in your articles, "Are You Sick of Hollywood Divorces?" and "How Long Will Hollywood Protect Harlow?" in the August issue. You should be interested in their performances before the camera, not in their homes. Just because someone happens to be a screen star is no reason why his life should be inspected and torn apart like some specimen in a museum.

I maintain that they have the right to seek as many divorces and remarry as many times as they wish. It makes them more interesting—their lives are fuller. Why criticize them for doing what we would all like to do if we had the chance and dared. Gloria Swanson is as she is today because she has lived a full life. I have no patience with hare-brained moralists. They would make our movies such a sickening mess of tommyrot that no one could endure seeing them. As for Jean Harlow, she is one of the best actresses in pictures.

The sort of people I cannot stand are Jean Muir, Jean Parker, Elizabeth Allen, Margaret Sullavan, Mary Brian and Janet Gaynor. They have no more personality than a goldfish. Why? Because they don't know what life is all about and never will.—*Myrtle Weaver, Sunfield, Mich.*

Willy Pogany Started Something

I certainly do not want Mr. Willy Pogany to select handsome men for me. John Boles is almost too handsome for any mere man to be and why shouldn't he know it? And he forgot Bob Montgomery, Warren William, Ric Cortez, Ronald Colman and Ralph Bellamy. And what's more, Clark Gable does not have a square head, his chin is not weak. He is altogether charming and charm is what we want.—*Claudia Lambe, High Point, N. C.*

You have pleased me very much by placing Edward G. Robinson among the ten handsomest men on the screen. While I have often been hooted at for calling Mr. Robinson handsome, there have been some who have agreed with me. I am happy to have so distinguished an artist as Pogany confirm my opinion.—*Grace Shaver, Hollywood, Calif.*

To call Warner Baxter the handsomest man in pictures is simply ridiculous. However, he does rate the term "good looking."

Ramon Novarro is beautiful, but who wants to see a beautiful man? It is more a term of reproach than of praise, I think.

I do not think John Barrymore is handsome.

John Boles is the personification of smugness and conceit.

Leslie Howard has a sensitive, refined face, but he is far, far from handsome.

It is beyond reason why anyone should even think for an instant of including Joel McCrea, Jimmy Cagney and Edward G. Robinson in any list of handsome men. Cagney is just unthinkable and Robinson is plain ugly. Why didn't Mr. Pogany include Jimmy Durante? (*You see, fans, selecting Hollywood's handsomest man is a pretty ticklish job and, after all, we're all entitled to our own opinions.*)—*A Fan, Washington, D. C.*

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By Lady Esther

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. (7)

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I wondered why my face always had a dull, pasty look until I discovered that I was using the wrong face powder that clogged my pores and irritated my skin. Fortunately, I found another powder—so delicate—so fine in texture that I never have that powdery look. It is called MELLO-GLO.



If you want a face powder that spreads with velvet-like smoothness, try MELLO-GLO. Don't worry about tiny lines and wrinkles. MELLO-GLO will hide them. I have simply amazed my friends with the magic of this wonderful face powder. They all say I look years younger.

WONDERFUL FACE POWDER Stays On Longer

Beautiful women everywhere are raving about new, wonderful MELLO-GLO, the face powder that stays on longer. Apply it in the morning, and without constant retouching, your face will have a glorious, youthful glow. No trace of shiny nose—no blotches—no pasty look. Perspiration does not show through. Prevents large pores. Make this test yourself. Notice how much younger you look. Enjoy the smoothness, the exquisite fragrance, the delicate texture of MELLO-GLO. One of the largest selling $1.00 face powders in America. Special purse size 10¢—now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store. Get a box today!

Good News

(*Continued from page 62*)

ONE of the most unexpected of the recent Hollywood marriages is Anita Page's and Macio Herb Brown's. They planned a honeymoon trip but M-G-M nipped that idea in the bud. Mr. Brown, it seems, must finish the musical score for "Student Tour."

JEAN'S FOUR-WHEEL BONUS

It happens just occasionally, but once in a while an actor or actress will get a bonus for some particularly good work. Rarely in cash, sometimes in studio stock, for instance. But Jean Parker is the first star to get a bonus on four wheels. M-G-M has presented her with a sport coupe as a reward for her first two years work. Which is nice, and certainly better than the Paramount stock that Buddy Rogers once got in lieu of $50,000.

THERE seems to be some question as to who is directing "The Red Head." Mel Brown hung his coat on the chair marked "director" and it was gone when he returned. The coat contained $200 cash, and Mel is wondering who it is who thinks he is the "director."

An M-G-M casting man was trying to sell William Powell on the idea of playing "the other man" in Garbo's picture "The Painted Veil." Bill just couldn't, or wouldn't see the part.

"Of course," soothed the official, "the role doesn't *read* so well. You don't like this fellow so well in the script, but with you playing it . . ."

". . . you'll hate him on the screen!" finished Bill.

P. S. He isn't going to do it.

THERE may be another West gal in the movies. Mae's sister, Beverly, has had three screen tests, and may accept the best offer to come from them. By the way, we saw Mae the other night wearing a pale pink dress with a pale blue hat. Came the stage whisper, "Censorship colors!"

MAURICE CHEVALIER has a yen for collecting overcoats. Whenever he sees one he thinks is distinctive, he buys it. He has overcoats from Paris, Vienna, Brussels, New York and just about every place else. "And making pictures in Hollywood," Maurice moans, "I hardly ever have a chance to wear one of them."

Everyone is worried about Ann Harding. Late at night and alone, 'tis said, she's been sighted driving like mad along lonesome roads. One of her friends explains that she sometimes gets that lonesome urge to hit the road and often races her long car as far as San Diego, one hundred and fifty miles from Hollywood. Won't somebody do something? After all, Ann!

KAY FRANCIS planned to be in a certain quaint little town in southern England during the month of August, and the news has reached us that Maurice Chevalier is quite outspoken about his plans "to spend a lot of his time in southern . . ." You can guess the rest of it!

Toby Wing just wired us from Jackie Coogan's ranch, where she is whiling away a couple of days, that in spite of all the stories saying she is (or will be) married to Mr. Coogan, she is not. And furthermore, she is really quite in love with an entirely different person, namely, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt. Tra-la.

The movies and the radio are just beginning a fight that may go on for years. Recently, a studio offered $20,000 for the script of "Polly Moran's Boarding House." That was as high as they would go. Yesterday, a radio studio bought the story for $130,000, half of which goes to the writers. Quite some difference between $20,000 and $65,000. Radio is waking up to the need for real writing and it might cost the movies plenty as a result.

MOST of the "tea talk" in Hollywood is reported to be about the "costumes" Alice Faye is wearing these evenings. Just last night, at the 50-50 Club, Alice appeared in a bright red dress with gobs of white fox and a white hat. And, as one gal put it, "What she couldn't wear, she carried!" Rudy should include wardrobe in his management contracts.

THISA AND THATA

Dick Powell's fan mail has jumped to 5000 letters a week . . . Russ Columbo's latest demand is for a "stand-in" . . . and Russ just turned down $7,500 for a week at the Chicago Fair . . . Pat O'Brien's new baby has been named Kathleen Mavoureen . . . Irene Dunne celebrated her wedding anniversary via long distance telephone . . . 'Tis said that Bing Crosby was confined to his bed after the twins were safely here—too much strain . . . The Biltmore Bowl has become the place to dance and dine . . . Since Wesley Ruggles directed his wife, Arline Judge, in "Shoot the Works," they get fan mail addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Ruggles . . . Maxine Doyle lost ten pounds and is going places on the screen as a result.

AFTER turning down eighteen pictures since she left Warners, rumor has it that Ruth Chatterton is at last lending an ear to Columbia's offer. Seems they have a story that suits Ruthie veddy much and the lady is extra hard to please.

Many reports have it that Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. and Lady Ashley are planning to return to Hollywood where Doug will make his next picture and Lady Ashley will "consider" several film offers that have been made to her.

This is very hard for the natives to believe, for Hollywood is staunch in its affection for Mary Pickford. Investigating around at the various studios, we are unable to find a single one that would admit having made offers to the titled lady from London. If it is true that she is to make a picture in our fair hamlet, there seems to be little doubt but that Doug will do the producing and financing himself.

POLA NEGRI is so anxious to stage a comeback in Hollywood that she is planning a tour of the country this fall in personal appearances, just by way of proving to the producers that her box-office appeal hasn't fallen off.

Connie Bennett is sailing for Europe soon. Perhaps that doesn't surprise you as much as it did the movie colony. Connie was planning to meet the Marquis in Honolulu where he would be stopping on

his way back from picture shooting in China. Does the Paris move, instead, mean a divorce from Hank? There is also the rumor that Hank is going to come home the other way and will meet Connie in Paris, which might mean anything. Fun to watch, though.

HARPO MARX saw a little girl on the Paramount lot one day and immediately wanted to adopt her. Months later, he found out she was Shirley Temple, which is the first bet we've ever heard of Harpo losing. And what a bet Shirley is!

It just seems that a jinx follows Arline Judge to every party she attends. Her most recent mishaps were: skinned shins at the Carl Laemmle party; ditto at Herr Lubitsch's; and at another party last night Carmen Considine accidentally pushed a chair upon which someone had carelessly left a drink and the whole glassfull went in Arline's lap. A new evening gown, too! Undaunted, Arline announced she was versatile and dispatched the chauffeur for "her *other* gown." Presto, a quick change and the party was on again.

CHARLIE LAUGHTON pulled one on a cameraman the other evening that won't help him with the press. After promising to allow the man to shoot his picture "if you will come over to my car—away from the crowd," Charlie jumped into his hack and demanded that the chauffeur drive away immediately. The cameraman yelled, "Howz about it?" Laughton smiled. "Veddy, veddy sorry ol' chap, couldn't be bothered, don't you know." And if I know the camera boys he won't *be—not for a long, long spell.*

Mae West is having to advertise her own picture (I mean literally) in London. Paramount was so afraid of the censors there that the picture is being shown without benefit of a title. The only advertising feature to identify the film is a huge silhouette of Mae over the theatre. That should tell 'em plenty!

Lupe's decision to return to Johnny (what, again?) was a swell idea as far as her servants were concerned. The day she announced her separation, her three servants wanted to bet her $25 apiece that she would back out of it. She paid them off today. The lawyer, so we hear, was a bit used to the Velez mind-changing and demanded his fee regardless of the final outcome. $1,500! All in all, $1,575. Some fun!

AFTER trying "That St. Louis Woman" and finding that the outcry was just as heavy as the one that greeted "It Ain't No Sin," Paramount tried "The Belle Of New Orleans" on the new and muchly-battered Mae West flicker. The woman's clubs of that city rose up in wrath at the idea and so still another title is being tried, "Belle of the Nineties," which the boys say can only be objected to by the Smithsonian Institute! What next?

John Gilbert is keeping the location troupe of "The Captain Hates The Sea" very much on the hep; in fact, 'tis rumored he's been keeping them in hot water most of the time, and that the boat, hired at a large cost for a stated time, will have to be re-hired because of the delay. Come, come Jack!

GO TO THE MOVIES!

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RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 4½ inches high, on paper 8 inches wide by 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Sept. 25th, 1934. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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How a "scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

I wish every girl could read my story and find out how easy it is to become lovely. I used to be considered plain and seldom was asked to parties. I brooded over my unpopularity until I became so sullen and sad that everybody let me alone.

That was a lucky day when I wandered into the 10¢ store and took the free perfume card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer. Girls, that little "scrap of paper" changed my whole life. I gasped with pleasure at the exquisite perfume and bought a bottle immediately. I bought the other Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, too, because the salesgirl told me they were "certified to be pure" and as fine as a $2 or $3 quality.

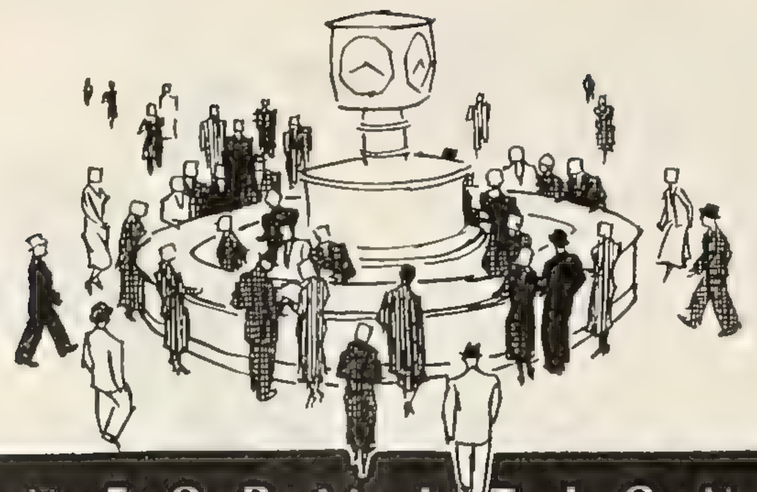
Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume. My mirror told me that I had never looked so lovely before and I started for the office smiling. Both men and girls were friendlier and soon I began to be asked for dates.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store... get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer . . . you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy the Blue Waltz Perfume and all the marvelous Blue Waltz Beauty Aids . . . only 10¢ each.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



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THE INFORMATION DESK

N. F. G., Short Hills, N. J.—Maureen O'Sullivan was born in Boyle, Ireland, and it is quite true that Frank Borzage discovered her when she was dancing in a Dublin café in 1929. If you didn't see her in "The Thin Man," you will still have another chance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

JANET WINGETT, Bronx, N. Y.; JEAN BELLAMY, Scarsdale, N. Y. and THEDA—That fascinating Bellamy person (Ralph, of course) was born June 17, 1904 in Chicago, Ill. You may write him at the RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. He was very much on the stage before giving the movies a break, having played in stock companies in at least twelve cities in the United States, besides playing on Broadway. Catherine Willard is his wife, and they have no children. He is scheduled to appear in "Girl in Danger" and "Woman in the Dark." "Secret Six" was released May 3, 1931, and the cast is as follows: Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, John Mack Brown, Jean Harlow, Marjorie Rambeau, Paul Hurst, Clark Gable, Ralph Bellamy and John Miljan.

MILDRED E. ERIKSON, South Bellingham, Wash.—Anna Sten warbled, crooned or what-have-you "That's Love" in her first American picture, "Nana." And don't forget you will have the thrill of seeing her soon in "We Live Again" with Fredric March.

ROSWELL GRANT, Woonsocket, R. I.—But yes, Evelyn Laye has up and signed a contract with M-G-M under which she and Ramon Novarro are set to make "In Old Vienna."

TANIA HOWATH, Pittsburgh, Pa.; CONNIE LAMAR, Los Angeles, Calif.; B. B., New York City; ALICE MONROE, Kansas City, Mo.; ALEXANDER, Lancaster, Pa.; B. M. I., Forreston, Tex.; E. C. BLOSS, Allentown, Pa.; DEIRDRE FALLON, Newark, N. J.; F. S. Washington, D. C.; BRUCE CARTER, Port Byron, N. Y.; and JEAN WURSTER—Dearie me! Is this popularity or merely an enigmatic personality? Hope I can satisfy you all. Gene Raymond, whose real name is Raymond Guion, was born in New York City, August 13, 1908 (which will make him 26 by the time you read this.) He is descended from a French Huguenot family. He left grade school at four, and enrolled in the Professional Children's School in New York where he stayed until 1924 when he made his stage debut in "The Potters." He has been in the movies since 1931. He likes solitude, long drives, horseback riding, tennis, golf, blue and green, thick steak, politics, fan mail and to be asked for his autograph. (Here's your chance!) He hates shopping, entertaining, jewelry on men and having "still" pictures taken. His favorite book is Dumas' "Three Musketeers." He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has blue eyes and golden hair (almost platinum). His last picture was "Sadie McKee" in which he himself sang "All I Do Is Dream of You," and he will be in "Trans-Atlantic Merry-Go-Round" and "Sure Fire."

MISS M. L. WILENT, Olney, Philadelphia, Pa., and A. M., Meriden, Conn.—"The Mad Game" is the name of the gangster picture Spencer Tracy recently played in with Claire Trevor and Ralph Morgan. He is scheduled to appear in "Marie Galante" for Fox. His address is Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, Calif.

MURIEL CHAPELLE, Toronto, Ont., Canada, and JOANNE AMES, Camden, N. J.—Douglass Montgomery (formerly known as Kent Douglass) was born October 29, 1909. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall and has blue eyes and blonde hair. Yes, he played in "Waterloo Bridge" with Mae Clarke, and after his great success in "Little Man, What Now?" he is going to make "Zest" and "Music in the Air." You are quite right, Joanne. "Spitfire" was at one time called "Trigger."

ELIZABETH V., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.—Ronald Colman, born in Richmond, Surrey, England, February 9, 1891, attended Hadley School at Littlehampton, Sussex. He got his first job with a steamship company as office boy at $2.50 a week when he was 16. He played in school theatricals and for four years belonged to the London Scottish Regiment. In the World War he saw action in the first battle of Ypres and at Messines, but broke his ankle and was discharged. In 1920 Mr. Colman came to America, and in 1922 made his screen debut with Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." I hope you saw him in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back."

MOLLIE M., Vancouver, B. C., Canada; GLADYS MEJIN, New York City—Here is the answer to your question, and more, too. Elissa Landi, born December 6, 1904 in Venice, Italy, nearly encircled the globe in her travels by the time she was two, when she was being taken from Italy to Vancouver. She returned to Italy when she was seven. Began her education in Bavaria and continued it in London and on the Continent, first in private schools and then with tutors. She will appear shortly in "The Count of Monte Cristo" with Robert Donat.

DOROTHY FREY, Bronx, N. Y.—Charley Grapewin was William Bakewell's brother in "The Quitter." He was also in "Hell and High Water." You will be able to see him again in "Caravan" and in "Judge Priest." He was born December 20, 1875.

KATHLEEN MASTROIANM, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Canada; ROSE MARIE FRANKLYN, Christine, Tex.—Franchot Tone was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and hazel eyes. He prepared for college at the Hill School, and while at Cornell was an Alpha Delta Phi and also earned his Phi Beta Kappa key. He likes golf, swimming, tennis, theatres, movies and night clubs (just a playboy at heart,) and let's not forget Joan Crawford! In 1932 he played with Claudette Colbert in "The Wiser Sex." In 1933 he was in: "Today We Live," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Stranger's Return," "Midnight Mary," "Stage Mother," "Bombshell" and "Dancing Lady," "Moulin Rouge," "Sadie McKee," "Born To Be Kissed" and "The World Moves On" with Madeleine Carroll, the English actress, of "I Was a Spy" fame, are his latest. His next is "Straight Is the Way."

C. A. HOWARD, Rutland, Vt.—Charles Laughton's wife, Elsa Lanchester, played the part of Ann of Cleves (and marvelously, too) in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Furthermore, she will have a featured assignment in Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette." And don't forget! Friend hubby will be holding forth in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

E. M. B., Jersey City, N. J.; LILLIE SCIARABBA, Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. M., New York City; FLORENCE LONGUIDICE, Chicago, Ill.—Dorothy Wilson was born in Minneapolis. She is 5 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 103 pounds. She has beautiful white teeth, brown hair and blue eyes. She likes to travel, ride horseback and bicycles. She also likes Thousand Island dressing, new places, buttermilk, Myrt and Marge. She hates carrots, painted fingernails, overshoes, surf-riding and crowds. The only character I remember whose name even resembles "Giggles" in "Eight Girls in a Boat," was "Pickles," which part was taken by Barbara Barondess herself. No wonder you thought she looked like Barbara Barondess! Miss Barondess has the following pictures to her credit: "Soldiers of the Storm," "Hold Your Man," "When Strangers Marry," "Devil's Mate," "Queen Christina" and "Change of Heart," and she will be in "The Fountain" with Ann Harding. Dorothy Wilson, whom you can reach at Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif., has been in these pictures: "Age of Consent," "Lucky Devils," "Men of America," "Scarlet River," "Before Dawn," "Above the Clouds," "Eight Girls in a Boat" and "His Greatest Gamble."

MARGUERITE PETERMANN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Charles (Buddy) Rogers was born August 13, 1904 (not so unlucky, at that.) His first picture was "Fascinating Youth" but his first big chance was in "Wings."

BETTY DUNGAN, West Newton, Mass.—Helen Twelvetrees, née Jurgens, was born December 25, 1908, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was educated in the Brooklyn Heights Seminary, the Art Students League and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. She likes swimming, golfing, riding, painting and home-making. In fact, she seems to be doing a good job of it for her husband, Frank Woody, and for her baby, Frank Woody, Jr.

EDWARD J. BROWN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Dolores Del Rio, who was born Dolores Asunsalo (Del Rio was the name of her first husband), in Durango, Mexico, is descended from one of Mexico's most distinguished old families, which came originally from Spain.

WANDA ETHEL WESTOVER, Alliance, Ohio—Yes, indeedy, you saw Winifred Westover in "Lummox" with Ben Lyon and Wm. Collier, Jr. Furthermore, that was her first and last picture.

A. S. N., Pa., PEGGY DURAND, Corona, N. Y.—Joel McCrea, born November 5, 1905, in South Pasadena, Calif., attended Hollywood High School and Pomona College. Is 6 feet 2, has brown hair and blue eyes, likes swimming, tennis, riding and Frances Dee, his wife. That young lady, who was born November 26, 1907, in Los Angeles, is 5 feet 3 and has the same brand of hair and eyes as her husband. Miss Dee recently appeared in "Of Human Bondage."

Your questions will be answered in this magazine. Please do not ask questions which require too much research or which infringe upon good taste. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Love That Failed

(*Continued from page 50*)

He married an actress, but it didn't "take" and Jack was pretty much disillusioned over it. Each had been too ambitious, it seemed, and their careers had clashed.

THIS business of wives being tied up in careers is the bunk," Jack once declared. "If I ever marry again, I'm going to pick some dumb gal, pretty enough to work in the act but without a grain of ambition and no desire to do anything but be my wife and travel around with me. That's the only life for a vaudevillian!"

Ever hear that line about "tempting fate?" Well, the next wife Jack picked was pretty, all right, but she was about as dumb as Peggy Hopkins Joyce and she had as much ambition as a "Follies" beauty.

It was Ginger!

The little Rogers girl lived in Dallas a few years and then finished growing up in Forth Worth, Texas. But Jack had been away from the neighboring city about five years by the time Ginger was old enough to attract attention as an entertainer in the two towns. Of course she knew who Jack was, as did everyone else, for he was the living example of the local boy who made good.

Jack had never heard of Ginger until she had jumped into a vaudeville contract after winning Charleston dancing trophies all over the state. After a whirlwind tour of the southwest, she went to Chicago and landed a job as torch singer in a Publix unit show. Mama Rogers went along, as they were as inseparable then as they are today.

One week, while Ginger's show was playing one theatre, across the street in a rival house, the name of Jack Pepper—his professional billing—appeared in lights. They met at an after-the-show party. And things began to happen fast. Before the party was over, Ginger and Jack knew that Cupid had marked them.

By coincidence, the Publix unit and Jack's vaudeville bill played rival houses in the same cities for the succeeding three weeks. Thus Ginger and Jack were together constantly.

Folks back in Texas learned of the romance and everybody prophesied marriage. After all, Ginger was cute and she had a little talent, they agreed, but she'd never be really big time. Jack had lots of talent, but he was satisfied now with vaudeville. She would probably join Jack's act and they'd be happy as larks. Tricky billing they'd have, too—"Ginger and Pepper." Pretty cute.

But those prophets didn't reckon with the tremendous ambition and real talent of Ginger's. So things turned out differently.

NEW ORLEANS was the last town in which their shows played together; after that their routes diverged. But if they were to be separated by unfeeling show bookers, at least they could know they belonged to each other "till death us do part."

They had a gala wedding on the stage one night after the show. Everybody from the two theatres, still in make-up, was there, as a preacher, hurriedly called from a nearby church, read the marriage ceremony.

Jack was twenty-five, Ginger seventeen. And so began their married life—a pa-

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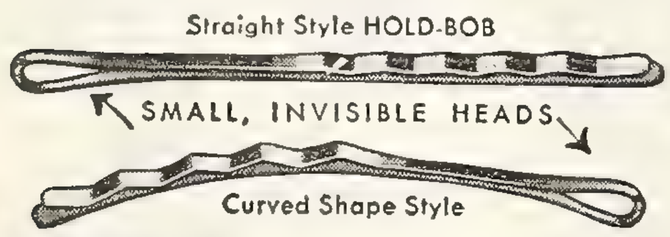
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thetic one, because it was doomed from the first, despite the fact that they adored one another.

Their courtship had not been altogether serene. Mrs. Rogers had not approved of it. She argued and reasoned with Ginger; she begged and pleaded with Jack. Ginger was nothing but a child, she insisted. She hadn't had time to see if she had real ability, or to decide whether she preferred marriage or a career. And Mrs. Rogers was convinced that the two wouldn't mix. Couldn't they wait?

No, they couldn't! They were in love. Mrs. Rogers resisted until the preacher stepped before them. And then she hushed. Gallantly, she accepted defeat and refused, she promised, ever to be a meddlesome mother-in-law. She'd be a good loser, give them her blessing and wish them happiness.

Thus began a hectic married life. Separated immediately, they continued thus most of the three years they were man and wife. For Ginger didn't join the act, and she didn't like being called Ginger Pepper, even if it was cute. Much as she loved her Jack, she was Ginger Rogers and she was going to be a success in her own right and she'd never be content with vaudeville. She tried to instill new ambition in Jack. He shouldn't be content either with vaudeville for the rest of his life. Why not get the big plums in this business?

Ginger and her mother set out to get them, while Jack continued in the three-a-day, hoping that Ginger would eventually see that she didn't have a chance on Broadway and would then join his act.

Some people say she married Jack for what he could do for her and left him when she overtook him on the ladder to success. That is not true.

She married Jack solely because she loved him, and the only person who helped her get where she is today was her mother. Lela Rogers gave up a good newspaper job in Fort Worth to be with her daughter. Together they planned Ginger's career, playing in units until she had sufficient experience to try Broadway.

NO chorus work for Ginger, once they reached the Main Stem. She was going to start in something good or they'd go back to torch songs for Publix, insisted Mrs. Rogers, as they made the rounds of managers. As a result of their persistence, Ginger got the second lead in "Top Speed" on Broadway, the lead in Gershwin's "Girl Crazy," and then stepped into pictures in Paramount's Long Island studios. Yes, she was now going places!

Meantime Jack still plugged along in vaudeville. And no doubt he saw the writing on the wall. He had stood still while Ginger forged ahead.

No marriage can survive three years of separation, broken infrequently with hurried week-ends or brief visits "between engagements." After all, the postman isn't Cupid and a marriage can't endure on a diet of long distance phone calls, letters and telegrams. Ginger at last acknowledged that it wouldn't work. There was simply no use in going on.

So they parted and were divorced two years ago.

It was almost more than Jack could take, for he still adored this girl he had married. And it was a long time before he could face a future without her. Today he is still in vaudeville, directing an orchestra and headlining bills wherever he plays.

As for Ginger, her eyes filled with tears when a Texas judge handed her her divorce decree.

Ginger and her mother left immediately for Hollywood. And you all know what progress she's made. Ginger's getting right along, as they say in Texas. And I expect she'll climb a lot higher, for she knows definitely what she wants. And that is to gain great success as an actress and to make a million dollars. With those ambitions realized, she's told her old friends, she'll consider trying matrimony again and making a career of that. But until that day comes, marriage is definitely "out."

For Mother Rogers insists that two careers won't mix. And Ginger is now convinced that "Mother knows best."

Will Maureen Marry Johnny?

(*Continued from page 41*)

sions are motivated by selfishness. We feel better inside when we acknowledge or confess we have done wrong in the past, but the person who loves us does not feel better when he hears it. Digging up old, forgotten skeletons is very hard on love.

"I have never regretted anything I have ever done, because I have always done what, at the moment, seemed to me to be the real, right thing. Some very wise person once said that 'the man who never makes mistakes is the man who never does anything.' I believe this is true. We climb by our mistakes, if we don't let them get us down. I am a very foolish, quixotic, idealistic sort of person and I make many mistakes, but I like to believe that, because of my mistakes, I am a better girl today than I was yesterday, that I will be a better and stronger girl tomorrow than I am today.

"I won't say I regret anything. Only sometimes I wish I had married when I was seventeen or eighteen. I think the greatest chance of happiness lies in early marriages. Young girls and boys have such definite ideas about what they want of life, what they want to give life. Then, if they wait until they have seen too much of life, they begin to soften their opinions and beliefs, round off the corners and whittle them down to fit the ordinary standards of living.

I WORSHIPPED my father, when I was a little girl. We were terribly fond of each other. I think that is why I make friends with men so easily. I know I think like a man and I have a man's outlook on life. I got that from being with father so much. He is very ill. That is why I want to hurry back home. He was seriously injured in the war and he has never been really well since.

"When we are married, I don't want to live the year round in Hollywood. I would like to live at least part of each year near London. I would like a small country home. The country, fresh air and freedom is necessary to my happiness.

"I can almost see those bright, green rolling hills of Ireland, with their little glens and running streams, with everything so quiet, unhurried and peaceful.

"I want Johnny to love my home, my folks, my Ireland. He will, I know. Everyone does who sees it and them. I have no intention of bringing my little sister to Hollywood when I return. I don't know how this rumor started. Sheila

is only thirteen. I came over too early for safety really, and I was eighteen. No, I would not want her to come to Hollywood now for several years anyway."

Maureen and Johnny have had their love for each other tested in many strange and trying fires. Separation, misunderstanding, distance and sorrow. And it has come through, fine and clean. Whatever the world may say will matter not one whit to these two when they finally become man and wife. They are approaching marriage in a spirit of humility that bids well for endurance.

Johnny is a strange and quiet man, a mysterious person, really. But little Maureen is a mystery herself. There are lots of thoughts going on behind those clear, blue-gray eyes of hers that are never brought to the surface and dragged out for the world to see. She has lived through many strange and hard experiences. As a child, she lived through the horrors of London war raids. During one of them, a man ran up and pounded on her door, after he was dead. His head was practically severed, but he was already in the act of running and he kept on going after life had left his body. Maureen and her nurse both saw him. The nurse became hysterical and Maureen held her in her baby arms all night and comforted her. She told me about it once in a matter-of-fact manner. The thing is not impossible. I know it is true. I have shot antelope through the heart and had them run on for fifty, even sixty yards after they were dead.

MAUREEN is self-reliant and positive. She has the courage of her convictions, has always had. To illustrate, once when she was about ten years old, she entered a butcher's shop in Ireland and saw a sheep's carcass, newly killed, quivering on a nail. She indignantly demanded that the proprietor of the shop put the animal out of its misery. Since it was still moving and pulsing, the man could not convince her that the sheep was dead. She marched out of the shop and hunted up a humane officer and had him come and investigate.

The incident is so typical of Maureen. She is the bravest girl I know. If she thought anything were right, she would not hesitate to stand by her convictions, if the whole world were arrayed against her.

I like her tremendously, because in all of Hollywood's maze and labyrinth of lost illusions, broken dreams and glittering untruths, she has kept her own dreams and ideals intact. A miracle, when you stop to consider that she came to America at the age of eighteen. She is now twenty-three.

The five formative years of her life have been spent in the hardest testing ground of character in the world. Yet here she is, the one and practically only girl I can think of off-hand, who is as sweet and unspoiled as she was when she came to us.

I do not know Johnny very well. He is shy and reserved. Yet it does not take second sight to see that he and Maureen understand and find happiness in each other's company.

I want this marriage to be successful and to bring Maureen all of the things she has missed in screen success. She is too big to be satisfied with laurel leaves and recognition. She is utterly feminine at heart. She wants to love and be loved.

Hollywood can worry about her all it wants to. I am not going to lose a minute's sleep over her, or what marriage will do to her. I know that she is putting her whole heart and life into the venture and, since we usually get back what we give, marriage will not prove "half-a-loaf" for her.



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Hollywood Over-rates Romances

(*Continued from page 55*)

replied quickly and emphatically, "Oh, no! I assure you. She looks after me much too well. She is very sensible about those things. The time taken for a snack to eat, and post mortems on the fights, wouldn't have been as prolonged had she been home."

After a moment or two of deliberation, he said, in quiescent, meditative manner, "I suppose really the reason so many marriages end quickly in Hollywood is because of the sophomoric approach to romance. Hollywood is make-believe and tremendously sentimental and naïve. Romance is as great a part of it as cameras and lights.

"Everything in Hollywood is supposed to last. Whereas, nothing is truly permanent here. Neither careers, fame, riches, nor romance. Nothing could be more false, as I see it, than the premise that romance must continue unceasingly through marriage. It can't last. It shouldn't. If ever it did there would be something wrong with it.

"I think in Hollywood, where everything assumes a false value, an actor or an actress who marries expects too much from the very start. And when there isn't perfection immediately, they run away from marriage in order to escape reality and to be able to return to their world of make-believe."

I ASKED Mr. Howard whether he thought two players should marry, and whether an Englishman's point of view on marriage differed from a Hollywoodite's.

"It seems to me it would be frightfully difficult for an actor and an actress to be wed. I realize that they would have strong mutual interests, but their very similarity would be against one of the fundamental reasons for success in matrimony, which is the avoidance of monotony and dullness. I think it best for an actor or actress to marry out of the profession.

"Yes, I suppose everything that I say and think reflects an Englishman's training and psychology. Our whole system of education is to develop national spirit in the individual. We are very proud of this. We aim to extend this spirit to the institution of marriage also. I think you will nearly always find an English couple extremely earnest in their efforts to preserve the 'holy state of matrimony.' We do everything possible to avoid divorce, and our stern British divorce laws also are designed toward that end.

"We regard marriage as a great institution. Children are the pillars of it. We build and strengthen the structure from those pillars. They are the all-important equation in the marital union. It seems to me that when couples are able to have a family, and don't, they must have a strange sort of courage and easy philosophy to be able to continue on. The whole purpose of marriage is to have children, to build for future generations. If not, why marry?"

Mr. Howard is educating his children in England rather than America. I asked him why?

"Well, for one thing we have bought a lovely old Tudor house in the country, in Surrey. My family for several generations has come from that part of England. The house, consequently, has tradition for us. It is a wonderful place for the children. They can have a grand time of it there. We have thirty acres of ground and they may have horses and animals, which they love.

"The other reasons are that the children both prefer England for school, especially the boy, Ronald, who had a most unhappy experience in American schools, when he was in this country two years ago. And then Mrs. Howard and I both believe that the children should be brought up with the same mental training as our own.

ABOUT Ronald's experience. We had him in a New York public school, but soon found that we were putting him at a disadvantage, because he was being teased by the other boys and girls about his accent. He immediately changed it, and then he was using two accents, one at home and another at school. We felt if he continued in school here and became Americanized, we should become so ourselves—which is not the simplest thing to do. But we felt definitely then that the boy and girl both should either remain English or become Americanized. There must be a decision in such a matter. The children decided themselves in favor of continuing their education over in England.

"It is a great sacrifice for us to be away from them during their school terms. But we feel we are doing what is best, and it is better to be separated for a period each year than to be completely alienated from your own. I have seen some of the children of English parents in Hollywood and they are entirely different from their fathers and mothers. I just can't seem to connect the children with their parents at all. The sympathy is lost between them when the lives and training are different from their parents.

"Then again, I do know that the culture in England has many centuries behind it, and that the training on the whole is very satisfactory, because it is not easy, not soft. My children can always explore new things when they are older, after the first bricks are laid."

Getting back to the ever-present divorce disease in Hollywood, I asked Leslie Howard whether he thought the wife of an actor should sever the bonds of matrimony if ever he were guilty of transgression.

"Most men," he replied, "in any walk of life, have temptation pass their ways sooner or later. Actors are no exceptions to this rule. In fact, they are rather generously included. A mild flirtation, a minor transgression, or a major one—these are offenses which every wife handles in her own way, naturally. But I believe the wise wife regards marriage as an institution erected to withstand just such happenings.

"It has always seemed to me that the wife in Barrie's 'What Every Woman Knows' revealed infinite wisdom when she observed: 'Woman was not created from man's rib, but from his funny bone.' I know a wife like that!"

From Mr. Howard's closing remark, following his illuminating commentaries on marriage and divorce in Hollywood, I should say that successful marriages might be traced directly to wives with a sense of humor—and divorces to wives totally lacking in one.

Clean pictures, yes. But fanatical reform, never!

What They Think of Censorship

(*Continued from page 29*)

to my mind, clearly intended to point out the very real danger in that sort of conduct both to the doctor and the nurse. He wasn't dealing with two individuals, but was preaching to all doctors and all nurses in all hospitals the world over, and to all potential medical students and student nurses as well.

"It was as though some professor, in whose knowledge, experience and kindliness the audience reposed complete confidence, had addressed them relative to that important pitfall and stressed the importance of avoiding it. Can it be justifiably said that the playwright had something immoral in mind when he wrote that scene?

"I don't think the industry needs a class of supervisors who are specialists in the psychology of mental defectives. It should be sufficient if they have a general understanding of moral concepts, and a knowledge of the viewpoints of normal children and adult men and women, who may still be susceptible to suggestions. Thus they could retain the ideas which the author had in mind, while removing material which might cause an ill effect.

"Of course, there is room for improvement in pictures, but an onslaught which comes from not altogether disinterested sources need not be accepted as sane or sound. On the contrary!"

That's what one tolerant, keen-minded and clean-minded leader in the field of law had to say. Let's visit another member of the bar.

INTERVIEWED in his office, Samuel Untermyer, nationally known lawyer, took time out from a mass of corporation reports to give you, the movie-goer, his opinion on a subject of vital interest to you. Calling his secretary, Mr. Untermyer dictated this exclusive statement for MODERN SCREEN.

"I am, on the whole, in sympathy with the movement of the Catholic clergy to censor moving pictures, which may be fairly said to be, today, the chief source of public entertainment and, in many respects, of public education. It would be a misfortune to impair their usefulness or popularity, but it is equally important to limit them to wholesome and legitimate lines.

"It is beyond question that motion pictures unduly stress and exaggerate sex and crime, but it may be that such emphasis on the more exciting phases of life is essential to sustain dramatic interest. Pictures do not overdo these topics any more than does the contemporary stage.

"The constant glorification of gangsters in the movies is definitely demoralizing, especially where they are made to appear as heroes and heroines. Even though they are frequently punished as the picture ends, that does not offset the evil. Far too great a proportion of the pictures are of that class. Detectives stories are, however, frequently tainted with the same vice. The great dramatists and novelists are too little drawn upon for material, of which there is an abundance.

"I am satisfied that, on the whole, adequate editing by the producers could remove most of the evils of which complaint is now partly justly and partly unjustly made. I hope, however, that nothing will be done to impair the popularity of moving pictures. They, together with the radio and the phonograph, have done so much

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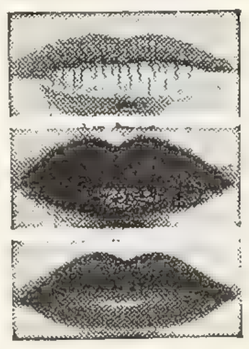
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to brighten life in the farming districts and small communities, besides which they have been an educational force. Through them our rural population has been able to see the world and to broaden its outlook on life. They have stilled the impatience of youth in rural communities and have made life on the farm not only more endurable but pleasurable."

And now let's turn to a spokesman in the industry—Carl Laemmle, highly respected head of Universal Pictures. "I am wholeheartedly for clean pictures; have always been," Mr. Laemmle has told representatives of his world organization. "I think the situation is being painted blacker than it really is. The average picture is clean and wholesome. There have been some exceptions, I am sorry to say, but they are a very, very small percentage compared to those that are good and elevating. We have had a 'white list' at Universal studios since 1925, and I am proud of Universal's record of clean, entertaining pictures. *We welcome constructive criticism, but we are against fanatical reform.* We can be 'clean' without being prudish. Double meanings should not be read into every line of screen dialogue. I have pledged my company to make entertainment for the whole family, and we are set to meet such an obligation."

TWO famous stars take up the argument—John Boles and Irene Dunne, appearing together in "The Age of Innocence." John Boles says:

"Talking pictures have been the largest single factor in education that has entered human lives since the dawn of time.

"Talking pictures brought good music into the lives of the great masses who prior to that time had no opportunity to hear it. The pictures showed the people of the world how other men lived in remote places where the great majority had no chance to visit. Pictures presented a fashion parade in a Paris salon to the man and woman in the small town who had only the country store. They took every one who wanted to go, on a big game hunt or a fishing trip. They put every citizen in intimate contact with the outstanding figures in politics, finance, business, the church and social life.

"In other words the pictures have given the man in the street a trip around the world and a liberal education."

And Irene Dunne states:

"There have been unwholesome pictures, but there have been many more fine ones which have implanted ideals of good living in the minds of millions of people. In the majority of instances, virtue has been rewarded and vice punished. The finer qualities of courage, honesty and loyalty have been glorified, even when the text of the picture was not what it should have been. If people want salacious books, they are easily found, but the good ones are in the majority. The same is true of pictures. It is the duty of mothers and fathers to censor the pictures their children shall see and if parents do this and also stay away themselves, the bad pictures soon will die of starvation."

Now let's ask somebody in a different field—a great radio star—Rudy Vallee.

"Gangster pictures have their place," he said, "but not the type they are screening now. You've got to show that it's the public who gets the kick in the pants from gangdom. Sure, they show the gangster abusing the hero on the screen and finally coming to no good end. But that doesn't drive it home. *Somebody should make a gangster picture showing that it's you and I who pay for the crook's cars, apartments and yachts*—and not indirectly, through taxes used to support the peace officers who fight crime.

"We should be shown pictures driving home the fact that when a racketeer levies a protection tribute from the laundries, the dry cleaners, the garages or any other legitimate business, the concerns must raise their prices ten or fifteen per cent in order to pay. It's we who foot the bill.

"I don't mean that purely educational pictures should replace all others. Human interest could be and should be employed to drive home the information.

"Then, too, the responses to pictures are well-nigh unpredictable. I was amazed one day while in a newsreel theater to hear some people actually applaud a picture of Dillinger. Many of the audience hissed, of course, but some really did applaud. I can understand people admiring and applauding great artists, athletes and statesmen. But to applaud a deadly criminal—it's beyond me!

"I find the censors one of the most amazing phenomena of the entire astonishing picture business. They sometimes cut out lines or scenes which I consider absolutely innocuous, only to pass an episode that makes me pinch myself to find out whether I'm dreaming when I see it on the screen.

"There are many thoroughly clean pictures, too, and often they are the biggest money-makers. But, taken on the whole, pictures are pretty fantastic. I doubt if ten per cent of them mirror life accurately from start to finish. If they did, they probably wouldn't be as entertaining as they are."

AND now we'll talk to a man who has travelled all over the world, who has been in pictures, who writes a daily newspaper column, who has written a half dozen or so books, and is the greatest war correspondent that has ever lived; a man who is a stark realist, unafraid of facts no matter how grim and unpleasant they may be—Floyd Gibbons. He won't be afraid to speak his mind.

"Smut in pictures," he says, *"would kill itself if left alone.* Decent people won't go to see it and certainly won't take their children. If a boy takes a girl to a movie and they see something that embarrasses them, they'll stay away from such movies in the future.

"I don't want to make any sweeping indictment, but I think better taste might be shown in some pictures. On the whole, I consider them highly educational; in two hours a picture can teach you more than you'd learn in months of reading or years of travel.

"It isn't necessary or sensible to show orgies on the screen. Such pictures are produced to jazz up the jaded night club appetites of blasé New Yorkers. But Broadway isn't the whole United States by a long shot, and vastly more people attend neighborhood theatres from Maine to Mexico than frequent the mammoth ones around Times Square. Every time a shocker hits the home folks, there's a kick-back.

"The country is decent as a whole, as was proven by the success of 'Little Women' and Frank Buck's 'Bring 'Em Back Alive,' both of which were better box office than films based on girls' legs.

"But some producer pulls a shocker which, because of its novelty, is a hit, and then the other producers try to outdo him, until finally one is reached who's strong to do a 'Little Women.'

"There'll always be some sex in pictures, as long as there is sex in audiences—but it doesn't have to be made objectionable.

"I don't believe in glorifying loose women or criminals. But the average picture doesn't do so. If a picture's true to life, it shows Right triumphant in the end, for I think Right usually does prevail. (But maybe I'm just a little bluebird.)

Gangster pictures in which the crook is punished for his crimes don't do any more harm than dime novels. I always used to read Nick Carter, King Brady and such books when I was a kid and I believe I've turned out as honest as the average man."

As I was leaving, Gibbons said, "You ought to ask Monte Schoedsack his opinion. He knows much more about it than I do. He is the man who, with Merian Cooper, made 'Grass,' 'Chang,' 'King Kong,' and a few other pictures you may remember. He's in the business."

So I went to see Ernest B. Schoedsack, who's called Monte because his middle name is Beaumont.

"Personally, I don't expect to have my plans upset very much by this latest censorship wave," said Schoedsack. "The type of picture I've done best with has always been along the lines of straight action, adventure and spectacle. The sort of thing that doesn't deal with either of the sore spots in the present agitation—smut and crime. However, everyone connected with pictures is going to feel the reaction of this fight, for I imagine that it's going to cost the whole industry a lot of money.

"It's too bad that a few oversmart producers were shortsighted enough to grab the easy profits on pictures which they must have known should be censored, and so upset the rest of the producers who are simply trying to make good entertainment. And now that the fight is on in earnest, it's likely to be carried to ridiculous extremes and a lot of perfectly decent pictures will have to suffer with the few that should be suppressed.

"Censorship is pretty funny business anyway. There seem to be as many sets of rules as there are State Boards. In some places you cannot allow characters to speak such words as 'dame,' 'madame' or 'virtue,' simply because they were misused at some time or other.

"Clean pictures are usually the best money-makers, anyway. Just look back over the list of big successes in the past years. But ideas of what's fit to screen vary the world over. Here the censors are down on sex, gang stories and scenes of violence—but don't care how much you kid the government. In England, on the other hand, you can't poke fun at the Bobbies or the Royal Family, and if you touch on politics in France or Germany—well, it's just too bad!

"I remember when I was in Singapore the local censor used to cut a whole reel if it contained a scene showing a white woman's skirts above her knees. This was supposed to keep the natives from getting any funny ideas about the high standards of all white women's virtue and superiority. However, just outside the theatre there was a nightly parade of *filles de joie*—all white—their rickshaws drawn by leering Chinese coolies. And the girls weren't worried at all about keeping their knees covered.

"Well, I'm afraid it's going to be a long time before we'll know just what we'll be allowed to do on the screen. Tough characters probably won't even be able to say 'Holy Mackerel'—some censors will want to cut out the 'Holy'."

WHEN I asked John S. Sumner, Executive Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, what he thought of pictures, he said:

"I've always opposed crime pictures, believing that they lead to imitation on the part of the young, and tend to make them admire such real criminal characters as Dillinger and Al Capone. Gangster pictures teach youngsters the technique of gangdom, and they begin playing gangster. In the days of the Westerns, they played cowboys and Indians, but this wasn't harm-



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Noxzema

ful because the boy couldn't really become an Indian, while he can easily become a gangster.

"Then, too, the films are too strong on the lives of prostitutes, as the stage was a few years ago. I try not to be strict in my views, but I don't approve of showing plays that deal with loose women who have hearts of gold. It's not even true to life.

"Another film shocker is the musical which specializes in nudity. If it's done artistically—as Ziegfeld used to do it in the old 'Follies'—it isn't offensive at all, and some pictures with scantily clad chorus girls are not objectionable. But I can't see any reason for showing intimate close-ups of girls' stomachs!

"Some of the producers have created an appetite for nudity, sex and gangster pictures. There was considerable opposition to the latter, so they dropped the simon-pure gang stuff. If the present attitude of the church spreads, the producers will be forced to clean up."

And those are the opinions of a number of representative Americans relative to the movies. They are to be commended upon their courage for speaking their minds so freely, for truly the subject is painful to handle.

But the consensus of opinion seems to be that there have been some pictures which should never have been shown—that some pictures have contained scenes which might better have been deleted. But, on the whole, pictures afford entertainment to many millions of people each year, and the producers try to give you what you want.

Well, fellow movie-fans, what do you think? Are the pictures good or bad? Do we want them changed, and if so, how radically? And, after they have been purged will we go to see them as often as we do now—or oftener?

Garbo's Secret Vacation

(*Continued from page 27*)

hearty breakfast early next morning.

These visits usually last a week, but no one ever ventures up the mountain to call and she receives no mail or telegrams. Her lonely stay is broken only by her brief conversations with those who serve her. Never arrogant or "high-hat," she seems merely shy and terribly afraid of people. The natives are fond of her and delight in doing little things that bring a smile of grateful pleasure to her tired face. Her generosity, in return, is traditional.

One of the most amusing occurrences during a Garbo visit at the lake happened when the management was forced to put her in a tiny room on the top floor of the Inn, without benefit of private bath. Garbo customarily takes the only room in the quaint hostelry that boasts its own bath, but unfortunately, a women's convention was in full blast on the first floor. In order to preserve the quiet insisted upon by Greta, the management shifted her to a tiny back room, where she seemed pleased and happy, though forced to run down the hall clad in a bathrobe for her daily dunking.

The way the employees "gang up" to preserve the peace of mind of their favorite guest is illustrated by the fact that the publicity manager of the resort never knows that she has visited there until after the black car has taken its dignified, though noisy, departure down the hill. One time a news photographer, whose candid camera pictures of motion picture celebrities are well known and who has spent the better part of two years trying in vain to get an informal picture of the enigmatic Swede, actually vacationed in the room next to hers for two days without learning that she was there, even failing to guess her presence when a smitten bell-hop delivered great armloads of fragrant almond blossoms daily to the lady with the deep voice.

GARBO doesn't keep her car at the lake with her, but sends it down the mountain as soon as she is deposited, with instructions to return when she calls. Making this call to her faithful James is the only time Garbo ever uses the telephone during her stay. She never ventures down to the village proper, or walks on the beautiful trails maintained on the village shore of the lake. Chances of taking a walk on these paths without meeting someone are too slim.

Only once was Garbo accompanied by anyone on her vacation from Hollywood. That was when Rouben Mamoulian, her director, came up the mountain with his star.

"Now we'll see her dressed up," ran along the grapevine telegraph, as the director accompanied Garbo at the time when rumors of their impending marriage were on the front pages of all the newspapers. The stories stated that the romantic couple were touring the country in Garbo's car, while they were actually hidden away at Arrowhead all the while.

Much to the disappointment of those who expected her at least to break down and comb her hair properly, Garbo donned the least flattering combination of clothing she has worn at the lake at any time when she took Mamoulian along on her heretofore solitary walks among the pine trees. The visor still drew her hair up into a bushman's top-knot on top of her classic head. A mackintosh several sizes too large for her replaced the sweat shirt, and boy's plus-four golf trousers supplanted the wrinkled slacks. Her long, slim legs were encased in heavy golf socks of the sort favored by your iceman, and the shoes seemed even bigger and heavier than ever. Yet Mamoulian, to all who saw them together, was doubtless fascinated by her and Garbo seemed gay and young for the first time, laughing happily and talking enthusiastically in a foreign tongue.

Up there they guess her age as thirty-five, but are often startled by some childish action that provides conversational topics around the fireplace in the lounge during the long winter evenings. Occasionally Garbo will leave a funny little note on her breakfast tray, making fun of the cook, the waiter, or telling a little joke. Once in a while she will run down the hill from the Inn to her canoe like a startled rabbit, with her hair bouncing along behind her.

Sometimes she throws peanuts out of her window to the squirrels or asks that Daniel, the fat gray cat who presides over the Inn like an aged and dignified patron, have dinner in her room with her. She giggled like a school girl over the dozens of newspaper stories stating that she was touring the country with Mamoulian, and laughed heartily when informed that the news photographers had failed to penetrate her effective disguise.

Garbo is human! On her last visit she asked to be notified immediately when Daniel's latest consort blessed him with her first litter of fuzzy kittens.



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HOW she blushed when she realized what her "everlasting powdering" was making him think! Of course it made her look shallow—frivolous—common—for "nervous powdering" is something no really well-bred woman indulges in. What was worse, it made her seem like a person with a coarse, greasy skin—to which powder *wouldn't* stick.

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Golden Peacock

Face Powder

Bob Answers the Gossips

(*Continued from page 31*)

the only possible answer it had—a laugh. I asked one reporter who demanded to know if I were planning to divorce my wife. 'Are you planning to divorce yours?' I understand this was interpreted as suspiciously 'evasive.' But even so, Betty and I stuck to our guns of not dignifying the absurd rumors with serious denial. Betty kidded, 'Don't deny anything. All denials immediately end in divorce.'

"I thought that in time, as Betty and I went about our business of being as quietly married in Hollywood as it is possible to be, these silly stories would die a natural death. I didn't want to have to argue a happy marriage. I wanted to live one. But I have learned Hollywood has no sense of humor where her malicious gossip is concerned."

As he talked, I thought this was a strange mood for the debonair Mr. Montgomery. Of all the young men of Hollywood, he most closely approximates his screen personality. Off screen, he is as gay and amusing as any shadow has ever reflected him to be. His private dialogue can, and has, topped some of the best "lines" ever created for him by our cleverest writers. In a town over-run with childish emotionalism, he is a thoroughly grown-up, adult person. Sophistication is an overworked word that should be applied to few actors. But Bob has it in every delightful meaning of the word. But at this moment, and for this subject, he was down to cases—serious and without laughs.

WHEN these eyebrow-lifting hints began to grow bolder and came out from behind the thin guise of 'the certain star and his wife' into actually calling our names, it ceased to be any part of a joke to us, and Betty and I stopped and tried to reason just why and how they could have started.

"What had we done that could serve as a basis for such a persistent campaign against our happiness? Certainly we have never been separated for any length of time. I have never gone to New York or on any vacation trip without Betty. The few times we have been separated was when I was sent on difficult location trips where I knew the climate and living conditions would not be healthy for her or the baby. Nor have we fallen into that modern social habit of attending parties without one another.

"The next thought was, were we living in any way that hinted of impermanency? Just recently we bought a home in upper New York, near Pawling, that is meant for family life. It is our future home where we expect to spend the rest of our days when Hollywood is finished with me. Certainly this could not be interpreted as the move of one who is expecting to lead a life of gay bachelordom in the near future. Pawling is hardly the ideal locale for a giddy fling into single life.

"Had we in any way conducted ourselves in a manner to hint of hidden trouble between us?" Suddenly, Bob relaxed and grinned. "Of course, there was that time we went to the mat over whether the Mother Goose drapes in the baby's nursery should have a blue or yellow background. And then there was the nail polish battle and the necktie feud. Far be it from to me to hint these were not serious affairs, but we had been in hopes they hadn't leaked out.



"Ssh, Betty! . . . You're much too big to cry. Let's get Aunt Alice to tell us why a nice little girl feels so weepy and cross all of a sudden."



"This little girl says she doesn't want to play, either, Mother. Perhaps it's constipation that's making her so listless. I'd give her Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Oh, Aunt Alice!—I'm just fine today!—Yes, I had my Fletcher's Castoria last night—and Mother says to tell you that she thinks it's simply wonderful!"

• "I'm so glad you're better, Betty, dear! You tell your Mother that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children just like you. And it hasn't a thing in it that would hurt your little baby brother, either. He'll love the taste of it just as much as you do."

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"Finally, when we both became convinced that nothing we had said, done or lived, could possibly account for this mess, I came to the conclusion that these attacks were not really aimed at my marriage, but at me, as an individual.

"I want to explain that. When I made up my mind I was going to maintain my private life at any cost, I did not realize how greatly this attitude would antagonize certain people in Hollywood.

FOR five years, I have been hounded on every side by reporters who would give the 'inside' of my home life, who wanted to interview my wife and write 'human interest' yarns. When I refused these requests, and insisted on my rights to a private life, the majority of writers were swell about it. But there were a certain few who deliberately misconstrued this into: 'Montgomery is hiding his wife, keeping her in the background so she won't interfere with his feminine film audience.' Others took offense at what was hinted to be my 'arrogant independence' on this subject. Other stars permitted home life interviews, where did Montgomery get that stuff of refusing his for publicity?

"I am bad copy for interviews anyway. I know that. With this current trend toward 'inside stuff,' I am probably the worst copy in Hollywood. Writers insisted they had to say something about me, and when I had so little to say, these rumors, it appears, were the inevitable result. I wouldn't let my wife talk? All right, I was suppressing her, probably hiding a very unhappy home life. I wouldn't seriously launch into a denial of triangle trouble between us? All right, I was fencing, glibly covering up what was really going on. And believe me, what was going on, was supposed to be pretty darn zippy stuff. My conscience was supposed to be so guilty I couldn't make a serious denial of anything, and so was resorting to a feeble attempt to 'laugh it off.' This entire angle of 'trouble' between us is so preposterously absurd I refuse to dignify it with any kind of an explanation.

"As for the guilty conscience charge, I am going to break down and admit that both Betty and I have one. We have a very guilty conscience that our silence about our private life has lent it such glamor and mystery. I am beginning to think we should have a very guilty conscience for the normalcy of the life we lead. I almost said the quiet and unexciting life, but that is not true. A marriage in which a child is involved can be the most exciting adventure life has to offer.

"It is completely exciting for three people to plan a present and a future together. In our case, the present, is Hollywood, my work, Betty's career as a wife and mother, our circle of friends.

"Like the head of every family, whether he is in the doctor, lawyer or acting business, I want to secure our financial future. We have worked out a routine system of saving our money. One half of my salary, I never see. It goes immediately to New York banks where it is invested in a trust fund. Half of the remaining amount is used for current expenses, and the rest is set aside for insurance, income tax and investments I might want to make out here. As for the other details on the 'inside' of my private life—what more is there to say, other than we have lamb chops, fried chicken, roast beef and seasonable vegetables for dinner, occasionally select a new piece of furniture for our home, attend picture shows and what theatres are available, and probably bore people with the cute things that the baby does.

"This is the simple, uninvolved secret of the married life I have tried to keep to myself because it is so unimportant to the rest of the world, but is so wholly important to me. And I have found that I cannot, without subjecting it to the most involved and cruel rumors."

Mother's Girl

(*Continued from page 33*)

to avoid people saying, 'She's tied to her mother's apron strings.' She used to come to the sets when we were making pictures over at Astoria in New York, because she enjoyed it so. She sat in those terrible drafts and I believe they were the cause of her getting tuberculosis. For six months she did not leave her bed. I was petrified. She is well now, and I would not have her run the risk again.

"But to go back. You see, we are a French family. My mother was raised in France by a mother who said, 'At three o'clock you must do this; at four, that.' She married my father at eighteen to get away from it. She fell in love with him *after* they were married.

"You know how children love beauty? How everyone, but especially children, adore it? My father, my brother, I—even our relatives—bowed instinctively to my mother. Her beauty was so great that she was, without trying to be, the queen at whose feet we worshipped. She was always the petted one of the entire family.

MOTHER was not strict with us, in the usual sense of the word. But by her beauty, her striking personality, she became first to me. I have had exactly two friends in my life. One in school and one out here.

"I want you to thoroughly understand that my mother was never a tyrant. For example, this one friend I had in high school. Her mother would not let her smoke. She used to slip into our home, close the bedroom door and light a cigarette. One day my mother opened the door and said, 'If you girls want to smoke, you don't have to close the door.' Because she did not forbid me to smoke, I have cared very little about it.

"She was careful not to let me think too much of myself. The other day, I was visiting an acquaintance, one of the few I have. Another woman was there, who noticed the little girl of the house. 'Isn't she cute?' she asked. I watched the child. She was taking it big. I thought that very bad for the child and remembered how my mother handled this situation. She said, 'People stop to look at children who are very pretty or very ugly. You are neither good-looking nor bad-looking, so you are the kind that people won't stop to look at at all.' It made me completely unconscious of other people. Except my mother.

"It is true, she did not raise me to be married, as so many mothers do. Perhaps there was some reason back of that. We were not rich. It was always understood I was to work when I had finished high school. I wanted to be an artist. Mother discouraged that. It took so much money to become a good one and then there were such small returns. But I was never asked to wash dishes or to learn about domestic things.

"It has been printed so often how I happened to go on the stage. I will not repeat it. But you will remember it was sheer accident. I do not believe I would have gone through the work and trials necessary to get a break on the stage. In fact, I would never have thought of it. And since there was simply no one in our family who had been on the stage, mother wouldn't have either.

"But when the chance came, mother encouraged it. Father opposed it. He had an idea of the French stage in his mind, of course, which is very different from the American one. But mother got her own way. She always did with father, with all of us.

I HOPE you can understand. I cannot remember ever talking back to my mother. I have never said, 'I'm sorry.'

"There was only one time when I was really frightened. That was when I married Norman. No, we didn't exactly elope. We were playing in a show together and slipped out and got married without telling her. It was pretty bad. I knew how she felt. I understood. She had not raised me to marry, but I felt I had the right and I knew that eventually she would understand. It took about a year, but today Norman likes her better than he does me. Oh, yes, he does!

"I have never thought one house big enough for two families. There may be exceptions. I do not know them. I certainly could not keep house for Norman. I knew nothing about it. And Norman had lived alone ever since he went to Carnegie Tech at eighteen. There was absolutely no opposition from him to my continuing to live with my mother. I think Norman really preferred it. But, when I married, is the only time I have ever been really frightened of my mother."

She paused, then smiled slowly. "Why, even the pet stories in our family are about my mother. My brother's is this one. We always talked French at home. I appreciate that now. When foreigners come to this country, the parents usually speak their broken English before the children. That is bad because the youngsters are learning correct English in the schools. No word of English was allowed in our home. My brother had reached that age when boys learn to swear. He used the word 'damn.' So my father told my mother this was bad and mother told my brother he must never use it again. The next day, he stubbed his toe and said, 'Hell.' My French speaking mother, who did not know what it meant said, 'Now, that is all right, Charles. That is nice. You say that when you feel like saying the other, which is bad.'

"Yes, we are always telling stories about mother. We don't always see through her, of course. She is clever as well as beautiful.

"The other night we went to see a motion picture. I am very careful not to make comments about any picture when anyone is around us. As we came out, there must have been at least ten people staring at me. Someone asked me how I liked the picture and before I could answer, mother said, 'It's terrible.' I was so embarrassed I didn't know what to do. She said she didn't think, but I have a sneaking feeling she said it quickly so she could say it first. She was afraid *I* was going to say it. You see, you can't ever be sure about mother. She's never sarcastic herself. I'm afraid I am. And she'll say things, I *know*, to keep me from saying them.

AND if that's a mother complex! You see, mother doesn't trust many people. She instilled that in me early. I know I

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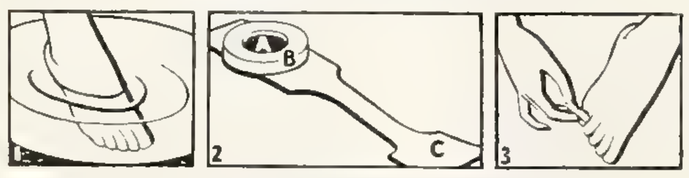


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could never trust any man as I do her. I could never leave her.

"She's in Europe now. I simply made her go, for her own good. Yes, I had a letter from her saying she was lonely for me and I wrote her that old cockney story of the mother who took her kids to the beach and when one cried, she slapped him and said, 'I brought you here to enjoy yourself. Now, for goodness sakes, enjoy yourself!'"

Claudette paused for a very long moment. "I do think we are moulded by our early lives. Our early homes stamp the kind of people we are going to become. But if a mother complex is living only for your mother, I haven't one. I live for myself and she lives for me. Of course," Claudette looked a bit wistful, "she will always be the pretty one in our family and that—well, that has a lot to do with it."

Of course, to an American mind, Claudette Colbert *has* a mother complex. To us, a girl who would not leave her mother for a home of her own is unusual. And that is the great difficulty in Americans judging the people who come to us from other countries.

Right now, Marlene Dietrich is causing a furore in Hollywood because we are trying to judge her and her husband and their home according to our standards. He is escorting another woman; she is being escorted by Douglass Montgomery, Brian Ahern and Joseph Von Sternberg. An American husband and wife would divorce in such a circumstance, but not a continental European. They have a child. Their home is as sacred as an institution. It is not just for love between a man and a woman. That love is secondary to the love of children; "family" is a unit of civilization rather than a unit for one man and one woman.

Claudette Colbert is French. She is a normal, wholesome, lovable girl, so attractive that she makes that old, trite expression "She takes your breath away" fresh, again. To the French side of her, this devotion to a beautiful mother, whose beauty and personality she learned to worship in the cradle, is wholly usual.

She said, once, with that far-away look at other fields which always seem a bit greener in any language, "I have always wanted to do something spectacular, to make a sensation over night, like Katharine Hepburn, for example. But I've never done it. I just work hard and keep thinking of my work. But I can't do spectacular things like those women."

Never gossiped about. Even the reason for that lies in this story of Claudette and her mother. She has had only two friends, beside her mother; few acquaintances. Her only confidante throughout life has been her mother and mothers don't whisper innuendoes against their daughters. Most friends, most acquaintances, most husbands—do.

Whether we can quite understand or not, this story of that great bond between these women, explains all there is to explain about Claudette Colbert, the woman and the actress.

Bravo, Bravo, Grace Moore!

(*Continued from page 34*)

It was then that Grace Moore's fighting blood rose. She decided that although she was leaving without glory, she would return one day to claim it.

For four years Grace Moore carried a thorn in her heart, the thorn of injustice. She felt that Hollywood had taken something out of her, for which it had not paid. And despite that during this period she had been filling operatic and concert engagements and radio contracts, the thorn in her heart nettled. She couldn't forget Hollywood.

It made her as restless as the sea, and she laid all plans toward one end . . . her return to Hollywood to demand payment of a debt. Not a financial debt, but a moral and spiritual one. Well, it has been paid.

That debt was wiped out one night a few weeks ago, at the preview of Grace Moore's latest musical picture, "One Night of Love."

"One Night of Love" is the most important musical since "Be Mine Tonight," from an operatic standpoint. It is a success for Miss Moore. And it is also a feather in the cap of Columbia Pictures, coming at the very hour when censors and leading church dignitaries, and the public in general, are arbitrarily demanding finer films.

The enthusiasm which attended the preview of "One Night of Love" has seldom been equalled in Hollywood. It is unusual for film audiences to burst into applause over arias from the operas, "Madame Butterfly," "Traviata," and "Carmen." But they did on this occasion.

I TALKED to Miss Moore the day after the showing. Harry Cohn of Columbia Pictures had just taken up her option for two more years, calling for two musicals a season. Other producing companies also had put in bids for her services. And to add to the excitement, Harry Edington, famed manager of stars, had also just signed her under his management. She was as excited as a school girl.

We retired to the spacious living-room of her imposing home. I asked Grace Moore why she had concerned herself so deeply with a comeback on the screen. The Metropolitan Opera is open to her every season. So are the fields of concert, radio and operetta. Furthermore, she has money. So why should she have let Hollywood get under her skin?

"I'll tell you why," Grace Moore explained with emphasis. "Because I am a fighter to the last ditch on matters of principle. And Hollywood had assumed a great deal by bringing me out to its world with all of the fanfare, and then letting me down because two of my pictures didn't make the money anticipated. I was new in the game. I didn't know all of the ins and outs. Yet I was expected to do the miraculous by accomplishing everything at once, achieve in one or two efforts what most film stars accomplish only after many years of work.

"It was unjust of the producers not to give me a chance to show what I could do. And I made up my mind because they wouldn't, that one day Hollywood should pay the toll of a moral obligation. I never dreamed, however, that things would take the wonderful turn they have. I am overjoyed. And yet I feel that what happened on the screen last night is the result of my belief in myself.

"The exultation that I felt last night was an experience that comes once in a lifetime. And it was because I had succeeded, after four years of waiting, in sustaining my integrity as an artist. I proved to myself that Hollywood had not destroyed my morale.

I SHOULD like you to know that through this period I have not ever once felt embittered. I merely wanted a chance to redeem myself on the screen. I am a worker and I always try to make good. We can't always be successful, but at least we can try hard to be.

"Nobody was really to blame for the predicament in which I was four years ago. If the system of making pictures had permitted the studio heads to take time to work things out with me, I am sure matters would not have ended so badly. However, if everything had been straightened out before, perhaps I wouldn't be here today. Fate does play a big hand in working out our pattern of destiny. It is possible that I wasn't ready for the screen until now. Maybe I needed the silent suffering."

It is a delight to the ear to listen to Grace Moore talk. Her speaking voice is as rich and vibrant as her singing voice. She is a highly intelligent young woman, -and also intensely human. She talks with animation and is simple, direct and sincere. Nothing of the old-fashioned prima donna about her. She is a link between past and present operatic tradition. The prima donna with a modern inflection, who eats spinach instead of spaghetti and has luscious high C's just the same.

When I asked Miss Moore as to what she would have done had her second attempt at pictures been a dismal failure, she replied, "I then would have resigned myself to fate. I am a philosopher. I would have felt that I gave everything within my being to the fulfillment of a purpose, and that there was nothing more to do about it. At least, I would have retreated fighting.

THERE is a little secret I should like to tell you. It is another reason why I have wanted to work in Hollywood, at least part of the time. It is because of my husband. We will soon celebrate our third anniversary. Marriage has a deep significance for me. I don't want anything ever to disturb our happiness, if I can avoid it.

"My husband, Valentin Parera, has a contract to make Spanish versions of pictures for Fox, and he is happy over his work. He has stood by me so patiently in the interests of my career, and he has never once complained over sacrificing his own.

"He is a popular star in Spain. Now he has his opportunity in Hollywood, and I think it is my turn to rejoice over his success, as he has so long rejoiced over mine. And I am willing to stand by, too, if necessary."

I don't think Miss Moore will have to stand by in any other sense except devotion, because predictions point toward a screen success for her. Always a radiant figure on the stage, she is now also a lovely presence on the screen. She has reduced her figure to meet the demands of pictures, and has worked in her usual thorough manner toward a deeper understanding of the medium.

In her picture triumph, "One Night of Love," the high-brow sting of grand opera was entirely removed. Grace Moore succeeded in doing what she always has wanted to do. She humanized operatic excerpts, and transformed them into gems of melodic and dramatic beauty, understandable and appealing to everyone.

Grace Moore's conquest of Hollywood has been complete. The battle that she has fought and won is as dramatic as any story that has ever been filmed. And we are the gainers because of her victory. We need only to listen to her warm, lovely voice to be convinced of that.

Southern STYLE



THEY JUST USE A PINCH OF THIS AND A PINCH OF THAT, BUT THE RESULTS ARE ALWAYS PERFECT

Will Rogers found an opportunity recently to get some real southern recipes from Hattie McDaniel, and Hattie proved to be "some cook" as well as an actress. Study her menus and recipes in this month's Modern Hostess Department and have a real Southern Dinner sometime soon. Dishes which are seldom to be seen in recipe books are explained. Will Rogers thought they were grand—so will you.

MODERN HOSTESS DEPARTMENT, *every month in*

MODERN SCREEN



MAE WEST'S FAN MAIL!

Would you like to read Mae West's fan mail? Well, you can read all her mash notes, amusing marriage proposals, notes from kids and plantation owners in South America. You'll find them in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

LITTLE AMERICAN PRINCESS

Want to know more about one of the sweetest little gals on the screen today—Anita Louise? See our next issue.

DO CO-STARS FALL FOR EACH OTHER?

That's a question everyone asks at some time or other. Do the players in the co-starring teams actually get a "case" on each other? Why are those love scenes so convincing and those pictured tender moments so sincere? There are reasons—lots of 'em — and you'll learn them in the November issue of MODERN SCREEN.

The Test of a Lady

(*Continued from page 51*)

through, I tell you. I can't do it! I quit!' And she started sobbing.

"I've seen temperament around the theatre and I've seen fire, but I have never seen a performance to equal that girl's that afternoon. I went up to her and said, 'Quit worrying. You're swell. You're *in!*' The rest is stage history."

Mae rarely speaks of her any more, but once when I said Stanwyck had never really moved me until I saw her in "Baby Face," Mae regarded me incredulously.

"NEVER moved you!" she echoed. "Did you see her in 'Burlesque'? I was out front nearly every night and I never got through marveling at her performance. There was one scene after she divorced the hoofer—the man she loved—because he was a drunken bum. She was about to marry a butter-and-egg man. The hoofer drifted into her apartment when she hadn't seen him in months. They had had a scene in their act when they were together where they jazzed up the wedding march. He started doing that scene. Everybody in the place thought it was a gag and joined in. Suddenly Barbara began beating her hands on the piano and screaming, 'Stop it! Stop it, I tell you!' I have never heard one person get as many vibrations into her voice as Barbara got into hers then. It was like a symphony chorus in the Hollywood Bowl instead of just one person speaking.

"I tell you," Mae went on, "pictures have only scratched Barbara's surface. If she ever lets go and gives herself to pictures as I know her, she'll be the biggest star on the screen. Her personality is as dominant, as vital, as Mae West's or Garbo's. Oh, go on and laugh," she said, "but you don't know her."

"Well, anyhow," I returned, "you don't have to get excited. She never will let go to that extent, because she's a lady now."

"She's always been a lady," Mae snapped. "Oh, yes, I know I once told you that in New York we were good girls, but we weren't ladies. I didn't mean it the way you took it. I meant that we were harum-scarum kids, madcaps who did crazy things, but I've never known Barbara to do an unrefined thing."

Still another picture of Stanwyck flashed across my mind. A few years ago a friend of mine took me over to their home one evening.

We were there about four hours. Beyond saying "How do you do?" when we were introduced, Barbara never opened her mouth the entire evening except once. That was when Frank Fay paused to say, "Tell them what you said to those women in the theatre the other evening, Red."

"Why," said Barbara, "these two dames behind us kept gabbing so I couldn't hear the dialogue on the screen. I turned around and glared at them a couple of times, but it didn't do any good. When they had driven me almost nuts, I finally said, 'For pete's sake! Will you two dames keep your traps closed?'"

THAT remark was one of the most characteristic things Barbara has ever said. It is more indicative of her character than anything else I could think of. Everyone I've ever spoken to who "knew her when" says she was the most forthright, outspoken person in their acquaintance.

But that was the Barbara of four years ago. Today she is a lady. More aloof than Garbo, she goes nowhere, sees no one. At least, that's what Hollywood thinks. But recently the following appeared in Walter Winchell's column:

"Frank Fay and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, were never much for uppity doings. They have never forgotten the miseries of being poor. At their new mansion in Brentwood these nights they are surrounded by friends who 'knew them when' —all of whom are invited to enjoy the Japanese Gardens, the swimming pool and the other trimmings. These friends are not the swanky sort (the swanky set is snubbed). The friends invited are those who haven't had such sugary luck and who are going through the heartaches.



Chester Morris and Binnie Barnes, Universal's English importation, between scenes on the "Gift of Gab" set. Binnie still clings to the English "tea" custom.

Barbara is like that."

When I commented on it to Barbara she merely said, "Wasn't that nice of Winchell? You could have knocked me over with a feather, I was so surprised. I said to Frank, 'Honey, have we some Japanese Gardens hidden about the place?'"

"People," I remarked, "who know you comment on the changes that have taken place in you since you came out here. I don't mean 'changes' in the sense of becoming high-hat or ritzy, but fundamental changes. What has caused them?"

"What kind of changes?" she asked directly.

"Well, you're so much more subdued than formerly."

Barbara thought it over a moment. "I don't know. Oh, I suppose when you're successful out here you have so many more responsibilities and worries than when you're successful on the stage. I worry day and night over stories. Right now I'm in the doghouse at the studio because I turned down several stories they wanted me to do which I didn't feel were right for me.

"Then they wanted me to do 'British Agent' with Leslie Howard. I'd read the book twice, because I found it so absorbing, but it's a man's story. Howard was made to order for the part, but I turned it down because I saw no reason why I should play second fiddle to anyone. I've worked too hard to get to the top to give up top billing for no good reason. I don't mean the actual billing, because that is unimportant. I mean the top spot in the picture. In a few years, I suppose, I'll have to resign myself to leads and supporting parts—we all come to that eventually—but I don't feel I've reached that point yet.

IN New York you simply wait until a manager sends for you. He hands you a script and you read it. If you like the part, you play it. If you don't like it, you turn it down. There isn't this constant battle for suitable vehicles."

"Yes," I agreed, "that might explain something of the change in you, but it isn't all. In New York I used to see you almost every day at The Tavern for lunch. I never see you anywhere here."

Barbara smiled. "The life is different out here. In New York I lived in a hotel room. I had to get out. You can't spend your life there. Out here, I have a home with grounds around it. I'm contented and happy here. There's no reason for going out."

"In New York," I persisted, "you were a happy-go-lucky, scatter-brained kid, always ready for anything. But you're not like that today."

"I'm older now. Do people at thirty conduct themselves in the same way they do at twenty? Mark down any change in that direction to the sobering influence of age."

Barbara in a short-sleeved, yellow flannel sports dress, her reddish hair held back by a band of white baby ribbon, looked a youthful eighteen.

"Another thing," she went on, "the older you grow the more you know of life's miseries and heartaches. The only thing that seems really important is to do what you can to make things a little easier for those who are having tough sledding. You don't feel like kicking up your heels and going skylarking around when maybe that same day you've run across an old pal with paper in the bottom of her shoes instead of leather. Or when you've seen a friend who used to be a top-notcher looking so emaciated you hardly recognize him and know it's because he isn't eating regularly."

Service wrote a poem once. It was all



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about a junior god who became bored with being god-like. So he came down to earth and wallowed in a pig pen with some hogs. When he had had enough of that, he washed himself off and went back to heaven. It ends:

"The junior god now heads the roll
In the list of heaven's peers.
He sits in the house of high control
And regulates the spheres.
Yet, does he wonder, do you suppose,
If, even in gods divine,
The best and wisest may not be those
Who have wallowed awhile with the swine?"

I don't mean to imply that Barbara ever wallowed with swine. What I'm trying to intimate in my blundering way is this: Ladies are born—not made. And it is because she has been through the mill, because of her madcap, harum-scarum pranks in the days when she was on the way up, because of her forthrightness and honesty, because she knows and appreciates, how the other half of the world lives—that she is today, unconsciously, perhaps, a lady.

Nobody Loves a Clown

(*Continued from page 35*)

ahead, it's the truth. I'm an actor because I am this way. I'm an actor because I can't help myself. I couldn't be anything else. Some folks say I should be analyzed and then I'd be happier. But I don't want to know what's the matter with me. It might be worse than I think it is. And I don't mind being unhappy. It's my natural state and I'm kind of used to it.

"I wanted to do drama on the stage, of course. I did, at first. I never thought of being a comic. When I went to Dramatic School in New York, though, the director kept putting me in comedies. I told him I wanted to be dramatic. He said, 'Have you ever looked at that face of yours in the mirror?' I had but I'd thought it was a kind of sad face.

"You wanted to know about my love life. Seems kind of funny that no one has ever asked me about that before, because I am awfully susceptible.

MY love life began when I was about fourteen. There was a little girl in my class in high school. I fell in love with her. That was when I first knew that love isn't a happy thing; it's sad; it hurts. I didn't think of anything but her. Her face papered the walls of my room at home there in Cedartown, Georgia. She once sent me a comic valentine. It looked exactly like me and I didn't know that it was comic. I thought she had sent me a picture of myself because she was sort of thinking about me. But she didn't pay much attention to me and I figured that if I could be some sort of a hero, she would. So I went in for track and tried for the hundred-yard dash. It's the first and last time in my life I've ever been athletic. But I had long legs and I won the race. They presented me with a medal and I looked over at Patty because for her to see me was the only medal I wanted. She was holding hands with another boy. She didn't even know I'd won the race. I threw the medal away. And I decided that it would never do me any good to be heroic because no matter what I did the girls would be looking the other way—the Clark Gable way.

"I was playing in 'Fata Morgana' in New York, starring the late Emily Stevens, and I fell in love with her. There wasn't anything funny about that. I was actually in love with her. She was older than I, but that didn't matter. I was glad the years were there because that gave me hope. I had, at least, youth to offer. I simply worshipped her. She was the very first woman to arouse sex in me. I was on fire. I was burning. Not only imaginatively but *actually*. I felt so ill that I went to some doctors and they told me that I was running a continuous temperature by actual thermometer count. The doctors thought I had malaria, but I knew I had a deeper malady.

"I was only in the first act of 'Fata Morgana,' but every night for the months of the run of that play I stood in the wings and watched the second and third acts, watched her. I used to write her poems and notes and I spent all my money on her, sending her flowers and books. I would have died for her if she had asked me to, gladly. It was love. I can't look back at it, even now, and laugh as some men can when they think of their early love affairs.

"So, for awhile I was in a sort of hellish heaven. I deluded myself into believing that anything was possible. She was playing the part of an older woman, seducing a young boy. I took heart from that. She was an older woman and I was a young boy. She was always nice to me, never laughed at me, and paid me compliments and things. And then one day I overheard someone say, 'Emily is always so kind to the goofy boys who fall in love with her.' And I realized, suddenly, that that was what it was; that was all it was—she was being *kind* to me! You know it's funny, isn't it, but kindness can break a heart like mine easier than cruelty can. I figure that women are cruel only to their equals. After awhile the wound healed. She's dead now. But my love for her isn't dead. It lives, a little separate life of its own, in my memory. I shall never forget her.

MY next love affair was when I was with the 'Garrick Gaieties.' I fell in love with one of the girls in the chorus. That was the one time in my life when I went around with boys and girls of my own age. I'd had a big success in the first edition of the 'Gaieties' and I felt sort of confident. Anyway, I fell in love with Angela and I thought she was in love with me. She didn't say very much about it, but neither did I. But she let me kiss her and she went everywhere with me.

"One night we were out with another boy and girl from the 'Gaieties' and they said they were going up to Greenwich on the next Sunday to get married. They kind of laughed and asked us why he didn't come along, too. I remember how my heart seemed to jump up and down in my breast. That night taking her home, I swallowed about ten times and I asked her if she would. She said 'Would what?' I said 'Well, sort of marry me, you know.' She began to cry. At first I didn't know, then I felt like an icy hand had me around the heart and was strangling it. I knew that she was being sorry for me. I knew that as a lover I was ridiculous to her. I just sat there in the taxi, sort of slunk down and I felt like a dead man who knows he is dead. I'm older now and I know more and I get to thinking that maybe it was maternal, the way she felt, and they say that women are supposed to feel ma-

ternal toward the men they love. If I'd had more experience I would have known what to do, or what to say. But I can't bear pity. I'm afraid of being hurt and pity hurts me worse than anything because, maybe, I deserve it.

"After that I had a pretty bad time of it. I guess I got too confident in that first 'Gaieties.' I got self-conscious. Anyway, when the next edition was put on, I couldn't do a thing. The critics all wrote 'What's the matter with Holloway?' I left the show after a little and I just took jobs anywhere, singing in beer parlors, in Passaic, New Jersey, for school entertainments, anything I could get. After awhile I played in another play, and I fell in love with one of the girls in the cast. I always fall in love with actresses. Isn't that funny?

THIS time it was more serious than anything had ever been because this time it *was* mutual and I knew it and she knew it and she said so. We went together for a long time; we were still going together when I made my first picture 'Casey at the Bat.' I told my mother about Peggy and our plans.

"One night, after I'd been in pictures for awhile and was back in New York visiting, we were riding together in Central Park. I decided that the thing for me to do was to set a date and get married. I said to her, 'Peggy, will you marry me?' I guess my voice broke a little. I don't know how it happened, that horrible thing, or why, but—she laughed! She broke out into uncontrollable laughter. It was torture. It was a kind of death. Oh, it was horrible.

"To be cried over by a girl had broken my heart, but this, this broke my heart *and* my pride.

"I didn't wait for her to come out of it. I just stopped the cab and ran. I guess I kind of knew that I wasn't only running away from Peggy, I was also running away from love.

"She called me late that night and she kept on calling me for days after that. She tried to see me. I wouldn't see her. That laughter of hers had frozen something in me that hasn't thawed out yet—it never will.

"I think that taught me that I belong to comedy. I'll never get away from it. I'll never get away from it on the screen and I'll never get away from it in life. No one will ever be able to take me seriously, romantically, because I am as I am on the screen. And even when I try, even when I play another rôle, when I played in 'Hell Below' and did that death scene in the submarine, I died ten deaths at the preview waiting for people to laugh, fearing they would laugh before I could get into the scene. They didn't but—oh, they might have.

"Well, so, I haven't had any crushes since. I haven't any now. I go about a little with Patricia Ellis. I've known her ever since she was a little kid, back east. I'm crazy about her, but not 'that way.' I hate anything that is obvious. Love is obvious. It exposes your heart. It gives people a chance to get near you, to hurt you. I'm safer when I'm alone, loveless and alone."

Don't fail your favorite stars now—when they need your support!

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By *Lady Esther*

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Three Deadly Dangers

(Continued from page 45)

An automobile accident cast a curious blight upon Greta Garbo when she first came to Hollywood. One of her dearest friends, Einar Hansen, a young man whose life was wrapped in her earliest successes (he was her leading man in several foreign-made pictures) arrived in Hollywood shortly after she did. In Sweden he had been a sane and sober driver. It took him but a few weeks to catch the spirit of Hollywood speed. One night at a party he asked to be allowed to drive Garbo home. She wanted to stay a little longer and did not go with him. Three hours later she had a telephone call asking her to come to the hospital where Einar Hansen lay dying.

He had taken a curve too fast, his car had capsized. When he was found his faithful dog was guarding his body, but guarding it with such intensity that no one dared go near Hansen. When the dog was at last lured away, it was too late.

Just the merest chance saved Garbo from being in that car, saved her from the same fate that Einar Hansen met.

Mae Clarke, who has been through enough vicissitudes to discourage a hundred girls with less courage and ambition, was ready to start work on a new picture. The night before the first scene was to be shot she celebrated by going to a party. On the way home there was an accident. Mae was rushed to the hospital, had innumerable stitches taken in her face and her chin actually wired into place. As she lay in bed she read of the other girl—Sally Eilers—who was given the role she was to play.

Yes, speeding, stepping on the gas, eating up the roads, get there last, live life fast—is one of Hollywood's greatest dangers. Both physically and psychologically it has nipped many a promising career in the bud.

But there is more to the speed menace than actual fast driving. Before her automobile accident, Mae Clarke had wrecked her nerves and been forced to remain in a sanitarium for months because she was so eager to make as many pictures as she could, as fast as she could, while there was yet time.

I BELIEVE that the people of Hollywood are the most nervous in the world. That is because everything is geared high, the feeling on every set is one of hurry. It is impossible to figure accurately, since some sets are large and some are small, some use a number of extras and others just one or two, but it is not an exaggeration to say that every minute wasted costs the studio around $300. The executives, whose duty it is to keep down production costs, imbue all their workers with the idea of the necessity for speed.

And look at the list of those who have collapsed under the strain.

Clark Gable, when his fame began to soar, was rushed from one picture to another. "This boy is great," they said. "He's a sensation, but sensations often don't last long. So we'll put him into as many pictures as possible before the public grows tired of him."

For over a year—after waiting for so long for success to come—Clark Gable was given no more than a week or ten days between pictures. Almost every day he was at the studio, the high-tension, high-speed studio. He is a strong, hardy man, but he collapsed. He could not stand up under that terrific speed. Although few people knew it, there was a time during that illness when doctors shook their heads and wondered if Clark could make the physical comeback.

If a man as strong as Clark Gable cannot stand the strain, imagine how little it can be stood by frail girls whose desire for slim figures (desire born of necessity since plump leading women remain jobless) prompt them to go on foolish diets. God knows, plenty of nourishment is needed to keep up to Hollywood's speed. Yet half the girls of Hollywood diet so strenuously that their bodies are under nourished.

Tuberculosis and anemia are two of the menacing dangers of Hollywood. Mabel Normand, Barbara La Marr and Renee Adoree died of tuberculosis. Lila Lee went to a sanitarium in time to save herself.

Lilyan Tashman died of a stomach disorder brought on, primarily, by nerves. Greta Garbo has had anemia. A couple of years ago when Joan Crawford was being shoved from one picture to another with no time between to rest her nerves, she almost succumbed to a stomach disorder—a prolonged case of intestinal flu from which only the most careful of diets rescued her.

ALTHOUGH few people knew it, Norma Shearer was not well during the making of "Riptide," but she knew that since she had been off the screen for over a year, she could not allow herself the luxury of a real illness and must step immediately into another picture. She kept going on her nerve until "Riptide" was finished.

Of the mental dangers, bitterness is, I believe, the greatest of them all. Bitterness sweeps from the lowest to the highest in Hollywood. It is an insidious cancer that eats into their hearts.

The extra girls are bitter because they envy the stars. The stars are bitter because, in fighting upwards, they have seen how cruel Hollywood can be.

Only recently has Joan Crawford overcome bitterness. She was made bitter by the incessant gossip which surrounded her, by the constant criticism of her every gesture, by the questioning of her enemies. She has overcome that bitterness by weeding out her false from her real friends, by giving herself in her warm fashion to those real friends and by laughing off what false friends say.

Bette Davis still has this task to accomplish. Hollywood has made her tremendously bitter. And why shouldn't she be? When she first arrived from a successful stage career, she was thought to be dowdy and homely and given only secondary character roles. However, just when she was packing her trunk to return to New York, her break came in a George Arliss picture. She changed her type. She clicked and Hollywood began to fawn upon her, because she was a success. But very shortly Hollywood's fawning changed to envy. She was criticized harshly. She drew into her hard shell and stayed there. She must, if she is to save herself, acquire Joan Crawford's philosophic attitude.

YOU have only to look at the faces of the greatest screen stars to see bitterness written upon them. Constance Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich, Garbo, Jean Harlow—need I go on?

And there is a definite reason why each one of these women has grown cynical,

a reason caused by the highly competitive business and social system of Hollywood, which constitutes one of the great and menacing dangers of the town.

Offshoots of these dangers grow into other things. In an attempt to release tired nerves, to slow down the pace, to forget the causes of cynicism, Hollywood all too often turns to the best known means of forgetfulness. It would be cruel for me to tell you how many careers have been ruined by excess drinking. Drinking is an escape, a release—and there is so much in Hollywood from which to escape.

The danger of racketeers you *know*. This is a menace in any town where there is wealth. The picture people suffer greatly from racketeers. Kidnapping threats keep them in a constant turmoil. I'll wager that Marlene Dietrich will never recover from the shock and the constant fear which began that dreadful night when she received the first extortionist note threatening her beloved daughter, Maria.

Half the stars of Hollywood employ bodyguards to protect them and their families. Every Hollywood home has its night watchman to guard the house from thieves. Wealth has its compensations, I'll grant. It also has its trials.

Perhaps you have wondered why I have not mentioned the danger of a girl losing her virtue when she seeks a film career. I want to discuss that frankly. I have not included it because it is not one of the Hollywood menaces. The men able to hand out jobs in the picture business are so beset by girls offering them their virtue that they have become bored and do not think the trade of virtue for a job is a fair one. As a matter of fact, it is the other way 'round. The men of Hollywood are in much greater danger from foolish girls who think their tawdry gift has a marketable value and, if you will look at your newspapers, you will see how many important film directors and executives have been the victims of stupid breach-of-promise suits from ambitious young women.

No, Hollywood does not force your virtue away from you. Hollywood is not interested in your virtue. The town is too wise and sophisticated. If you came to Hollywood, there would be no menace on that score. You would, instead, have to fight the threat of shattered nerves, disease, speed, racketeering and bitterness. For these are the *real* dangers of Hollywood!

A Dick Powell Movie You'll Never See

(*Continued from page 47*)

the studio staff plugging for his picture.

"Mary Brian will help you," advised a cameraman.

"Gee, I wouldn't dare ask her. She hardly knows me."

"No—well, she's as strong for you as you are for her, and you've been making calf-eyes at her ever since you came on the set."

And so, Mary was cast for the first part.

"Frank McHugh's from Pittsburgh and he'll play ball with you," informed one of the publicity men a day or two later.

"Roy Del Ruth is a good sport," announced another, "and maybe he will direct it for you."

"Good grief, don't ask him," pleaded

Fudge that is Fudge!



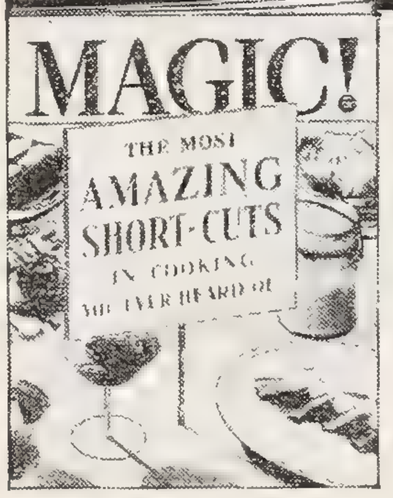
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CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup nut meats (optional)

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (235° F.—240° F.) Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

● Even beginners will get a marvelous result with *this* recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! ● But remember—this recipe calls for *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just ask for Eagle Brand.



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Edward G. Robinson, Judge Ben Lindsey, Margaret Lindsay and Jimmy Cagney look over the sets on the Warner lot. The Judge is much impressed with movieland activities.

Dick, growing a little afraid of his big idea.

"And Lee Tracy's a swell guy, always ready to give somebody a boost. Get him in there, boy, and you'll have the old folks back home groggy."

"But, golly, I haven't any plot for a picture," worried Dick.

"Go over and put it up to George Billson in the short subject department. He'll help you write a story, and you can gag it up."

And so, before Dick Powell knew what had happened, his colossal, all-star, individual production was "in preparation."

As co-author he went into a huddle with Billson.

"Here's the gag," abruptly announced that individual. "You're leaving Hollywood to go back to Pittsburgh, and you want to say goodby to your sweetheart. But just as you kiss her—"

"Kiss who?" asked Dick, a little nervously.

"Your sweetheart—Mary Brian."

"But, gosh, I couldn't kiss her. If it was somebody else, I guess I could, but gee, not Mary Brian."

"Don't kid me, that's your percentage. I'm blind and deaf and never ask any questions—but don't kid me."

AND so Dick was to kiss Mary Brian. That is, he was to start to kiss her—and then the plot would thicken—with Lee Tracy, Frank McHugh and Allen Jenkins frustrating Richard's romantic endeavors.

Between Lee talking himself in and poor Dick out, and Frank McHugh bemoaning his misspent youth in Schenley Park (the "old Ox Row" of Pittsburgh,) Powell's movie promised plenty of action.

By the time the last shots of "Blessed Event" were taken, Dick's masterpiece, "From Hollywood to Pittsburgh," was ready to go into production.

So the whole company came back again after supper and Roy Del Ruth started directing his most exclusive picture. When the last shot, with Dick and Mary parting at the door with a long, lingering kiss, was taken, he ordered four re-takes "just to give the kid a break."

Apparently it was the break Dick needed. When the company left the studio late that night, Dick took Mary out for a late snack for the first time.

They have had many dates since. And while on location at West Point, during the making of "Flirtation Walk," Dick was a regular visitor to New York to see Mary. Rumor persists that these two are headed for the altar.

"When I got back to Pittsburgh after making my picture," says Dick, "they built a door on the stage, just like the one where Mary gave me the biggest thrill I've ever had in pictures.

"We would run 'From Hollywood to Pittsburgh,' and then, when the curtain went up, I'd step out through that door and start my chatter."

And where is the single print of that picture now? Locked up in Hollywood, where Dick occasionally shows it to his friends—with the proud claim that it's the biggest little picture in captivity.

She Won't Put On An Act

(*Continued from page 43*)

roadway after Hepburn. Unlike Jean Harlow, her name has been on the front pages of the newspapers only during two periods in her life, her marriage and subsequent divorce from William Powell. Never once has she sobbed through the prints of her aching heart, or soul, in the glorified self-dramatization of Joan Crawford. Carole stands apart from the silken sisterhood of Hollywood for an unique reason—she can't fool herself!

Self-dramatization is not only important in the creation of glamor in Hollywood, it is the very heart and essence of it. Go down the list of the great glamor ladies of screen history from Theda Bara on through Swanson and down to Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, Crawford and Harlow and you will find the greatest on-and-off "acts" of them all. Bara with her incense, Swanson with her gilded luxuries and many marriages, Dietrich, the *Trilby,* Garbo the mystery, Hepburn the incredible are as well known to the public as their greatest screen roles.

BUT what about Carole, who looks as glittery as any of them, who has often acted in surroundings more silken. What of Carole?

Every time you read anything about Carole it is to the effect of what a "swell scout" she is. There is never anything temperamental or eccentric to report about the Lombard. No "set" hysterics, no wild extravagances in living beyond her income. Even her divorce from William Powell was as quietly conducted and obtained as it is ever possible to divorce in Hollywood.

In the past six months I have read three interviews on Carole. One was titled: "She Knows What She Wants, for Carole Lombard Has a Great Head for Business." The second was: "The Girl Who Has Worked for Every Break She's Had," and the third, and by far the most sensational was: "What's This About Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo?" Substitute the name of Dick Powell for Columbo's, and those same stories might have been written about Mary Brian.

For a little while after "Twentieth Century," the rumor hounds tried to pin something sensational on Carole. After all she had flared forth in a tremendous hit and Hollywood, true to form, was trying to remodel her in the usual grooves. One writer, straining at the slim angle of Carole's frank, outspoken manner of speech, attempted a difficult-to-prove story calling her "The Most Shocking Woman in Hollywood."

When the papers announced that her new picture with Gary Cooper was being held up because Carole was suffering from an attack of influenza, the behind-the-hand-whisper brigade was anxious to tell you she had made a perfect invalid of herself through rigid dieting and that she had to go to the hospital regularly to have her health built up. Another group tried hard to start the rumor that Carole, after years of being plugged by Paramount, was planning to walk out on her contract because of a rush of "Twentieth Century" importance to the head. And, of course, everyone became terribly interested in the "seriousness" of her romance with Russ Columbo. You can't ever say Hollywood didn't give Carole a chance to be sensational!

But it's no use. I've just come from an hour's talk with her in her dressing-room, and she isn't now, or ever, going to play ball with the Hollywood "gagsters."

"I've never gone in for fooling myself or the people who like me on the screen,"



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she said definitely, "and I don't intend to start now, 'Twentieth Century' or no 'Twentieth Century.' My fans are going to have to like me without an act, because I haven't any."

CAROLE, wearing an enormous, floppy blue hat, with blue pajamas, and sports sandals in still another shade of blue, had hailed me with a "Hi." She looked like a *Vogue* version of the Farmer's Daughter, the huge "farmerette" hat only partially concealing a face completely devoid of powder or rouge, a very scarlet mouth, and a brand new finger wave in her blonde hair. Gary's typical western background was definitely out of line for the chic effect she presented as she seated herself on the divan surrounded by Indian arrows, pipes, tins of tobacco and Indian blankets. Settling far down on her spine and crossing a slim ankle over her knee, she delivered herself of the above observation after I had prodded her about Hollywood's new "Lombard rumors."

"I was terribly amused by that attempt to pin an act on me by making me 'The Most Shocking Woman in Hollywood' in print," she laughed. "I was amused to read about this person, who it appears, has a vocabulary like a longshoreman and makes Mae West's screen *bon mots* sound like nursery fables in comparison. For a minute it burned me up, particularly when I read the part that 'explained' that I said most of my hectic remarks for the purpose of shocking people, and that it wasn't natural, but just a misplaced effect.

"Maybe it is true that I have a habit of being abruptly outspoken and not mincing my words. I've never believed in kidding myself by calling a spade a garden implement. But never in my life have I ever said anything for the purpose of embarrassing anyone, or for any 'effect' of being the most shocking woman in Hollywood. It's only with people whom I know intimately that I'm liable to express myself anyway. I'd like to meet this reporter sometime and ask him what *he* has actually overheard me say that is so 'unprintable.'

"But I really can't get peeved about Hollywood gossip. I've been treated to so little of it. The press has always been more than square with me. As for the printed hint that I have wrecked my health with diet, what does it really matter? People just have to have something to talk about, and if my diet was the worst they could think up for me, I'm really grateful.

"I know perfectly well I haven't hurt myself through diet, because my diet is sensible. I don't believe in recommending diets, or trying to get others to follow your particular food routine, because everyone's system is different and what would be wonderful for me might be harmful for you. The only sensible thing to do is to diet under a doctor's supervision, and this I have always done. No, when you read that a picture of mine has been held up because of a cold, it is really a cold and not a polite form of starvation."

THE smoke curled idly upward from her cigarette as she calmly dismissed the pose of Hollywood's "most shocking woman" and Hollywood's "most starved woman" from her list of sensation possibilities.

"I have never understood why it is necessary to be *the* most anything in Hollywood, to catch publicity attention," she went on. "Do you suppose people would have liked any 'mystery star' less if she had given out interviews in place of refusing them, or if a new sensation had read her mail in a chair instead of a studio alley? I think 'putting on an



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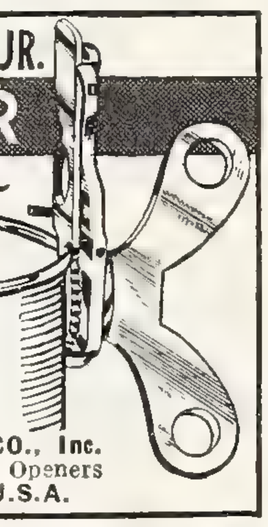
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off-screen act?' is just a Hollywood superstition and oftentimes I think it acts as a boomerang.

"Why should screen people be made out as eccentrics and near-freaks in order to catch public attention? Why should it be more intriguing to read that So-and-so flies into tantrums on the set in place of reading the truth about almost all of us, that we are a hard-working bunch who go about our business as conscientiously as any stenographer or nurse?

"Personally, I live a very quiet life in Hollywood. Occasionally I entertain, but my parties are no different from any parties where a group of friends get together for an evening of laughs or card games. The problems I face and the life I live is only slightly less different than that indulged in by a professional woman in any walk of life. Only in our case, I mean movie actresses, we deal in emotions, not shorthand. Now, what can be so 'mysterious' and 'inside' in the news that Carole Lombard has been seen in public many times with Russ Columbo that is any different from the fact that Mary Jane Jones is going to dances and parties with Harry Whosis? Is Mary Jane necessarily headed for wedding bells with every man over twenty-one with whom she is seen in public? Is Carole Lombard?"

It was a good opening, so I said, "Well, how about answering that?"

Carole laughed. "Well, frankly I haven't anything to say about it, because I *won't* ever say anything about it. I have repeatedly said in interviews I do not believe marriage can go hand in hand with a movie career for a woman. I still believe that. But, in the future, I absolutely refuse to say I will not do this, or I will do that, in regard to anything in my private life. Don't mistake that remark as a hint that I am backing down on any of my anti-marriage arguments. I'm not. But it annoys me to read where certain players heatedly deny they are going to be married, or divorced, as the case may be, and before the story can get out in print they are either married or divorced.

IT is amazing how casual and logical our problems are to us in Hollywood, and how exaggerated they are made to seem when we find them rumored about in print. For instance, all this talk that I am planning to walk out on my Paramount contract because I made a hit at another studio in 'Twentieth Century.'

"If people outside the business would only realize how silly these stories are, I'm sure they'd stop. In the first place, practically every star in Hollywood has a business manager who is in complete control of all contracts. Of course, our agents consult us about future pictures and contracts, but usually any deal is settled on a purely business basis between the agent and the heads of the studios.

IT happens that just at this moment, as I give you this story, my future contract is in the 'conference stage,' which means that my future plans are now under discussion. If it should turn out that I do not remain at Paramount, 'gratitude' or the lack of it, will have nothing to do with it. Sometimes it can happen that a star and a studio can be together so long they become mutually stale. Look at the new flurry of interest in Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable since. 'It Happened One Night' when they were both borrowed from their home plants by Columbia. Clark has admitted in print that he was beginning to be a little bored with his career before this knock-out picture came along and proved to the public and his producers that he was as good in comedy as he was in the heavy lover roles. Long contracts with one studio, very often, you know, can sometimes turn out like certain marriages. They can reach the point where interest lags and too much is taken for granted, and a change is recommended for both parties. By the time your story gets in print it will probably be known whether or not I will resign with Paramount, or make a friendly parting. But whichever way it is decided, it will be a purely business move, and not a sob story on either side." (Incidentally Carole did sign a new contract with Paramount.)

She said, in parting, as an assistant director stuck his head in the door and told her she was wanted for a fitting in the wardrobe department, "I'm sorry if I've spoiled the Hollywood attempts to make an eccentric, or a sensationalist out of me by explaining all my problems in such a simple fashion. But fooling myself, or other people, has never been a talent of mine."

How can you help but like her for it?

How to Hold Your Man at Forty

(*Continued from page 53*)

to be thoroughly intriguing and glamorous, must retain a softness, a sweetness of spirit that will carry her on through life. Men love an amiable woman.

"Personally, I should rather be termed 'sweet' than 'scintillating.' Most of the thoroughly sweet women I know are over forty. But don't misunderstand me. By 'sweet' I don't mean a saccharine sweetness. I mean a softness and kindliness of the soul that only the years can give a woman. Do not let yourself become sour and embittered.

"Never take your man completely for granted. Regard him as the lover who first wooed you and do your best to remain physically as well as spiritually attractive to him. So many women look upon the age of forty with resignation. That is all wrong. An attitude like that deadens a woman and embitters her. At forty, she must be doubly careful to retain her figure and bring to the surface all of her spiritual and physical charms. Acknowledge the years, but don't bow down before them. The woman of forty, if she watches her calories, her spirit and yet remembers that she is no longer an ingenue, should have no qualms about holding that man of hers."

Once upon a time Billie was America's reigning musical comedy favorite. Pajamas and curling irons were named after her. She played in roles that portrayed her a sweet, coy young heroine who sang songs and always married the hero. Surely with a glorious career like that behind her, Billie Burke might well have looked forward with dread to the age of forty. But today, Billie Burke finds herself face to face with a new career in the talkies.

It is a far cry from the Billie of twenty years ago, since she no longer plays the musical comedy ingenue. But she has retained the beauty of her youth and has added to it the sweetness and softness of maturity. She excels in the young and lovely "mother" type of role which is well suited to her, since it proves conclusively that a woman can be forty and attractive.

JANET BEECHER, of "Gallant Lady" and "Last Gentleman" fame, is all for the scissor hold that will keep your man down and never out! Her philosophy and advice are as simple and forthright as she is herself.

"The forty-year-old woman is a godsend in these times of economic distress. If her mind has matured along with her body, she need have no fear of losing her man's interest. Men need the older woman now. We are living in a frank and courageous age. Men like frank and courageous women. They like to sit down and talk about themselves to a woman who will understand what they are talking about. And who, do you think, will be more understanding, a flapper of twenty or a woman of forty?

"The older woman hasn't the silly ideas or extreme notions of the young girl. A man loves to talk to a woman who is interested in what he has to say. The forty-year-old can absorb his opinions and when he asks for her advice, she is able to give it. Men want advice now. This is the older woman's day, and it is up to her to take advantage of it. The woman of forty is fortunate since she can combine a youthful exterior and a mature, rich mind. My advice to her then, if she would hold her man, is to develop an understanding and an interest in first, her man, himself, and secondly in everything in which he is interested.

"Read up on current events, learn what is going on in the world, listen sympathetically to his problems, make him feel that they are as important to you as they are to him, make him regard you as one whose counsel and advice are essential to his well-being, and you will see that your efforts will be rewarded. No man will wander away from a woman whose opinion he values."

Janet Beecher couldn't possibly speak with so much assurance unless she, too, possessed the wisdom and vision which she believes should be part of the make-up of the interesting forties. Janet's life has been a colorful one. For many years she was an actress on the legitimate stage. Her greatest stage hit, by the way, was in a play entitled appropriately enough "Courage." The years have given her love, fame, a splendid young son and now, at forty, a new career in the talkies.

Her motion picture début was as a featured player in "Gallant Lady," and again the title can well apply to her. It would have been easy for her to say that youth is woman's richest harvest time since youth gave her so much, but she is utterly sincere in her conviction that the richest period of her life is now. Forty, you see, has held no terrors for her.

I BELIEVE it is easier to hold a man at forty than it is when you're twenty," said Mary Boland. "For at forty every woman should have developed a sense of humor. Believe you me, it's grand fun to sit back and laugh. When we are twenty or thirty we are apt to go into a frenzy over every little thing, as when a bald spot appears on our man's pate. At forty, who cares—so long as we still can laugh.

"No man wants to come home to a face that reminds him of the present state of the market. He wants someone around who will make him think that life is just a bowl of cherries. There are two kinds of wrinkles, you know. The kind that come from worry and the kind that come from laughter. If wrinkles must come, then I prefer the latter kind.

"You see," she continued, "the older woman can afford to laugh at everything. Her mind has become broadened in its scope. She is, or should be, tolerant and understanding. A woman who has a husband who is inclined to grow absent-minded and forget his home address, can easily hold onto him if she overlooks his faults and laughs them away. He won't wander far—never fear. An understanding wife with a sense of humor is the answer to every husband's prayer and what can teach understanding better than forty years of living?"

Mary Boland has known them. She has become famous for her wit. But she was not born with a sense of humor—she developed it. She has lived and acted tragedy as well as comedy. At one time Mary acted tragic roles opposite John Drew and only turned to comedy when a producer cast her in that type of role in Booth Tarkington's "Clarence." She has been playing comedy roles ever since and we have grown to know and love Mary Boland as one of our hilariously funny comediennes.

There you are! Four actresses, each a star in her own right, have given you the benefit of their counsel. Each of them is proof that the age of forty can be attractive and interesting. The sophisticated forty—the sweet forty—the wise forty—and the humorous forty—all of them have spoken and you pays yer money and takes yer choice.

Beauty Advice

(*Continued from page 8*)

this important for erasing those unwelcome wrinkles that wend their way into the skin if it has been neglected. A good massage cream applied with your own finger tips is the best way to remove this evil and here's the correct way to massage:

For those annoying wrinkles around your eyes begin your massage at the inside corner of each eye (near the nose) and smooth lightly over the lid and around, being sure to do so very lightly without shoving or pushing the skin. This reaches the band of muscle surrounding the eye.

To keep the mouth young, begin your finger-tip movement at the center of the chin and mold out to the corner of the mouth, around and over the upper lip, letting fingers meet at the nose. This reaches the circular muscle which surrounds the mouth.

For the forehead, use the fingers of both hands. Begin at the bridge of the nose and stroke rapidly upward to the hairline.

A point to remember when applying and removing the cream is to stroke upward—never downward! Apply the cream by making little circles of it with the cushions of the fingers, starting at the chin and working upwards toward the temples. Then gently spread the cream until your entire face and neck are covered.

IT is surprising how few people are acquainted with the complexion brush and yet, if used properly, it is one of the greatest aids to beauty. It's grand for working in that nourishing cream and if you're a soap-and-water addict it does the trick there, too. When used in connection with the cream, first cleanse your face thoroughly with a cleansing cream and after this has been removed, spread on the nourishing cream. Then take the brush

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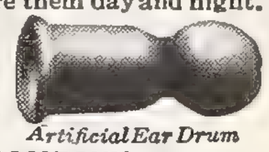
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and brush your face lightly, following the same motions that you would with your hands if you were massaging. Be careful not to brush too hard as that will do your skin more harm than good. If you're using soap and water you merely apply a good lather of soap to the face and then proceed to scrub the face lightly; be sure to use the upward and outward motions.

Giving the skin a good spanking with a patter is another excellent idea that many of us pass up. Cover your face and neck with cream (don't be stingy) and then commence spanking. The best starting point is the base of your throat and spank upward toward the hairline. You might give the chin a few extra whacks for good measure. A few minutes of this and your skin will glow beautifully. And if you want your skin to feel especially nice, give yourself an ice treatment. You can do this by wrapping some ice cubes in your wash cloth and patting your face with it.

And now, I'd like you to try something. Run your index finger over your face. Is it soft and smooth or is it bumpy? Ten to one it's bumpy and if that's the case, you'll have to do a little more than mere creaming and massaging. This is a sign that your intestines need attention. If your intestines are free from poisons, you can be sure that the job of keeping your skin bump-less and pimple-less can be accomplished with a minimum of trouble. Yeast, is, of course, a surefire intestine-cleanser. Your creams and the other doodads that you might use will do the rest of the work—if they're given this helping hand.

Here are a few hints on beauty I've picked up on my wanderings around the various studios in Hollywood:

Diana Wynyard bathes her face, neck and hands in tomato juice twice a week and declares it is soothing and refreshing as well as a grand bleach. Diana, incidentally, is one of the few stars who has clung to the milky-white skin.

For enlarged pores and blackheads there is an excellent wash and balm that will work wonders for everyone suffering with these skin ailments. It tones up oily and sallow skin remarkably, too. I'll be glad to tell you more about this if you'll write to me.

TO secure a good posture, try this: when standing, let your arms rest at your sides with palms facing outward. This will automatically pull your shoulders up straight. Joan Bennett, who had a tendency to stoop as a child tried this, when dancing and special exercises failed, and claims it has helped her more than anything. In fact, she still practices walking this way about the house. Why don't you try it?

Jean Harlow's new hairdress in her latest picture, "The Girl from Missouri," is a knockout. It consists of a small braid that starts just beneath a deep wave on the right side of her head and is pulled through a circle of diamonds which is set flat against the wave. The braid is then pulled down and the end concealed in the fluffy ends of her long bob. Dress your hair thataway and you'll have the latest in fall coiffures.

And speaking of hair, there is nothing better for it than a hearty shampoo at least once a week. I know of a very delightful oil shampoo that will give your hair new life and make it glisten with new lustre. I'll be glad to let you know the name of this shampoo, if you'll write to me asking for it.

If eyebrow plucking is painful to you—and it is to so many of us—try using a hot application before you begin to pluck. Helen Vinson cold-creams her eyebrows and presses wads of cotton soaked in hot water over each brow for a few minutes. This opens the pores and makes the very tedious job of eyebrow pulling a cinch.

This month Mary Biddle has a very valuable booklet called "Lovely Eyes," to offer you absolutely free. It tells you how to make the most of your most important feature—your eyes. If you would like to have this booklet, write to her.

And, of course, Mary Biddle will be glad to advise you about any beauty problems that you may want to discuss with her, if you will drop her a note. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply.



La Dietrich looks very striking in her white Hussar uniform in this scene from Paramount's "Scarlet Empress," with Gavin Gordon.

Modern Screen's Dramatic School

(*Continued from page 64*)

If your face is oval shaped like Sylvia Sidney's, then rouge lightly all over.

With a half-moon face like Marlene Dietrich's, use high coloring, but blend color toward the temples.

REMEMBER, in applying make-up, that the eye-brows are the principal feature of expression. And here is a valuable tip:

You can actually show anger, happiness, relaxation or strain through your eyebrows, so if you're playing a scene in which you must express a violent emotion you can rely on make-up to do your work for you. It will save some wear and tear on your emotions. Here's how:

Sit before your mirror. Express anger. Watch your eyebrows closely to see in what lines they fall. Now take your eyebrow pencil and simply exaggerate and accentuate that line. You can do that with every emotion and it will produce a much better effect upon the stage, for the line of the eyebrow is quickly changed. This trick will help your performance immeasurably.

A young girl's brows should start just over the corner of the eye. If her eyes are too near together she can cheat a little on this and make the eyebrows farther apart to give her eyes the effect of being wider apart. All brows should be nicely arched, but never pluck them in that very fine line that some foolish girls think is smart. It is very trying and un-beautiful.

The first rule concerning eyebrow beauty is to pluck them from underneath and never from the top. If you follow this rule your eyes will look larger than they really are.

Here is the general rule governing the arrangement of hair to help along your performance in a role.

(1) To emphasize youth, sweep the hair boldly off the face, go in for longish effects, coiled knots, curls, low coiffures. Young people do not have to worry about the neckline.

(2) To emphasize your role, if you're playing the part of an older woman, wear a high coiffure and frame your face with hair in a flattering line.

AND while we're on the subject of playing the part of an older woman, I want you to have some expert pointers.

Again, the mistake that amateurs make is over-doing. They make lines too heavy. If they attempt grey hair, they look as if they had just dipped their head in a barrel of flour. You can learn much about making up for the playing of older roles by watching movies in which the hero and heroine start out as young people and advance to old age. Will you ever forget how gracefully Irene Dunne accomplished this in "Cimarron?" That was a wonderful job of make-up—and you'll notice that her make-up man did not exaggerate it.

Study your mother's or father's face. Notice where the natural lines come and then carefully and lightly draw those lines on your own face with a make-up pencil. Make your lips thinner than they are and use very little lipstick.

The hair of older people is usually thin. Now your young hair is probably thick. Either after or before you've whitened it use plenty of brilliantine so that it will lie flat to your head and give the effect of thinness.

In every character make-up, the idea is to be as natural as possible and the way to learn naturalness is to go directly to nature. Suppose you're playing the role of a janitor. Then observe your own school janitor and try to copy his salient features with make-up. This is such a simple, easy rule—a rule which all the character actors of the screen follow—but one which so many amateurs forget.

AND now, I would like you to have the benefit of a most valuable chart which has been compiled for you girls. This will be of great help to you whether you want to be an actress or not. It shows you exactly what street make-up the most important stars use for night and day. Study it well. Find your own type by comparing yourself with the stars and profit by the example of these women who know more about correct make-up than any group of people in the world.

CONSTANCE BENNETT

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Rachel
Rouge	Dry, blondeen	Rouge	Blondeen
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue-grey
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

RUTH CHATTERTON

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Brunette	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Carmine	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Medium carmine	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Grey	Eyeshadow	Grey
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

JOAN CRAWFORD

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	None	Powder	None
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Dark raspberry	Lipstick	Light raspberry
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue-grey
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

MARION DAVIES

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Pale pink	Lipstick	Medium
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue-black
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

BETTE DAVIS

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Rachelle	Powder	Flesh
Rouge	Blondeen	Rouge	Light
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Grey	Eyeshadow	Grey
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

FRANCES DEE

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Light suntan	Powder	Very light suntan
Rouge	Pale pink	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Pale pink	Lipstick	Deep carmine
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Nothing	Eyelashes	Lash darkener

IRENE DUNNE

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Olive	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Dry, carmine	Rouge	Dry, medium
Lipstick	Medium pink	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Medium brown
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Medium brown
Eyelashes	Dark brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

KAY FRANCIS

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Olive	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Carmine	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Carmine	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Grey	Eyeshadow	Grey
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

JANET GAYNOR

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Rose-blush	Powder	Rose-blush
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Light	Lipstick	Light
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	None
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	None
Eyelashes	Brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

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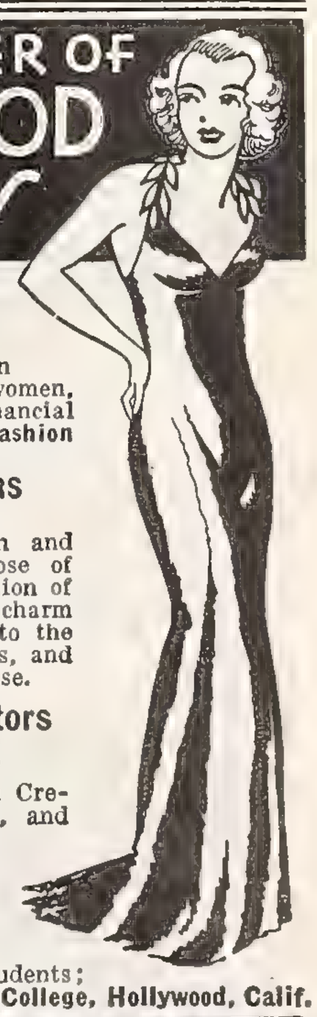
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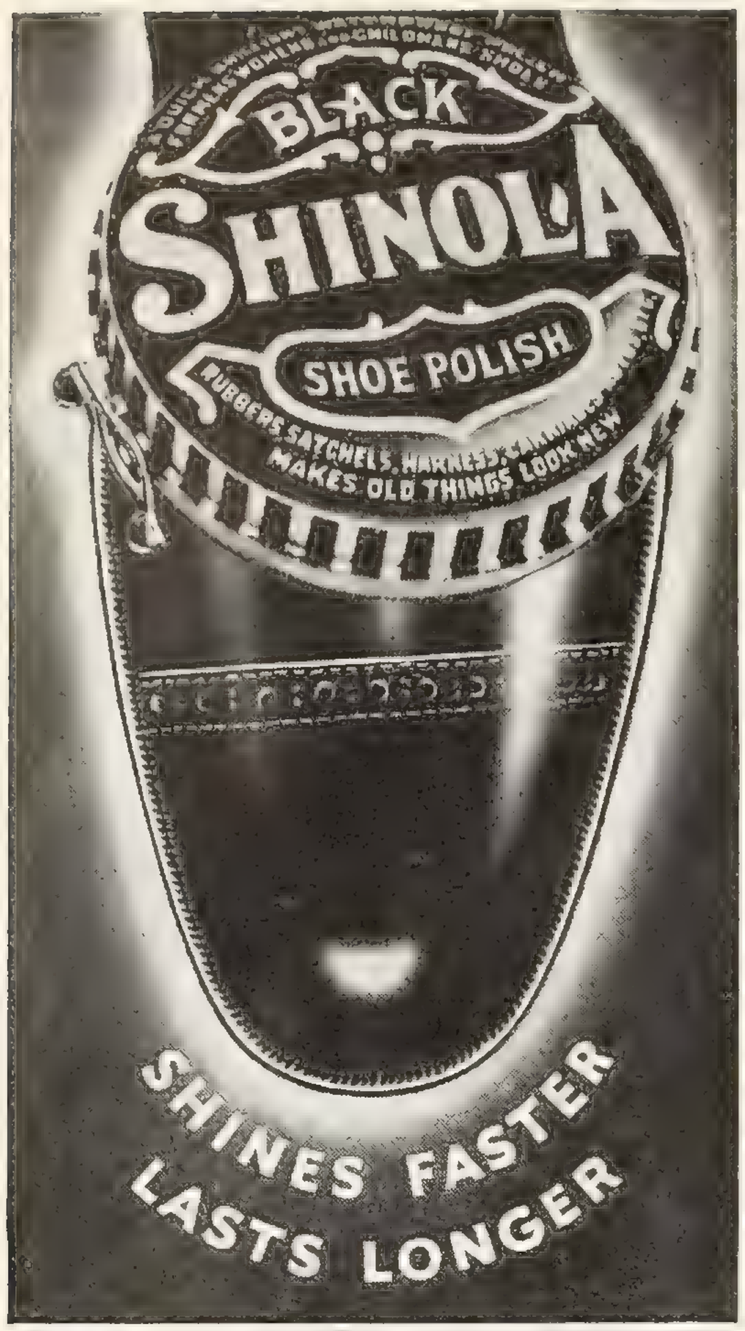
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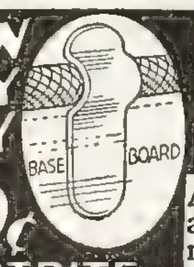
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GRETA GARBO

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle (if any)	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Cool pink	Lipstick	Cool pink
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Grey-blue
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

ANN HARDING

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Olive	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Blondeen	Rouge	Blondeen
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Green
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Dark brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

JEAN HARLOW

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Creamish tan	Powder	Creamish tan
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Medium dark, vivid	Lipstick	Medium dark
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Dark blue
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

MIRIAM HOPKINS

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	None	Powder	Light tan
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Orange	Lipstick	Deep coral
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Blue
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	Brown
Eyelashes	Nothing	Eyelashes	Brown mascara

ELISSA LANDI

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Cream	Powder	Cream
Rouge	None	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Medium	Lipstick	Medium
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Green
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	None
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

CAROLE LOMBARD

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Pink suntan	Powder	Lavender
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Coral	Lipstick	Deep carmine
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Violet
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	Brown
Eyelashes	Nothing	Eyelashes	Brown mascara

MYRNA LOY

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Rachel	Powder	Rachel
Rouge	Dark raspberry	Rouge	Dark raspberry
Lipstick	Medium	Lipstick	Dark
Eyeshadow	Brown	Eyeshadow	Brown
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Dark brown mascara	Eyelashes	Dark brown

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Medium	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Medium	Lipstick	Medium
Eyeshadow	Blackish	Eyeshadow	Blackish
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

NORMA SHEARER

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Medium	Rouge	Medium
Lipstick	Light pink	Lipstick	Medium dark
Eyeshadow	Brown	Eyeshadow	Brown
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Brown mascara	Eyelashes	Brown mascara

SYLVIA SIDNEY

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Dark brunette	Powder	Greenish
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Coral	Lipstick	Carmine
Eyeshadow	None	Eyeshadow	Green
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	None
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

BARBARA STANWYCK

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Rachelle	Powder	Flesh
Rouge	Blondeen	Rouge	Blondeen
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Brown	Eyeshadow	Brown
Eyepencil	Black	Eyepencil	Black
Eyelashes	Black mascara	Eyelashes	Black mascara

MAE WEST

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Light pink	Powder	Lavender
Rouge	None	Rouge	None
Lipstick	Lacquer red	Lipstick	Dark red
Eyeshadow	Blue	Eyeshadow	Violet
Eyepencil	None	Eyepencil	Brown
Eyelashes	Nothing	Eyelashes	Brown mascara

DIANA WYNYARD

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Naturelle	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	None	Rouge	Medium raspberry
Lipstick	Pale	Lipstick	Medium
Eyeshadow	Dark brown	Eyeshadow	Dark brown
Eyepencil	Dark brown	Eyepencil	Dark brown
Eyelashes	Brown-black	Eyelashes	Brown-black

LORETTA YOUNG

DAY		NIGHT	
Powder	Brunette	Powder	Naturelle
Rouge	Blondeen	Rouge	Blondeen
Lipstick	Vermillion	Lipstick	Vermillion
Eyeshadow	Brown	Eyeshadow	Brown
Eyepencil	Brown	Eyelashes	Brown
Eyelashes	Brown mascara	Eyepencil	Brown mascara

In this—the first article on make-up in MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School—I've tried to tell you things that I believe you have not learned before. I have picked out only the most salient facts. There will be more on these pages about make-up, but in the meantime I'd like you to write to this department MODERN SCREEN's Dramatic School, 149 Madison Ave., New York City, and ask lots of questions. Discuss your individual stage make-up problems. I'll pass on to you the advice available from the Hollywood experts.



Scott Photo

When Ernest Lubitsch throws a party; well, you can guess! At the housewarming of his Mexican hacienda, Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall make merry.

Playfellows of Death

(*Continued from page 39*)

couldn't catch up, so they ran it into the river, right alongside the Attorney General of Maryland's car. It stayed there, upside down in fourteen feet of water for four days, before things quieted down enough for us to get it towed out.

BUT that wasn't all. The mob saw me watching them and went out after me. I ran into a hotel, but couldn't shake 'em off, and finally fled to the jail. I wanted the sheriff to lock me in a cell for safety, but he wasn't around, so I hid wherever I could until I was able to get a car to take me out of town.

"The Pathé truck got there about a half hour after we did. Every window in it was broken by the mob who threw rocks at it. It was chased out of town, too. The Fox truck never did get there. An R. F. D. man warned them when they were ten miles out, and they went home.

ANOTHER occasion I'll not forget was the battle at the Hotel Nacional in Havana, at the time when they were getting out the officers who had been loyal to Machado, and who had barricaded themselves in the hotel, defending their position with machine guns after his fall.

"A lieutenant and four soldiers were assigned to guard me, and we were watching the hotel early one morning when a red flag was run up on it. We took that to be a sign of surrender, and started toward it ahead of the Army, me with my camera and my body guard. When we were about half way across the lawn the men in the hotel cut loose with everything they had. The four soldiers with me and the lieutenant fell dead. I flopped to the ground, and as I went down I saw a cavalry horse shot a few feet away. I crawled up behind him and lay grinding away on the camera, with the bullets from the hotel and from San Martin's men, who were attacking it, whistling over me.

"See that scar on the top of my head? I got that in Havana when I was making pictures of the secret police killing students. I got away with it for three days and then they caught me. A squad of them beat me up and threw me into jail. A few hours later a Chicago newspaper man found out where I was and got in touch with Washington. President Roosevelt personally called the Cuban Secretary of War, Ferrara, and had his secretary stay on the wire until I was released.

"But the narrowest escape I ever had was right here in New York. I was standing on the subway platform at Times Square and didn't get on the first train that came along because it was too crowded and I had my camera with me. A moment after it pulled out of the station, there was an awful crash. That was the subway wreck of 1928, when sixteen people were killed and one hundred injured. Am I glad I wasn't on that train! Anyhow, I set up my camera and was cranking away before the fire engines got there.

"Had another hot time right here in town, too, when they captured Two-Gun Crowley. I was set up on top of the truck right outside the entrance of the building, and Joe, here, was my sound man. Plenty of bullets flying that time, eh? And remember when they carried the fat guy out and laid him in the wagon?"

I left the two of them reminiscing about old times and wandered over to the Pathé newsreel outfit.

C. R. COLLINS, the assignment editor, looked up from his desk. "Exciting things that happen to the newsreel men? Sure they happen, but they're all in the day's work. What kind of stuff do you want, anyway?

"How about the time Tom Blatzell, the cameraman, and Al Kalbfleisch, the sound man, went down to Ambridge, Pennsylvania last year to film the rioting steel strikers, who had set up an armed picket line at the entrance to the mill. Tom parked his truck on the corner directly across the street from the trouble and set up his camera on top of it, while Al kept busy with the sound equipment inside.

"About that time the sheriff got a posse together and came along to break up the riot. The strikers began tossing rocks. The sheriff got out of his car and walked up to one of the strikers to take his club away. The gang let out an awful yell, so the sheriff went back and got the posse. Then the fun began—the strikers fighting with rocks and clubs while the posse fired sawed-off shotguns over their heads.

"All this time Tom and Al were working away. Then the sheriff's forces began throwing tear gas bombs, and our boys got it pretty bad. Their eyes were still inflamed when they got to New York.

"I guess our prize hero is Bob Donohue, though. He's the fellow who was up to the pole with Byrd. He's the man who made the picture from the first 'sub-cloud car' out at Langley Field. There's an ironical twist in Bob's story. Wait 'till I tell you about it.

"This cloud car is a little stream-lined steel car that dangles at the end of a thousand-foot cable, and is let down from a blimp. The blimp's above the clouds, where it can't be seen, and the car's below the clouds, so that an observer in it can watch the enemy, while the car's so small it would escape the attention of enemy gunners.

"An Army aviation lieutenant made the first trial in the car. Then they let Bob take his camera and try it. Everything went fine as long as they were letting him down, but when they were trying to haul him up, the winch stuck and they couldn't move it. So there he hung, three hundred or so feet above the earth and a thousand below the blimp, which had begun to pitch like a ship at sea, threatening to dash him to death at any moment. He couldn't bail out with his parachute, because he wasn't high enough to give it a chance to open. All he could do was sit there for an hour and forty-five minutes and take it—with death never more than a few moments away if the blimp dipped far enough. Then they got the kinks out of the winch and hauled him up to safety.

AND now for the odd part of the story. "Some time later we sent him out to Floyd Bennett Field to make pictures of the arrival of the Flying Mollisons. In order to get a good air shot of them, Bob started to climb to the roof of the Administration Building. He got safely up and then, with his camera on its tripod over his shoulder, began climbing the ladder on the outside of the tower. Somehow his hand missed the top rung and he fell to the ground. An ambulance took him to the hospital with concussion of the brain."

"Did he recover all right?"

"Sure. He wouldn't even stay in the



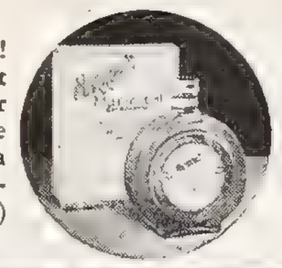
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hospital. He went to a hotel, got a good night's sleep and tried to report for work the next day, even if he did have a broken arm too. And the worst of it was that his injury was all for nothing. The Mollisons cracked up in Bridgeport and never did get to Langley Field.

"Oh, yes! Remember the stockyards fire in Chicago? Well, our boys there had a pretty hot time, too. They managed to get the sound truck inside the area and parked it next to a fire engine—a pumper, it was. Suddenly one of them got a hunch that it was time to get out of there. They had to get a bunch of firemen to pick up the truck bodily and help them carry it over the hose. Just a few minutes after they left with their pictures, a wall caved in and fell on the fire engine, which was burned to a cinder."

Then I left and went over to Paramount. There John Beecroft took me in tow.

"Have you got any men who've had experiences like Joe Gibson?" I asked him.

"Did you ever hear about Al Mingalone?" he asked. "The man who drove across Cuba with two of the revolutionary students?"

"No. What about him?"

"Well, Al was on the other side of the island when we assigned him to Havana. and he didn't have any way of getting there fast, so he found a couple of fellows with a car who said they were going there. After he got into the back seat, he found he was sharing it with enough ammunition to run a full-sized war. And the two students up in the front seat were a couple of playful cusses. Their idea of fun was to take their machine guns and mow down every horse or cow they passed on the road. When they got hungry or thirsty, they'd stop at a farm house and one of them would go in and ask for whatever they wanted. If they didn't get it, they'd cut loose at the house with their machine guns as they drove away. The farmers didn't take it lying down, either, but shot back, and Al was pretty busy ducking bullets.

"After about forty hours of this, they reached Havana, and Al got some good pictures of the riots.

SPEAKING of Havana, recently there was an attempt to assassinate Mendiega. Somebody took a bomb and put it in a camera case. Then they sent it to his office. I guess they knew that the government was friendly to the news men and didn't search them much. There was plenty of excitement when the bomb went off, though nobody was killed. But the next time the cameramen came to make some shots of an ABC demonstration, the police mobbed them and smashed all their equipment. They even arrested them and held them in jail for about five hours while they investigated their credentials.

"Hold on a minute! Here comes Al Mingalone now. He'll tell you all about that trip with the students."

But Al was too modest to talk. Being a hero embarrassed him. "Aw," he said, "it wasn't anything. Just a wild ride."

We insisted that he tell us something, some narrow escape from death. Finally he agreed.

"It was at the auto races out in Indianapolis," said Al. "I had a camera set up outside on a bad turn. One of the cars got a blowout there and stopped, so a bunch of the crew started pushing it off the track. Then another car got a blowout about the same place and hit the first car. I didn't see any of this, because I was looking in the finder of my camera, and the first thing I knew something white blocked it out. It was one of the guys who was pushing the first car, and the other car knocked him way up in the air. I didn't realize what happened until chunks of car began falling around me. I got dirt and oil all over me, but I wasn't hurt any. It wasn't anything to talk about. So you've got your story. So long."

Beecroft took up the story again. "There was Henry de Sienna," he said, "who had a pretty wild time of it during the last strike in Pennsylvania. Henry set up his camera on the roof of a building, and both the cops and the strikers took after him. They must have seen the tripod and thought he had a machine gun. The cops figured he was a striker and started shooting at him, and the strikers thought he was a Company Guard and began tossing rocks at him. Finally both the strikers and the cops got together and chased him out of town."

AND then I went on to Fox, where I had the good luck to run into Jack Kuhne, who heads their staff of flying cameramen.

"Oh, nothing much ever happened to me. I nearly fell out of a bomber once, though. It was like this.

"I went down to the government proving grounds, where they make the tests of ordnance, in Aberdeen, Maryland, and looked up a friend of mine, Major Daniels. I told him I wanted to get a good bombing shot, and he agreed to let one of his planes bomb an abandoned two-story house that was on the grounds.

"I'll let you in on a little secret, too. We put a three hundred and fifty pound demolition bomb in the basement of the house, with wires running to a control box a few hundred feet away, just to make sure of getting a good explosion, in case the bombs missed.

"Well, I had to take my picture from the bomb bay, right under the bomb rack, with two good hundred pound bombs and two duds for range finding. The legs of the tripod were pulled out as far as they would go and strapped tightly to the rack, and I was leaning out as far as I could, with a good broad safety belt holding my weight, and just my legs from the knees down inside the plane. I leaned out once and set the camera, came back in while we circled for altitude, and then leaned out again. Somehow or other, the patent catch on my safety belt had come undone, and I just fell out of the plane.

"I was stopped by the crank of the camera catching in my 'chute harness. But there I was, held fast. I couldn't get out and join the Caterpillar Club, and I couldn't get back in, and the pilot up front couldn't see me, so he didn't know anything was wrong. It seemed like an hour that I hung there, before I was able to grab hold of the bomb rack and gradually work my way back into the plane, and the people below were mighty lucky I didn't catch hold of one of the bomb releases.

"No sooner was I back in than the pilot waggled the plane to signal that we were approaching the house, and I had to snap that same untrustworthy buckle again and trust myself to the belt.

"Funny, we dropped a dud first for range and made a direct hit on the house. Then we dumped one of the live bombs, missed the house by a hundred feet and blew a thirty-foot crater in the road. The next two bombs whizzed by my head right to the house, the boys below touched off the demolition bomb and we got a great picture."

YOU fellows always get your picture, don't you?"

"Not quite always. I'll tell you about one time a cameraman missed out. An-

other fellow and I were in an autogiro at the Horseshoe Falls in Niagara. We were skimming along about four feet over the water above the Falls. When we reached them we planned to fly straight out across the chasm. But as soon as we hit the edge, the suction pulled us straight down into that big pocket of mist and spray. As our plane vanished, the man I had taking the picture from another plane stopped his camera. He thought we were killed. And so, for that matter, did we—especially when we were so low the spray from the bottom of the Falls began to drench us. But in a few seconds we were out of it, back in the gorge, and finally managed to climb out. It was a tough job, because the air currents there all seem to be downward.

"Then, when we found out he hadn't made the picture, we had to go back and do it all over. Believe you me, the second time was worse than the first!

"That's as bad as Bob Donahue's experience, isn't it?"

"Oh, no. His lasted a lot longer. I was up in the blimp, CT 13, all the time he was in the car below it. That little cable's so thin it looks like a piece of picture wire, and I was scared it was going to snap any minute. They wouldn't let me get into the car. I weigh one hundred and eighty-seven pounds and they picked him because he was the lightest man there—only about a hundred and twenty. Nervy little cuss; you'd never think he was nearly fifty years old.

"When I called down to him over the phone and told him we couldn't pull him back, he thought we were kidding, so he just took his pictures and then sat on the bottom of the car smoking cigarettes and paying no attention to the fact that the car was blowing through tremendous hundred-foot circles that would have made anybody else seasick.

"When they finally got the winch going, it ran in jerks and yanked him up ten feet at a time. I still can't understand why that cable didn't break. And all the time he thought we were doing it for fun! He had a parachute on, but didn't bail because we were over the water most of the time and he takes cold if he gets his feet wet.

"That reminds me, I came pretty nearly taking a bath when I flew down to film the arrival of one of the new transatlantic liners. Roy Edwards, of Universal, and I were in a monoplane, and Roy was making his shots from a window while I took mine from the cabin door. I was sitting on the battery that drove my electric camera, which I was holding in my lap. Suddenly a current of air hit us and I fell out. Only my left arm and foot were inside the plane, and I had to hang onto my camera with my right hand so it wouldn't fall among the passengers on the boat. I didn't have a 'chute on because Roy didn't have any, and it isn't flying etiquette for anybody in a plane to wear one unless everybody does.

"It seemed as though I was waving like a flag out there in the slip-stream for the longest time before I felt him grab me. He was a husky chap, six-feet-two tall and weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds, so he finally managed to drag me back into the ship, where I set myself up again, just as I was before, and made the picture."

"But the pay-off on this one was when I got back on the ground. Roy looked at me and said, 'Hey, Jack, do you know you damn near fell out of that plane?'

And then when I asked Jack Kuhne if he'd ever been shot at, he said "No"—then thought for a minute and admitted that he'd towed targets at the end of a thousand foot rope while a half-dozen anti-aircraft guns popped away at them with shrapnel. "But," he said, "they never hit my plane. Bullets have gone through planes in which some of the other boys were riding, but none of us was ever killed. It's all in the day's work and we'd never think about it, if it wasn't for guys like you asking us a lot of questions."

And, mind you, adventures like these are nothing especially unusual in the very hectic lives of newsreel cameramen. So, next time you see a newsreel, go home and drink a toast to the modest, unpublicized heroes who have thrown a laugh into the teeth of death that you may have your twelve minutes of entertainment.



Scott Photo

Joan Marsh, Walter Thompson, Sally Blane, Jack Durant, Virginia Cherrill, Cary Grant and Binnie Barnes all skate around the Culver City Rollerdrome. And what a gay time this little group had!

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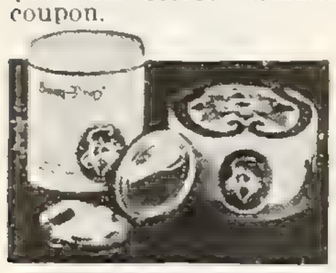


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THE REPORT CARD

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

BABY, TAKE A BOW (Fox).
Once more, Shirley Temple is the whole show. Jimmy Dunn, Claire Trevor and Alan Dinehart come in for their share of honors, too.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET (M-G-M).
Don't miss this stirring drama. A triumph for Norma Shearer, Fredric March, Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Sullivan.

BOTTOMS UP (Fox).
Peppy musical. With Spencer Tracy, Pat Paterson and John Boles.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK (20th Century).
Splendid mystery yarn. With Ronald Colman and Loretta Young. Una Merkel and Charlie Butterworth supply the laughs.

CAROLINA (Fox).
Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore and Robert Young.

CLEOPATRA (Paramount).
Very lavish and spectacular is this latest effort of De Mille. Colbert and Warren William are fine.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
Fredric March and Evelyn Venable in an intriguing story.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION (Paramount).
Marvelous entertainment. You'll wonder at the "new" Elissa Landi.

HANDY ANDY (Fox).
The latest Will Rogers opus is a wow. Funny? We'll say.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
George Arliss' characterization of Baron Rothschild is something you don't want to miss.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Refreshingly good. With Gable, Colbert and Walter Connolly.

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS (RKO).
Ann Harding gives a sincere and beautiful performance.

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan and Doug Montgomery do beautiful jobs as Lammchen and Pinneberg, respectively.

LITTLE MISS MARKER (Paramount).
Shirley Temple walks away with the honors here.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
Spencer Tracy, Jack Oakie, Constance Cummings and Arline Judge.

MADAME DU BARRY (Warners).
Dolores Del Rio plays the title role beautifully. Warner Bros. didn't spare themselves in making this picture as elaborate as possible.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone.

MURDER AT THE VANITIES (Paramount).
A musical murder mystery. With Carl Brisson, Jack Oakie and Kitty Carlisle.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE (Columbia).
If you're fond of good singing, don't miss Grace Moore in this.

OPERATOR 13 (M-G-M).
War theme. With Marion Davies and Gary Cooper.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
Jimmy Durante and Lupe Velez in a rollicking comedy.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Modern marriage yarn. With Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Bob Montgomery.

SADIE McKEE (M-G-M).
Joan Crawford scores again. Supporting her are Franchot Tone, Esther Ralston and Edward Arnold.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox).
Otto Kruger does another excellent job. Nancy Carroll plays opposite him. See it.

STAND UP AND CHEER (Fox).
Excellent musical.

TARZAN AND HIS MATE (M-G-M).
Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the second of the Tarzan series.

THE THIN MAN (M-G-M).
Even if you are averse to mysteries, or are tired of them, you'll enjoy this one with its light comedy touches. William Powell and Myrna Loy are in it.

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney in a dual role—princess and actress.

TREASURE ISLAND (M-G-M).
A story you all know, and sterling performances by Wally Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Jackie Cooper make this picture one that you shouldn't miss.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
John Barrymore, the producer, and Carole Lombard, the actress. Simply grand film entertainment.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Fast-moving radio yarn. Dick Powell's renditions of "The Flying Trapeze" and "I'll String Along With You" are delightful.

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
Plenty of action in this tale about the Mexican bandit, Pancho Villa. With Wally Beery, Stu Erwin and Katherine DeMille.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN (Universal).
This one will give you something to think about. It's a mystery, with Paul Lukas, Leila Hyams, Sarah Haden and Dorothy Burgess in the cast.

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI (20th Century).
Good comedy. With Constance Bennett, Frank Morgan, Fredric March and Fay Wray.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
The story is no wow, but good performances by the cast—Hopkins, March, Raft, and Helen Mack—make it worth your while.

BACHELOR BAIT (RKO).
Stu Erwin runs a matrimonial agency and what fun that is.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Lionel Atwill as a steel executive who loses and remakes his fortune.

BELOVED (Universal).
A musical, featuring John Boles and Gloria Stuart.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Delightful comedy-drama. With Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther.

CHANGE OF HEART (Fox).
Gaynor and Farrel together again.

THE CIRCUS CLOWN (Warners).
A swell Joe E. Brown comedy. With Pat Ellis, Dorothy Burgess and Donald Dillaway.

COCKEYED CAVALIERS (RKO).
One of the better Wheeler-Woolsey comedies.

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
Gene Raymond and Francess Dee.

THE CRIME DOCTOR (RKO).
Otto Kruger gives an outstanding performance.

DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount).
An excellent cast, including Mary Morris, Sir Guy Standing and Evelyn Venable, makes this picture worth while.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
You know what to expect whenever those Marx Brothers are around.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS (Universal).
Nice comedy with Chester Morris and Marian Nixon.

THE FIGHTING RANGER (Columbia).
Another Buck Jones thriller.

FOG OVER FRISCO (First National).
Bette Davis and Donald Woods in an exciting mystery.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS (Fox).
Nice sets and some amusing scenes in this musical. With Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI (M-G-M).
It's typically Jean Harlow, so it must be good. With Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone and Patsy Kelly.

HALF A SINNER (Universal).
Berton Churchill is excellent. Joel McCrea and Sally Blane are in it, too.

HAPPY LANDINGS (Monogram).
Action aplenty. With Ray Walker, Bill Farnum and Noah Beery.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE (RKO).
You'll like Ric Cortez in his lawyer role.

HAVANA WIDOWS (First National).
Lots of fun. Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
Aline MacMahon as a desert auto camp owner. With Lyle Talbot and Glenda Farrell.

HERE COMES THE GROOM (Paramount).
Some old comedy situations here but Jack Haley puts them over well. Mary Boland does her stuff, too.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD (Universal).
Though the story isn't very credible, Lee Tracy does a nice job.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
Mae West.

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (First National).
Very snappy. Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

JANE EYRE (Monogram).
Virginia Bruce and Colin Clive in the picturization of Charlotte Bronte's novel.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney as an heir chaser.

KISS AND MAKE UP (Paramount).
There are lots of laughs in this burlesque on the beauty racket, with Cary Grant as the beauty doctor. Helen Mack, Genevieve Tobin, and E. E. Horton do their share to make it amusing.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount).
Hilarious comedy. With Cary Grant, Frances Drake and Edward Everett Horton. Watch for Charlie Ray.

THE LAST GENTLEMAN (20th Century).
George Arliss.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
A Hollywood background. With Gregory Ratoff, Edmund Lowe and Ann Sothern.

LET'S TALK IT OVER (Universal).
Chester Morris and Mae Clarke.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
In which Dixie Lee proves what a good little actress she is.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
There's a lot of suspense and excitement in this film. Clark Gable, William Powell and Myrna Loy are in it.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES (Warners).
Very good mystery. Edward G. Robinson, Mary Astor and Ric Cortez.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
Starring Burns and Allen.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
The Lanny Ross fans will be thu-rilled.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
Both Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan score in the film version of the Broadway stage play.

THE MERRY FRINKS (Warners).
One of the better comedies. With Aline MacMahon, Guy Kibbee and Allen Jenkins.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI (Warners).
Barthelmess is fine in this gangster drama.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR (M-G-M).
Entertainment plus. With Charles Ruggles, Mary Carlisle and Una Merkel.

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD (RKO).
Edna May Oliver as the aged teacher and Jimmy Gleason as the not-so-bright detective make a fine team. It's a mystery, with laughs.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
Bob Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen.

THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG (Paramount).
You'll get your money's worth in laughs. Gertrude Michael and Paul Cavanagh as jewel thieves.

NOW AND FOREVER (Paramount).
Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple.

NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox).
Spencer Tracy gives a sincere performance as the gambler.

ORDERS IS ORDERS (Gaumont—British).
Poking fun at Hollywood. With Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount).
W. C. Fields in another laugh-getter. Joe Morrison and Baby LeRoy are with him.

OUR DAILY BREAD (Viking-United Artists).
Concerning a group of unemployed men and women who decide to go back to the farm. Karen Morley and Tom Keene head the cast.

THE PERSONALITY KID (Warners).
Prizefighting tale. With Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

THE POOR RICH (Universal).
Teaming Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount).
A comedy-murder mystery. Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes and ZaSu Pitts are in it.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE (Fox).
Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres are charming in this light comedy.

SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS (Fox).
Funny as it can be. And that Alice Faye gal is gonna surprise you. Lew Ayres has a nice role here, too.

SHE LOVES ME NOT (Paramount).
Picturization of one of the funniest comedies on Broadway this season. Bing Crosby, Miriam Hopkins and Kitty Carlisle do it justice.

SHOOT THE WORKS (Paramount).
Ben Bernie's first flicker is swell. You'll be singing some of the hits from this one.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M).
Alice Brady.

SIDE STREETS (Warners).
About a woman in her thirties, starring Aline MacMahon.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO).
One of the funniest pictures in months. With ZaSu Pitts, Edward Everett Horton and Pert Kelton.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia).
Landi's, Schildkraut's and Frank Morgan's performances make this worth seeing.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount).
Another good comedy. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland and Burns-Allen.

SMARTY (Warners).
Joan Blondell and Warren William.

SORRELL AND SON (United Artists).
H. B. Warner and Hugh Williams.

SPITFIRE (RKO).
Hepburn.

STAMBOUL QUEST (M-G-M).
Myrna Loy in a spy role. George Brent is here, too.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox).
Nice story, well enacted by Warner Baxter and Rochelle Hudson.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO).
Drawing-room drama. With Irene Dunne and Ralph Bellamy.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY (Warners).
Joe E. Brown—not at his best.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount).
Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard.

WE'RE RICH AGAIN (RKO).
Want to laugh? Then see Edna May Oliver, Billie Burke and Marian Nixon in this.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO).
Diana Wynward, Clive Brook and Billie Burke will keep you interested.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Jean Arthur.

WILD CARGO (RKO).
Another Frank Buck animal film.

THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount).
About the powers of hypnotism. With John Halliday, Sir Guy Standing and Tom Brown.

WOMAN'S MAN (Monogram).
Authentic Hollywood tale. With Marguerite De La Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox).
If you read the novel, you'll be disappointed in the screen version. Helen Twelvetrees and Hugh Williams are in it.

THE BLACK CAT (Universal).
Karloff and Lugosi in a gruesome tale.

BLUE STEEL (Monogram).
John Wayne.

CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE (Fox).
Not up to the usual "Charlie Chan" standard. With Warner Oland, Drue Leyton and Donald Woods.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox).
Warner Oland in the title role.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal).
Fay Wray and Paul Lukas in a weak yarn.

THE CROSBY CASE (Universal).
Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens.

DARK HAZARD (Warners).
Eddie Robinson as a gambler.

DAVID HARUM (Fox).
The Will Rogers fans will enjoy it.

EASY TO LOVE (Warners).
Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor in a fair comedy.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount).
Kay Johnson stands out in this film.

ELMER AND ELSIE (Paramount).
George Bancroft and Frances Fuller.

FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO).
Frances Dee, Ginger Rogers and Billie Burke.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY (Warners).
Supposed to be a comedy but it misses. Charlie Ruggles and Ann Dvorak are in it.

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox).
John Wayne.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners).
Barbara Stanwyck deserves a better story than this one.

GRAND CANARY (Fox).
Though it's a "hit" novel, we can't say the same for the movie. With Warner Baxter and Madge Evans.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners).
The comic strip brought to the screen. With Hal LeRoy and Rochelle Hudson.

HELL BENT FOR LOVE (Columbia).
Tim McCoy and Lillian Bond.

HE WAS HER MAN (Warners).
Not up to the usual Cagney standard.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL (Bryan Foy).
This one teaches a moral.

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO).
Another Wheeler and Woolsey comedy.

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE (RKO).
Heavy and slow-moving yarn. With Richard Dix, Dot Wilson, Bruce Cabot and Erin O'Brien Moore.

HOUSEWIFE (Warners).
There's nothing to this one. With Ann Dvorak, Bette Davis and George Brent.

I HATE WOMEN (Monogram).
Wallace Ford does his newspaperman role well.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal).
Something different in movie fare. With Claude Rains.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners).
Ruth Chatterton and Adolphe Menjou.

LAUGHING BOY (M-G-M).
Ramon Novarro's latest.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO).
Poor vehicle for John Barrymore.

THE LOST PATROL (RKO).
An all-male cast headed by Boris Karloff and Reginald Denny. The men folks will certainly enjoy this one.

THE LOVE CAPTIVE (Universal).
About hypnotism. With Nils Asther and Paul Kelly.

MASSACRE (Warners).
Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak on an Indian Reservation.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO (Warners).
Not as entertaining as it might be. With Guy Kibbee and Glenda Farrell.

A MODERN HERO (Warners).
Disappointing despite the presence of Dick Barthelmess.

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS (Monogram).
John Darrow and Mary Brian.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD (Fox).
A mystery, with Heather Angel and Nigel Bruce.

MYSTERY LINER (Monogram).
Rather dreary mystery tale with Noah Beery and Astrid Allwyn.

NO GREATER GLORY (Columbia).
George Breakston and Frankie Darro, leaders of rival gangs. Lots of action.

ONE IS GUILTY (Columbia).
Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Grey in a mystery yarn.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia).
Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern and Arline Judge do their best with a trite yarn.

REGISTERED NURSE (Warners).
Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot in another hospital tale.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (Warners).
A fairly good murder mystery. With Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot and John Halliday.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount).
You'll be disappointed in Dietrich's latest.

SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount).
Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen.

SOCIAL REGISTER (Columbia).
This Colleen Moore picture doesn't click either.

STINGAREE (RKO).
The story's weak, but Dix and Dunne give good performances.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M).
In which Franchot Tone tries in vain to go straight after serving a prison term. Karen Morley, May Robson and Jack LaRue are fine.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO).
In spite of Durante and Velez this doesn't jell.

THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO).
ZaSu Pitts and Slim Summerville will disappoint you in this.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS (Paramount).
George Raft as a bull-fighter and Frances Drake as a Mexican dancer.

UNKNOWN BLONDE (Majestic).
About the divorce racket.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M).
Lewis Stone, Jean Parker and May Robson can al-

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ways be depended upon for fine performances.

YOU'RE TELLING ME (Paramount).
Okay, if you like W. C. Fields' brand of humor.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BLACK MOON (Columbia).
Jack Holt and Fay Wray.

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal).
Edmund Lowe in a very dreary mystery.

I GIVE MY LOVE (Universal).
Paul Lukas, Wynne Gibson and Eric Linden.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal).
Very boring. With Lew Ayres and Pat Ellis.

MANDALAY (First National).
Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE (Columbia).
Jean Arthur, Dick Cromwell and Donald Cook can't do anything with this monotonous tale.

NO RANSOM (Liberty).
Incredible tale. Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue.

PARIS INTERLUDE (M-G-M).
About some Americans in Paris. With Madge Evans, Robert Young, Una Merkel, and Otto Kruger.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount).
About a couple of song writers. Dull.

SMOKING GUNS (Universal).
Ken Maynard.

STOLEN SWEETS (Chesterfield).
Unbelievably dull. With Charles Starrett, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (RKO).
This doesn't go over at all. Colleen Moore and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

TWO ALONE (RKO).
Jean Parker and Tom Brown.

UNCERTAIN LADY (Universal).
Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin in a poorly directed yarn.

UPPERWORLD (Warners).
You'll be bored. Warren William, Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers are in it.

WILD GOLD (Fox).
John Boles, Claire Trevor and Harry Green.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(*Continued from page 13*)

down the years. Our friend George Brent has the best rôle he's had for years as the medical student who is also in love with Miss Loy and even follows her while she is working, at the risk of his life. Lionel Atwill and C. Henry Gordon round out a cast that for sheer entertainment can hardly be beat. The whole family can go for this one, and the reformers will find that all the usual situations are handled with such good taste that they can send the kids as well. You'll not regret waiting for this picture—it's good.

B: HAPPY LANDINGS (Monogram)

Plenty of fast action. When you have a bunch of the "boys" trying to bomb a ship with a gold cargo from the air—a lot of furious action and little love stuff—you have a film that a great number will like. Bill Farnum is a bit old-fashioned in his technique and the director was much better on action than he was for love scenes, which made it difficult for Jacqueline Wells to register. Ray Walker and Noah Beery are fine. And if you go for the straight stuff you'll like this one plenty.

B: LADIES SHOULD LISTEN (Paramount)

Bang-up comedy. Who would have thought that Cary Grant was such an expert at broad comedy? Even when he is pitted against such rivals as Edward Everett Horton and Nydia Westman, Cary is still up there among 'em when this hilarous farce comes to an end. He plays a rich bachelor living in an apartment-hotel where Frances Drake is the telephone operator. She is afraid that certain women are calling him for the purpose of framing him and, since she loves him, she tries to save him. She finally succeeds in foiling herself by getting Cary engaged to Nydia Westman, who is really engaged to Eddie Horton. It all works out all right in the end, but before it does, the audience almost brings down the house cheering for Charles Ray, as the doorman, in his comeback. If you need a real laugh and want good acting, go by all means.

B: THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY (Paramount)

A real riot of laughs. Situation after situation will throw you in the aisles with one gag sustaining laughs for a full ten minutes—a new record. W. C. Fields uses each situation to put over his particular brand of comedy and he is ably assisted by a swell cast. Of course, the one you will want to know most about is the newcomer, Joe Morrison, who shares honors (almost) with Fields. He is famous for his rendition of "The Last Round-up" and appears here for the first time in pictures. He has a grand voice, a real personality and a handsome face as well. The entire picture seems to be a series of ways-and-means of allowing Fields and Morrison to shine their brightest—so why worry about the lack of story. Baby LeRoy and Judith Allen are here, too. Be sure to go.

C: CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE (Fox)

A disappointment. After combining excellent story material with humor and good direction on all the previous "Chan" pictures, this one comes along to spoil the whole thing. True, Warner Oland is just as capable as ever and his cast, including Droue Leyton and Donald Woods, is as good as usual, but the Chan humor was left out of it and the story is far below par. Trite situation of the Honolulu detective attempting to deliver a valuable string of pearls, only to run into murder and cunning so often that it takes the whole picture to reach the point of actual delivery. I suppose all of you who have enjoyed the "Charlie Chan" series will want to see this one, but we are forced to warn you that you will be disappointed.

C: ELMER AND ELSIE (Paramount)

In a story which attempts to prove that "all men are made by their wives," we find George Bancroft becoming just too, too mousey and backward. George is a truck driver for a concern run by a man, George Barbier, who refuses to have his wife or the wife of any employee interfere in the business. Bancroft marries a gal, Frances Fuller, who works with him. It is then revealed that the boss is also "wife-made." Rather dreary stuff, all in all. The picture has some lighter moments in which it almost hits a stride, but it leaves you with the feeling that a bit of salt, some pepper and a dash of tabasco might have helped.

C: HOUSEWIFE (Warners)

Honestly, there ought to be a law against the tripe (sometimes called a "plot") that is beginning to be ground out in these fearful-lest-we-displease days of censorship. As an example, "Housewife" has one of the weakest stories seen in many days and it seems utterly unfair to cast such players as Bette Davis, George Brent and Ann Dvorak in it. George is the downtrodden office manager of an advertising agency until his bright and loyal wife, Ann Dvorak, persuades him to start his

own. Bette Davis almost succeeds in dashing this happy marriage on the rocks—but not quite. A child brings Ann and George together again. Isn't that just ducky? Don't!

C: STRAIGHT IS THE WAY (M-G-M)

Don't let the ballyhoo get you! And without this warning, we're afraid that such a cast of names as Tone, Morley, LaRue, Robson and Pendleton will make you think this is going to be swell. It isn't! Franchot Tone returns after a five-year stretch and they won't let him "go straight." The law dogs his steps and the gangster, LaRue, says it's "curtains" unless he returns to the fold. Karen Morley plays a fine, wifely type from the East Side but is so stumped with archaic dialogue that she gets nowhere. We would advise you to save those nickels and dimsies, folks!

C: THEIR BIG MOMENT (RKO)

Just a bit moth-eaten! Just because the story and dialogue is bad, is that any reason for both ZaSu and Slim to fall down, too? A couple of vaudeville mind-readers are offered heap wampum to catch a few messages from the departed husband of a rich widow. They had always been foolin' before, but when they get to the house they sense intrigue and decide to really do some mind-reading and uncover the murderer and find out who gets all the money he left and why! Or does that confuse you? It certainly left us spinning and the film is that way from beginning to end. Miss Pitts called upon her faithful hands time and again all to no avail. Maybe you'd better think twice before seeing this little epic!

D: BLACK MOON (Columbia)

Good cast gone wrong! We get just as tired of rotten stories as you do hearing our warning but here it is again! Not a single reason for wasting such fine talent on such drivel. Holt struggles with his role and Fay Wray, who's got the voodoo drums in her brain, can't stay away from the islands. Dorothy Burgess plays the black charmer who wants to sacrifice both mother and child. Jack finally has to shoot his wife Fay Wray to save her and rescues the che-ild, Cora Sue Collins. Pass it up!

D: PARIS INTERLUDE (M-G-M)

This is one of the poorest pictures in months with hardly a redeeming feature. Madge Evans and Robert Young struggle with their parts and Una Merkel affords a laugh or two but Mr. Kruger must be blushing with shame by now. In case you're still interested, this is about various Americans in Paris—and what happened to them. Of course, even a nit-wit can guess what's going to happen, so what? The funniest part about this picture is that it was done after a stage play that was really good. What happened to the play is a mystery. You'd better skip this one entirely.

How Rich and Virginia Were Married

(*Continued from page 42*)

She wouldn't be rushed. And so, with proper chaperonage, I invited her to the ranch for a week-end, and it was there I proposed. And it was there she said, 'Let's wait.' Oh, gosh!"

The proposal, it seems took place after a tennis game, when Virginia, wet and perspiring, was ordered by her present lord and master to change.

After a shower, she called downstairs, "May I sit in the sun now, Paw?" And the answer was, "Yes, Maw."

Thus "Paw and Maw" and "all my love" are inscribed in the diamond studded platinum band Mrs. Dix now wears.

Then Richard decided to come east to visit a little town near Troy, New York, called Petersburg. The townsfolk were to celebrate Brimmer Day, and Rich, being a direct descendant of that John Brimmer who in 1754 acted as emissary between the Indians and Captain Miles Standish, was invited to be guest of honor.

But what to do about Virginia! Would she marry and go with him? There were conferences between the Webster family and Richard. And finally Virginia, a sentimental little lady, decided that she would come east and marry in Jersey City, N. J., the city in which, twenty-five years ago, her parents wed.

Now, Mr. Webster and Mr. Dix are Masons. So to entrust Virginia to a brother Mason's care was a mark of honor. And Richard didn't fail to guard this trust. Further, Virginia brought along her mad money, just in case. If she wanted to take the train back from New York, she could up and do it without beholdin' to anyone—movie star or no movie star.

But be assured there was no need to use the money.

"If there was ever a doubt in my mind," said Virginia, "and there really wasn't, I knew on that trip east that Richard was Mr. Right. Such sweetness and such considerateness.

WHEN we arrived in New York—it was my first trip—I wanted to look up, just for sentimental reasons, the man who had married my parents. His name was Edward A. Markley. But trying to find him seemed silly. It was so long ago.

"But Richard arranged for the Jersey City end of it anyway. And so on June 29—in a charming little house over there we were married by a dear old gentleman.

"After the ceremony, someone handed me the certificate and I looked at it; you know, looked at it without seeing it. I was in a daze. Suddenly the name 'Edward A. Markley' appeared before my eyes. Yes, the man who married my parents had performed our ceremony!

"I couldn't thank Richard enough for this final surprise. Suddenly I saw he didn't know what it was all about—didn't realize what I meant. He hadn't arranged for Mr. Markley to marry *us*. It was all a coincidence—the truth that is stranger than fiction!"

And, it was just that. One of those things that never could possibly happen—and did.

The Dixes spent their honeymoon in a little farm house in Jersey that Richard bought ten years ago, and then returned to the Waldorf Towers in New York. Never have we seen a girl so much in love, nor a man so enraptured. If the Dix romance isn't the real thing, it will certainly do nicely until the real thing comes along.

Richard tried to shower his wife with gifts. But she is sensible. He wanted her to buy an extravagant wardrobe in the Fifth

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Avenue shops, but she said she had been used to watching her money and could not go out and throw his away. The four karat engagement ring he gave her is the thrill of her life. And when he wanted to take her abroad, she settled for the boat trip back to California.

And so, we saw the Dixes off on the St. Lucia, the lovely liner that makes the Panama Canal trip. The cabin was banked in flowers, wired by Uncle Jack. The bride looked luscious in a brown ensemble and the groom very handsome in whatever he wore.

Before departing, Virginia invited us to visit her soon in Hollywood.

"You can have the guest room," she promised, and then hesitated. "That is, if it isn't converted into a nursery by then."

And so, it looks as if the Dixes are taking their marriage as seriously as a marriage should be taken, so we defy even Hollywood to bother this devoted pair.

A Splendid Trouper Passes On

(*Continued from page 12*)

ing compliments upon her. These compliments were more than deserved. This woman had just proved that age could conquer an industry that had formerly been dedicated to youth only.

"Don't say that. Oh, I don't deserve that. Oh, please—" And then, suddenly: "I really don't mean that. That is, I do and I don't. I mean I really *do* like to hear those things, but feel as though I shouldn't."

"Honest," she said, "anyone could have done it with those parts. It doesn't seem right to take credit. But I'm glad no one else got the parts. And I like to hear you say it."

WE slipped from being honest about praise to the question of money. "Aren't you going to ask for more money now, Marie?"

A shrewd look came into those eyes; a contemplative expression. "I should have it. I know what those pictures are making. I—" Then she shook her head. "But I couldn't. I couldn't go in and *ask them!* But they'll give it to me. Oh, yes, they will. They took a chance on me. I'll just have to take a chance on them."

She was so kind to the unfortunate; so thoughtful of the poor, of friends, of even stray dogs and stray kittens. And yet she adored the personal comforts which only money could purchase. Human, like us all.

Marie was criticized by those who didn't understand when she bought that lavish estate in Beverly Hills, not long ago. Twenty-one rooms. Marie knew that the dread disease, cancer, was beginning to take its toll when she made the transaction. She knew she had only a short time to enjoy it. But it was the completion of a dream. When she lived in trunks and carried a sick husband in and out of those little, one-night-stand theatres on a stretcher, Marie dreamed of the day when she would live in a palace.

"I know an old woman like me doesn't need a place like that," she told me. "But I just want it!"

Human. Just human. Absolutely the most human woman I have ever known.

The way she clung to life. The way she refused to leave the world she loved. Her last defiant gesture.

Very few of us want to die. We do not like uncertainty. We all long for financial, social and personal surety.

And death is our greatest uncertainty! What comes next? We may *believe* but we cannot *know*—at least, not from personal knowledge. We all fight to keep what we have. We have life. We fight for that with a greater strength than we fight for all else while we have it.

Marie Dressler fought with a will power and determination that amazed even her physicians. She prolonged life, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, even month by month through her sheer love for living.

You have read how Marie Dressler employed an astrologist to foretell each day for her. And she heeded what was forecast. She did not travel when the stars warned against it. She did not go into business propositions when the constellations advised against financial dealings. It was her way of seeking certainty. I asked her about this once. "They have always told me the truth," she answered directly. "They foretold seven years of hard luck and then great success. They do not make mistakes."

An obituary is supposed to summarize a famous person's biography. I am going to skip all that. We know it. We know she was the friend of kings and queens. We know her best friend was her colored maid, Maimie Cox. They were friends because each woman knew her place and kept it. Yet each woman knew the other's place and respected it. Marie Dressler was as carefully considerate in her attitude toward Maimie Cox as she was toward her fine friends who live in palaces.

When Marie returned from visiting President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the White House, she was as excited as the little Boston boy the President took with him to review the fleet in New York City. She would have loved to have talked about it. Yet, she refused interviews. She knew it was not the place of a guest to discuss her host and hostess. She respected this convention. Real human beings always respect conventions because they realize them as essential.

AND now, before I close, I want to tell you a little story about Marie Dressler which very few have ever heard told.

It happened years ago, when she was doing a season of stock in a southern town. Marie was the star and the work was terrific. One of the young women in the company had a little boy about six years old who was taken ill. She was very poor, this girl—a widow and hardly able, physically, to stand the strain of a stock season, let alone the care of a sick child.

Unable to afford a nurse (and in those days in that small town, nurses were not to be had, anyway), she sat up night after night with the baby herself and during the day, when she had to be at the theatre, the chambermaid at her lodging house looked in from time to time.

One morning the young mother seemed so ill that the attention of the star was attracted and Marie got the whole story.

Now, although she was a star, she wasn't so flush herself. Stock companies didn't pay what motion picture companies pay. In fact, Marie probably collected each Saturday night no more than a bit player collects in one of her pictures today. And then, money wasn't the only thing needed in this case.

"Look here," she said to the girl. "Tonight I'll sit up with Roy and you go to my hotel and get a decent night's rest."

The girl, weakened by the ordeal she was going through, burst into tears and said she couldn't accept such a sacrifice.

"Nonsense," Marie said briskly, "I'm as strong as an ox and losing a night's sleep now and then won't mean a thing to me."

"But you——"

"Now, listen to me," Miss Dressler put her firm, capable hands on the girl's shoulders and shook her a little. "You do as I say. You'll be sick yourself if you don't, and then where will the child be?"

That turned the trick. "All right, Marie," said the girl. "There's no use my trying to thank you. There's only one thing you will have to promise and that is don't tell anybody. I'd get in very wrong with the management."

That night Marie Dressler sat up with the sick baby, sent for medicine the mother had been unable to buy, and every other night repeated this deed of mercy. But the little boy, unable to rally from the former lack of sufficient food and care, finally died.

The story leaked out then, through the druggist's clerk who brought the medicine and recognized Miss Dressler.

At the funeral a large wreath came from the manager of the theatre and Marie Dressler said she thought it was pretty swell of him to send flowers, as the poor child had received few enough.

"Well, Marie," the manager said, "you sent flowers, didn't you? And you did more than that. Sending flowers requires nothing but a moment's thought, but what you did, young woman, is the deed of an angel."

"What do you mean?" asked Marie sharply.

"That druggist's clerk delivered something at my house the other night and told my wife the whole story. To give up four nights a week to the care of a friend's child when your own strength is being severely taxed, and at the same time to drive yourself to let it make no difference in your performance at the theatre is about the gamest thing I've heard of this season. That's what I call charity."

"Oh, go 'long," Marie said flippantly. "What else could I do now, I ask you?"

He didn't remind her that there were twenty others in the company who might now and then have offered the same service. He knew she didn't want to have that kindness rubbed in.

Marie Dressler had little education—book education, that is. When most girls are thinking of "prom" dates and party frocks, she was a slave-driven vaudevillian. She became an esteemed tragedienne and a great comedienne. Then, for seven years, she was spoken of as a woman "who had had her day." She nearly starved to death rather than ask friends for a penny. And, when most of us are ready to "enjoy our old age," she set to work and carved a new career for herself. She was a woman who became the friend of the biggest and the lowliest. A woman who knew all of us and who used what she knew to give us many hours of enjoyment. A woman who was just plain human—in the greatest sense of the word. And that is, I think, all God intended for each one of us. And now that she has gone to Him, may He reward her.

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Cleopatra

QUEEN OF ALL EGYPT BUT RULED BY LOVE



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